THE

POETICAL MUSEUM.

CONTAINING

SONGS AND POEMS

ON ALMOST EVERY SUBJECT.

MOSTLY FROM

PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

HAWICK:
PRINTED AND SOLD BY C. CAW.

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PREFACE.

THE reader is here preſented with a variety of Songs and Poems, the moſt of them by celebrated writers, both ancient and modern. The greateſt part of the modern are ſelected from periodical publications; the more ancient from the beſt collections of Scottiſh and Engliſh poetry. Several originals are inſerted; ſome of them not on account of their poetical merit, but as deſcriptive of the manners of the times in which they were compoſed. Interſperſed are a number of the moſt admired Airs, *&c.* which have been ſung, for ſome years paſt, at the principal places of entertainment in London.

VARIETY being generally eſteemed ornamental, a few ſongs and poems are here alternately given.—This plan, likewiſe, beſt ſuited thoſe ſubſcribers who choſe to take their copies in numbers.

A GREAT many Collections of Songs and Poems have already been publiſhed by able compilers, and numbers of them have met the approbation of the public. What degree of merit is due to the following compilation is left with the candid reader to judge.—A wiſh to ſuit the taſte of a pretty nume-

rous ſubſcription hath always directed the editor in ſelecting; and he has had the happineſs to receive their almoſt univerſal approbation. He begs leave to acknowledge, with gratitude, his obligations to thoſe who have ſubſcribed for, and encouraged the ſale of the *Poetical Muſeum*.

G. C.

HAWICK, Sept. 15.

1784.

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POEMS AND SONGS,

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THE POET's PLEASURES.

THE grove high-waving, and the ſunny hill,
The flow'ry mead, and ſoftly murm'ring ſtream,
The Poet's breaſt with ſecret pleaſures fill,
And bid his ſoaring ſoul aſpire to fame:

When Heſperus gilds the placid brow of eve,
And gently leads the ſtarry train along;
Her rays ſerene inſpiring influence give,
And from his heart call forth the lofty ſong.

Theſe vivid objects, by ignoble ſouls,
Of vulgar mold, unconſcious are ſeen,
O'er them in vain night's ſoft-ey'd regent rolls,
In vain to them ſhe opes the nobleſt ſcene.

Not ſo the favour'd bard, whoſe glowing breaſt
Th' enthuſiaſtic kindling impulſe fires;
Of ſofter ſtamp, with finer feelings bleſt,
Each object ſtrikes him, warms him, and inſpires.

When the loud north wind veils the frowning ſkies,
In clouds, and the fair face of day excludes;
Amid the heart-depreſſing ſcene he joys,
And frigid winter's rig'rous power eludes.

But when the young, the warbling Spring appears,
Jocund and boon, with vernal honours crown'd;
When odorif'rous ſpoils Favonius bears
On balmy wing, and flow'rs adorn the ground:

Her vivifying influence awakes
Each ſoft ſenſation of th' attender'd ſoul,
The raptur'd mind a willing pris'ner takes,
And mildly bids the gentler paſſions roll.

Oft, lonely wand'ring in the mid-wood ſhades,
Fair Fancy's fields mild op'ning to his view,
Well-pleas'd amidſt her fairy bowers he treads,
Joyful her ſcenes ideal to renew.

Or liſtens to immortal Milton's rage,
Or rural Thomſon's moralizing lyre;
Hears witty Young with ſtubborn vice engage,
Or pour, in ſtrains ſublime, his holy fire.

Or, with a taſte ſuperior, proud to riſe,
On wing ſeraphic to yon bleſt abode,
Anticipate the promiſe of the ſkies,
And walk, in thought, th' irremeable road:

'Till

'Till the bright morn of day celeſtial dawns,
And ſounds ſymphonious charm his liſt'ning ear;
While earth's gay ſcenes, her viſionary lawns,
And cloud-topt tow'rs diſſolve and diſappear.

Let me thus live, ye pow'rs, with genius fir'd,
O may its influence animate my rage!
May all my ſoul by virtue be inſpir'd,
And with her precepts brighten Fancy's page!

THE STATUES:

Or, The TRIAL *of* CONSTANCY.

IN a fair iſland, in the ſouthern main,
Bleſt with indulgent ſkies and kindly rain,
A Princeſs liv'd, of origin divine,
Of bloom celeſtial, and imperial line.

IN that ſweet ſeaſon, when the mounting ſun
Prepares, with joy, his radiant courſe to run,
Led by the graces, and the dancing hours,
And wakes to life the various race of flow'rs,
The lovely Queen forſook her ſhining court,
For rural ſcenes and healthful ſylvian ſport.

IT ſo befel, that as, in cheerful talk,
Her nymphs and ſhe purſu'd their ev'ning-walk,
On the green margin of the oozy deep
They found a graceful youth diſſolv'd in ſleep,
Whoſe charms the Queen ſurvey'd with fond delight,
And hung enamour'd o'er the pleaſing ſight:
By her command, the youth was ſtraight convey'd,
And, ſleeping, ſoftly in her palace laid.

Now ruddy morning purpled o'er the ſkies,
And beamy light unſeal'd the Stranger's eyes;
Who cry'd aloud, Ye gods, unfold this ſcene!—
Where am I?—What can all theſe wonders mean!

Scarce had he ſpoke—when, with officious care,
Attendant nymphs a fragrant bath prepare.
He roſe, he bath'd, and on his lovely head,
Ambroſial ſweets and precious oil they ſhed:
To deck his poliſh'd limbs, a robe they brought,
In all the various dyes of beauty wrought.
Then led him to the Queen, who, on a throne
Of burniſh'd gold and ſparkling di'monds ſhone.
But, O what wonder ſeiz'd her beauteous gueſt!
What love,—what extaſy his ſoul poſſeſs'd!
Entranc'd he ſtood, and on his falt'ring tongue
Imperfect words, and half form'd accents hung.
Nor leſs the Queen the blooming youth admir'd,
Nor leſs delight and love her ſoul inſpir'd.

O Stranger! ſaid the Queen, if hither driv'n
By adverſe winds, or ſent a gueſt from heav'n;
To me the wretched never ſue in vain;
This fruitful iſle acknowledges my reign:
Then ſpeak thy wiſhes, and thy wants declare,
And no denial ſhall attend thy pray'r.
She paus'd, and bluſh'd.—The youth his ſilence broke;
And, kneeling, thus the charming Queen beſpoke:

O Goddeſs! for a form ſo bright as thine,
Speaks thee deſcended of celeſtial line,
Low at your feet a proſtrate King behold,
Whoſe faithleſs ſubjects ſold his life for gold;

I fly

I fly a cruel tyrant's lawleſs hand,
And ſhipwreck drove my veſſel on your ſtrand.
But why ſhould I complain of Fortune's frowns?
Or what are titles, honours, ſceptres, crowns,
To this ſweet moment, while, in fond amaze,
On ſuch tranſporting excellence I gaze!
Such ſymmetry of ſhape! ſo fair a face!
Such finiſh'd elegance! ſuch perfect grace!
Hear, then, my only wiſh, and O approve
The ardent pray'r which ſupplicates thy love.

FROM *Neptune* know, O Prince, my birth I claim!
Replies the Queen, and *Lucida*'s my name;
This iſland, theſe attendant nymphs he gave,
The fair-hair'd daughters of the azure wave.
But he, whoſe fortune gains me for a bride,
Muſt have his conſtancy ſeverely try'd.
One day each moon am I compell'd to go
To my great father's wat'ry realms below;
Where coral groves celeſtial red diſplay,
And blazing di'monds emulate the day.
In this ſhort abſence, if your love endures,
My heart and empire are for ever your's;
And hoary *Neptune*, to reward your truth,
Shall crown you with immortal bloom and youth:
But inſtant death will on your falſehood wait,
Nor can my tenderneſs prevent your fate.

TWICE twenty times, in wedlock's ſacred band,
My Royal Father join'd my plighted hand:
Twice twenty noble youths, alas! are dead,
Who, in my abſence, ſtain'd the nuptial bed.

Your

Your virtues, Prince, may claim a nobler throne,
But mine is yielded on theſe terms alone.

DELIGHTFUL terms! reply'd the raptur'd youth;
Accept my conſtancy, my endleſs truth.
Perfidious, faithleſs men! enrag'd he cry'd,
They merited the fate by which they dy'd.
Accept a heart incapable of change;
Thy beauty ſhall forbid deſire to range:
No other form ſhall to my eye ſeem fair,
No other voice attract my liſt'ning ear;
No charms, but thine, ſhall e'er my ſoul approve.
So aid thy vot'ry potent god of Love.

Now loud applauſes thro' the palace ring;
The duteous ſubjects hail their godlike king;
To feaſtful mirth they dedicate the day,
While tuneful voices chant the nuptial lay,—
Love-ditty'd airs, hymn'd by the vocal quire,
Sweetly attemper'd to the warbling lyre.
But when the ſun, deſcending, ſought the main,
And low-brow'd night aſſum'd her ſilent reign,
They to the marriage-bed convey'd the bride;
And laid the raptur'd bridegroom by her ſide.

Now roſe the ſun, and with auſpicious ray,
Diſpell'd the dewy miſts, and gave the day:
When *Lucida*, with anxious care oppreſt,
Thus wak'd her ſleeping lord from downy reſt:
Soul of my ſoul, and monarch of my heart,
This day, ſhe cry'd, this fatal day we part;
Yet, if your love untainted you retain,
We ſoon ſhall meet in happineſs again,

To

To part no more, but rolling years employ
In circling bliſs, and never fading joy.
Alas! my boding ſoul is loſt in woe,
And from my eyes the tears unbidden flow.

JOY of my life, diſmiſs thoſe needleſs fears,
Reply'd the King, and ſtay thoſe precious tears.
Should lovely *Venus* leave her native ſky,
And at my feet, imploring fondneſs, ly,
Ev'n ſhe, the radiant Queen of ſoft deſires,
Should diſappointed burn with hopeleſs fires.

THE heart of man, the Queen's experience knew
Perjur'd and falſe, yet with'd to find him true.
She ſigh'd, retiring; and, in regal ſtate,
The King conducts her to the palace-gate;
Where ſacred *Neptune*'s cryſtal chariot ſtands,
The wond'rous work of his celeſtial hands.
Six harneſs'd ſwans the bright machine convey
Swift thro' the air, or pathleſs wat'ry way;
The birds, with eagle-ſpeed the air divide,
And plunge the goddeſs in the ſounding tide.

SLOW to the court the penſive King returns,
And ſighs in ſecret, and in ſilence mourns.
So in the grove ſad *Philomel* complains,
In mournful accents, and melodious ſtrains;
Her plaintive ſorrows fill the ſounding lawn,
From ſtarry veſper to the roſy dawn.

THE King, to mitigate his tender pain,
Seeks the apartment of the virgin-train,
With ſportive mirth ſad abſence to beguile,
And bid the melancholy moments ſmile:

But

But there deſerted, lonely rooms he found;
And ſolitary ſilence reign'd around.

He call'd aloud—when lo! a hag appears,
Bending beneath deformity and years;
Who ſaid, My liege, explain your ſacred will;
With joy your ſov'reign purpoſe I fulfil.

My will—deteſted wretch—avoid my ſight,
And hide that hideous ſhape in endleſs night.
What! Does thy Queen, o'er-run with rude diſtruſt,
Reſolve, by force to keep a huſband juſt?

You wrong, reply'd the hag, your royal wife,
Whoſe care is love,—and love to guard your life;
The race of mortals are, by nature, frail,
And ſtrong temptations with the beſt prevail.
Be that my care, he ſaid, be thine to ſend
The virgin-train, let them my will attend.

The beldam fled, the cheerful nymphs advance,
And tread, to meaſur'd airs, the mazy dance:
The raptur'd Prince, with greedy eye, ſurveys
The blooming maids, and covets ſtill to gaze;
No more recalls the image of his ſpouſe,—
How falſe is man!—nor recollects his vows:
With wild inconſtancy, for all he burns,
And ev'ry nymph ſubdues his ſoul by turns.

At length, a maid, ſuperior to the reſt,
Array'd in ſmiles, in virgin-beauty dreſt,
Receiv'd his paſſion and return'd his love,
And ſoftly woo'd him to the ſilent grove.

Inclos'd, in deepeſt ſhade of full grown wood,
Within the grove a ſpacious grotto ſtood,

Where

Where forty youths, in marble, ſeem'd to mourn,
Each youth reclining on a fun'ral urn;
Thither the nymph directs the Monarch's way.
He treads her footſteps, joyful to obey;
There, fir'd with paſſion, claſp'd her to his breaſt,
And thus the tranſport of his ſoul confeſt:
Delightful beauty! deck'd with ev'ry charm
High fancy paints! or glowing love can form!
I ſigh,—I gaze,—I tremble,—I adore!
Such lovely looks ne'er bleſs'd my ſight before!
Here, under covert of th' embow'ring ſhade,
For love's delights and tender tranſports made,
No buſy eye our raptures to detect,—
No envious tongue to cenſure or detract;
Here yield to love, and tenderly employ
The ſilent ſeaſon in extatic joy.

WITH arms enclaſp'd, his treaſure to retain,
He woo'd and ſigh'd; but ſigh'd and woo'd in vain:
She ruſh'd, indignant, from his fond embrace,
While rage and bluſhes paint her lovely face.
Yet ſtill he ſues, with ſuppliant hands and eyes,
While ſhe to magic charms, for veng'ance, flies.

A limpid fountain murmur'd thro' the cave,
She fill'd her palm with the tranſlucent wave;
And, ſprinkling, cry'd, Receive, falſe man, in time,
The juſt reward of thy deteſted crime.
Thy changeful ſex in perfidy delight,
Deſpiſe perfection, and fair virtue ſlight;
Falſe, fickle, baſe, tyranic, and unkind,
Whoſe hearts, nor vows can chain, nor honour bind;

Mad to poſſeſs, by paſſion blindly led,
And then as mad to ſtain the nuptial bed;
Whoſe roving ſouls no excellence, no age,
No form, no rank, no beauty can engage;
Slaves to the bad, to the deſerving worſt,
Sick of your twentieth love as of your firſt.

THE ſtatues, which this hallowed grot adorn,
Like thee were lovers, and like thee forſworn,
Whoſe faithleſs hearts no kindneſs could ſecure,
Nor for a day preſerve their paſſion pure;
Whom neither love nor beauty could reſtrain,
Nor fear of endleſs infamy and pain.
In me behold thy Queen! for know, with eaſe,
The deities aſſume each form they pleaſe;
Nor can the feeble ray of mortal eyes
Perceive the latent goddeſs in diſguiſe;
Now feel the force of heav'n's avenging hand,
And here, inanimate, for ever ſtand.

SHE ſpoke.—Amaz'd the liſt'ning monarch ſtood,
And icy horror froze his ebbing blood;
Thick ſhades of death upon his eye-lids creep,
And clos'd them faſt in everlaſting ſleep;
No ſenſe of life,—no motion he retains,
But, fix'd, a dreadful monument remains.
A Statue now; and, if reviv'd once more,
Wou'd prove, no doubt, as perjur'd as before.

ON

ON FRIENDSHIP.

TOO oft in chuſing friends we err,
By warm good-nature preſt;
And, in a dove-like form, receive
A ſerpent to the breaſt.

External beauties ſtrike the eye,
And ſuch attractions wear,
We nothing but perfection ſee,
And ruſh into the ſnare.

No wonder that a pleaſing face,
With winning manners join'd,
Are lov'd by thoſe who cannot trace
The motions of the mind.

There muſt the laſting beauties lie,
Which never know decay;
For ev'ry charm but thoſe within,
Is ſwept by *Time* away.

Th' allurements of external charms,
Can ne'er deceive us long;
Affection may the union bind,
Eſteem muſt make it ſtrong.

A thouſand, ſmiling, flow'ry paths,
To Friendſhip's temple lead;
But thoſe who follow Virtue's ſteps,
Moſt happily ſucceed.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

THE ev'ning breath'd ſerenely mild,
And ſhed her dewy fragrance round;
Each hill and humble valley ſmil'd,
And flowers adorn'd the gaudy ground.

I ſought the cool ſequeſter'd grove,
Where turtles coo with am'rous moan;
Where linnets warbling forth their love,
Reminded Damon of his own.

Ah! cruel fate! I ſaid, and ſigh'd,
Why torture thus a love-ſick ſwain?
Ah! cruel fair! I fondly cried,
With ſoft'ning pity ſooth my pain.

But why my Cælia raſhly blame?
Nor cruel ſhe, nor yet unkind;
Harſh pride ne'er ſour'd her gentle frame;
But fears diſtract my trembling mind.

While to the ſolitary grove,
Forlorn I wildly thus bewail,
I look'd, and lo! the queen of love,
Sweet Cælia, tript the verdant vale.

With giddy haſte I ran, I flew,
To gaze on her unrivall'd charms;
To preſs her lips of roſy hue,
And catch her in my rapt'rous arms.

Alas!

Alas! I little ſaw her ſire,
Who ſtalk'd behind with ſurly pace;
She bluſh'd, and whiſp'ring,—quick—Retire,
Sprung panting from my fond embrace.

What miſer, when his glitt'ring hoard
Is from his eager eyes ſurpris'd,
E'er felt ſuch pain as I endur'd,
So miſerably tantaliz'd?

To woods and wilds I groan and grieve,
In broken ſighs my ſorrows vent;
Nor woods nor wilds my woes relieve;
And Echo learneth to lament.

THE CHILD OF ELLE.

[AN OLD SONG.]

ON yonder hill a caſtle ſtands,
With walls and towers bedight;
And yonder lives the Child* of Elle,
A young and comely knight.

The Child of Elle to his garden went,
And ſtood at his garden pale,
Whan, lo! he ſaw fair Emmeline's page
Come tripping down the dale.

* CHILD—A title, in old times, frequently given to a Knight.

The

The Child of Elle he hy'd him thence,
I wat he ſtood na ſtill,
And ſoon he met fair Emmeline's page
Come climbing up the hill.

"Now Chriſt thee ſave, thou little foot-page,
Now Chriſt thee ſave and ſee!
Oh tell me how does thy lady gay,
And what may thy tidings be?"

"My lady ſhe is all woe-begone,
The tears they fa' frae her eyne;
And aye ſhe laments the deadly feud
Between her houſe and thine.

And here ſhe ſends thee a ſilken ſcarf,
Bedew'd wi' mony a tear,
And bids thee ſometimes think on her,
Wha loved thee ſae dear.

And here ſhe ſends thee a ring of gold,
The laſt boon thou mayſt have,
And bids thee wear it for her ſake,
Whan ſhe is laid in grave.

For ah! her gentle heart is broke,
And in grave ſoon muſt ſhe be,
Sith her father hath choſe her a new new love,
And forbid her to think of thee.

Her father hath brought her a carliſh knight,
Sir John of the north countray,
And within three days ſhe muſt him wed,
Or he vows he will her ſlay."

Now

"Now hye thee back, thou little foot-page,
And greet thy lady frae me,
And tell her that I, her own true love,
Will dye or ſet her free.

Now hye thee back, thou little foot-page,
And let thy fair lady know,
This night will I be at her bower-window,
Betide me weal or woe."

The boy he tripped, the boy he ran,
He neither ſtint nor ſtayd,
Until he came to fair Emmeline's bower;
Whan kneeling down he ſayd:

"O lady, I've been with thy own true love,
And he greets thee well by me;
This night will he be at thy bower-window,
And dye or ſet thee free."

Now day was gone, and night was come,
And a' were faſt aſleep,—
All ſave the lady Emmeline,
Wha ſat in her bower to weep:

And ſoon ſhe heard her true love's voice
Low whiſp'ring at the wall,
"Awake, awake, my dear lady,
'Tis I thy true love call.

Awake, awake, my lady dear,
Come mount this fair palfray:
This ladder of ropes will let thee down,
I'll carry thee hence away."

"Now nay, now nay, thou gentle knight,
Now nay, this may not be;
For aye ſhould I tint my maiden fame,
If alane I ſhould wend with thee."

"O lady, thou with a knight ſae true
Mayſt ſafely wend alone;
To My lady mother I will thee bring.
Where marriage ſhall make us one."

"My father he is a baron bold,
Of lynage proud and hye;
And what would he ſay if his daughter
Away with a knight ſhould fly?

Ah! well I wot, he ne'er would reſt,
Nor his meat do him good,
Till he had ſlain thee, Child of Elle,
And ſeen thy dear heart's blood."

"O lady, wert thou in thy ſaddle ſet,
And a little ſpace him fro,
I would not care for thy cruel father,
Nor the worſt that he could do.

O lady, wert thou in thy ſaddle ſet,
And once without this wall,
I would not care for thy cruel father,
Nor the worſt that might befall."

Fair Emmeline ſigh'd, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe:
At length he ſeiz'd her lilly-white hand,
And down the ladder her drew:

And thrice he claſp'd her to his breaſt,
And kiſt her tenderlie:
The tears that fell from her fair eyne,
Ran like the fountain free.

He mounted himſelf on his ſteed ſae tall,
And her on a fair palfray,
And ſlung his bugle about his neck,
And roundly they rode away.

All this beheard her own damſel,
In her bed whereas ſhe lay;
Quoth ſhe, "My lord ſhall know of this,
So I ſhall hae gold and fee."

"Awake, awake, thou baron bold!
Awake, my noble dame!
Your daughter is fled wi' the Child of Elle,
To do the deed of ſhame."

The baron he woke, the baron he roſe,
And call'd his merry men all:
"And come thou forth, Sir John the knight,
Thy lady is carried to thrall."

Fair Emmeline ſcant had ridden a mile,—
A mile forth of the town,
When ſhe was aware of her father's men
Come galloping o'er the down:

And foremoſt came the carliſh knight,
Sir John of the north countray,
"Now ſtop, now ſtop, thou falſe traitour,
Nor carry that lady away.

For ſhe is come of hye lynage,
And was of a lady borne;
And ill it beſeems thee, a falſe churle's ſon,
To carry her hence to ſcorn."

"Now loud thou lyeſt, Sir John the knight,
Now thou doeſt lye of me;
A knight me got, and a lady me bore,
Soe never did none by thee."——

"But light now down, my lady fair,
Light down and hold my ſteed,
While I and this diſcourteous knight
Do try this arduous deed.

But light thou down, my dear lady,
Light down, and hold my horſe;
While I and this diſcourteous knight
Do try our valours force."

Fair Emmeline ſigh'd, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe,
While 'twixt her love and the carliſh knight
Paſt many a baleful blow.

The Child of Elle he fought ſo well,
As his weapon he wav'd amain,
That ſoon he had ſlain the carliſh knight,
And laid him upon the plain.

And now the baron, and all his men,
Full faſt approached nigh:
Ah! what may lady Emmeline do?
'Twere now no boote to fly.

Her

Her Lover he put his horn to his mouth,
And blew baith loud and ſhrill;
And ſoon he ſaw his own merry men
Come ryding o'er the hill.

"Now hold thy hand, thou bold baron,
I pray thee, hold thy hand,
Nor ruthleſs rend two gentle hearts,
Faſt knit in true love's band.

Thy daughter I have dearly lov'd
Full long and many a day,
But with ſuch love as holy kirk
Hath ſayd we freely may.

O give conſent ſhe may be mine,
And bleſs a faithful pair:
My lands and livings are not ſmall,
My houſe and lynage fair:

My mother ſhe was an Earl's daughter,
A noble Knyght my ſire."——
The baron he frown'd, and turn'd away
Wi' mickle dole and ire.

Fair Emmeline ſigh'd, fair Emmeline wept,
And did all trembling ſtand:
At length ſhe ſprang upon her knee,
And held his lifted hand.

"Pardon, my lord and father dear,
This fair young knyght and me:
Truſt me, but for the carliſh knyght,
I ne'er had fled frae thee.

Oft have you call'd your Emmeline
Your darling and your joy;
O let not then your harſh reſolves
Your Emmeline deſtroy."

The baron he ſtroakt his dark-brown cheek,
And turn'd his head aſyde
To wipe away the ſtarting tear,
He proudly ſtrave to hyde.

In deep revolving thought he ſtood,
And mus'd a little ſpace;
Then rais'd fair Emmeline from the ground,
Wi' mony a fond embrace.

"Here take her, Child of Elle, he ſayd,
And gave her lilly hand,
Here take my dear and only child,
And with her half my land:

Thy father once mine honour wrong'd,
In days of youthful pride;
Do thou the injury repair
In fondneſs for thy bride.

And as thou love, and hold her dear,
Heav'n proſper thee and thine:
And now my bleſſing wend wi' thee,
My lovely Emmeline."

COWDEN KNOWS,

As Sung at VAUXHALL.

WHEN Summer comes, the ſwains on *Tweed*
Sing their ſucceſsful loves;
Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
And muſic fills the groves:
But my lov'd ſong is then the Broom,
So fair on *Cowden Knows;*
For ſure ſo ſweet, ſo fair a bloom,
Elſewhere there never grows.

There *Colin* tun'd his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart;
No ſhepherd e'er that dwelt on *Tweed*
Could play with half ſuch art:
He ſung of *Tay*, of *Forth*, and *Clyde*,
The hills and dales all round,
Of *Leader-haughs*, and *Leader-ſide:*
Oh! how I bleſt the ſound.

Yet more delightful is the Broom,
So fair on *Cowden Knows;*
For ſure ſo freſh, ſo bright a bloom,
Elſewhere there never grows.
Not *Tiviot* Braes ſo green and gay,
May with this Broom compare;
Not *Yarrow* Banks in flow'ry *May*,
Nor Buſh aboon *Traquair*.

More pleaſing far are *Cowden Knows*,
My peaceful happy home;
Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
At eve among the Broom:

Ye

Ye Pow'rs that haunt the woods and plains,
Where *Tweed* and *Tiviot* flows;
Convey me to the beſt of ſwains,
And my lov'd *Cowden Knows*.

DICK O' THE COW.

[The following SONG, though never till now in print, hath been long admired by the people of Liddiſdale and its neighbourhood. It is here given from an original M. S. for which, with ſeveral others, the Compiler acknowledges himſelf indebted to a Gentleman of taſte, in Liddiſdale. When the antiquity of the piece is conſidered, the imperfections in the rhyme will be excuſed. The facts which gave birth to this Song appear, from hiſtory, to have taken place between the years 1563 and 1596; Lord Scroope being then Governor of Carliſle.]

NOW Liddiſdale has lyan lang in,
Fala, fala, fala, faliddle.
There is nae riding there at a':
Their horſes are grown ſae lidder fat,
They downa ſtur out o' the ſta'.
Fala, *&c.*

Then Johnie Armſtrong to Willie can ſay,
Fala, *&c.*
Billie a riding then we'll gae:
England and us has been lang at a feid;
Ablins we'll hit on ſome bootie.
Fala, *&c.*

Then

Then they're com'd on to Hutton Ha',
Fala, &c.
They rade the proper place about:
But the laird he was the wiſer man,
For he had left nae gear without.——
Fala, &c.

Then he had left nae gear to ſteal,
Fala, &c.
Except ſax ſheep upon a lee:
Quo' Johnie, I'd rather in England die,
Ere thir ſax ſheep gae t' Liddiſdale wi' me.
Fala, &c.

But how ca'd they the man we laſt met,
Fala, &c.
Billie, as we came o'er the know;
That ſame he is an innocent fool,
And ſome men ca' him Dick o' the Cow.
Fala, &c.

That fool has three as good ky o' his ain,
Fala, &c.
As there's in a' Cumberland, Billie, quo' he;
Betide me life, betide me death,
Theſe three ky ſhall gae t' Liddiſdale wi' me.
Fala, &c.

Then they're com'd on to the poor fool's houſe,
Fala, &c.
And they hae broken his wa's ſae wide;
They have loos'd out Dick o' the Cow's three ky,
And tane three co'erlets aff his wife's bed.
Fala, &c.

Then

Then on the morn, whan the day was light,
Fala, &c.
The ſhouts and cries roſe loud and hie:
O had thy tongue, my wife, he ſays,
And o' thy crying let me be.——
Fala, &c.

O had thy tongue, my wife, he ſays,
Fala, &c.
And of thy crying let me be;
And aye that where thou wants a cow,
In good ſooth I'll bring thee three.
Fala, &c.

Then Dickie's com'd on for's lord and maſter,
Fala, &c.
And I wat a dreirie fool was he;
Now had thy tongue, my fool he ſays,
For I may not ſtand to jeſt wi' thee.
Fala, &c.

Shame ſpeed a' your jeſting, my lord, quo' Dickie,
Fala, &c.
For nae ſic jeſting grees wi' me:
Liddiſdale's been i' my houſe laſt night,
And they hae tane my three ky frae me.
Fala, &c.

But I may nae langer in Cumberland dwell,
Fala, &c.
To be your poor fool and your leal,
Unleſs ye gi' me leave, my lord,
T' gae t' Liddiſdale and ſteal.
Fala, &c.

I gi'

I gi' thee leave, my fool, he ſays,
Fala, *&c.*
Thou ſpeakeſt againſt my honour and me,
Unleſs thou gi' me thy trowth and thy hand
Thou'l ſteal frae nane but wha ſta frae thee.
Fala, *&c.*

There is my trowth and my right hand;
Fala, *&c.*
My head ſhall hang on *Hairibe* *;
I'll ne'er croſs Carliſle ſands again,
If I ſteal frae a man but wha ſta frae me.
Fala, *&c.*

Dickie's tane leave at lord and maſter,
Fala, *&c.*
And I wat a merry fool was he;
He's bought a bridle and a pair o' new ſpurs,
And pack'd them up in his breek thigh.
Fala, *&c.*

Then Dickie's come on for *Pudding-burn* †,
Fala, *&c.*
E'en as faſt as he might drie.—
Now Dickie's come on for Pudding-burn,
Where there were thirty Armſtrongs and three.
Fala, *&c.*

* The place of Execution at Carliſle.

† Pudding-burn Hall was, at that time, the place of abode of the Armſtrongs: It is on the farm of Readmoſs, at preſent poſſeſſed by Mr Henry Elliot in Flat; and the houſe is now converted into a ſheep-fold.

O! what's this com'd o' me now, quo' Dickie,
Fala, &c.
What meikle wae's this happen'd o' me, quo' he;
Where here is but ae innocent fool,
And there is thirty Armſtrongs and three.
Fala, &c.

Yet he's com'd up to the ha' amang them a'
Fala, &c.
Sae weil's he became his curteſie.
Weil may ye be, my good laird's Jock,
But the de'il bleſs a' your companie.
Fala, &c.

I'm come to 'plain o' your man, fair Johnie Arm-
Fala, &c. [ſtrong,
And ſyne o' his billie Willie, quo' he;
How they hae been i' my houſe the laſt night,
And they hae tane my three ky frae me.
Fala, &c.

Quo' Johnie Armſtrong, we will him hang.
Fala, &c.
Na' then, quo' Willie, we'll him ſlae.
But up and beſpake anither young man,
We'll gie 'im his batts, and let him gae.
Fala, &c.

Then up and beſpake the good laird's Jock,
Fala, &c.
The beſt falla in a' the companie,
Sit thy ways down a little while Dickie,
And a piece o' thy ain cow's hough I'll gi' thee.
Fala, &c.

But

But Dickie's heart it grew ſae great,
Fala, &c.
That ne'er a bit o't he dought to eat.—
Then Dickie was ware o' an auld peat-houſe,
Where a' the night he thought for to ſleep.——
Fala, &c.

Then Dickie was ware o' an auld peat-houſe,
Fala, &c.
Where a' the night he thought for to ly;
And a' the prayers the poor fool pray'd,
I wiſh I had a menſe for my ain three ky.
Fala, &c.

Then it was the uſe of Pudding-burn,
Fala, &c.
And the houſe of Mangerton, all haill,
Theſe that came na at the firſt ca'
They got nae mair meat t' the neiſt meal.
Fala, &c.

The lads that hungry and weary were,
Fala, &c.
Aboon the door-head they hang the key;
Dickie he took good notice to that,
Says, there's a bootie yonder for me.
Fala, &c.

Then Dickie into the ſtable is gane,
Fala. &c.
Where there ſtood thirty horſes and three;
He has tied them a' wi' *St Mary's Knot**,
A' theſe horſes but barely three.——
Fala, &c.

* Ham-ſtringed the Horſes.

He has tied them a' wi' St Mary's Knot,
Fala, &c.
A' theſe horſes but barely three:
He's loupen on ane, tane anither in hand;
And out at the door and gane is Dickie.
Fala, &c.

Then on the morn, whan the day grew light,
Fala, &c.
The ſhouts and cries roſe loud and hie;
O! where's that thief, quo' the good laird's Jock,
Tell me the truth and the veritie.——
Fala, &c.

O! where's that thief, quo' the good laird's Jock,
Fala, &c.
See unto me ye dinna lie;
Dickie's been i' the ſtable laſt night,
And has my brother's horſe and mine frae me.
Fala, &c.

Ye wad ne'er be tall'd, quo' the good laird's Jock,
Fala, &c.
Have ye not found my tales fu leel;
Ye wad ne'er out o' England bide,
Till crooked and blind, and a' wad ſteal.
Fala, &c.

But lend me thy bay, Johnie Armſtrong can ſay,
Fala, &c.
There's nae horſe looſe in the ſtable but he;
And I'll either bring Dick o' the Cow again,
Or the day is come that he ſhall die.
Fala, &c.

To

To lend thee my bay, the laird's Jock can ſay,
Fala, &c.
He's worth baith goud and good monie;
Dick o' the Cow has away twa horſe,
I wiſh na thou may make him three.
Fala, &c.

He's tane the laird's jack on his back,
Fala, &c.
The twa handed ſword that hang by his thigh;
He's tane the ſteel-cap on his head,
And on is he gane to follow Dickie.
Fala, &c.

Then Dickie was na a mile aff the town,
Fala, &c.
I wat a mile but barely three,
Till he's o'ertane by Johnie Armſtrong,
Hand for hand on *Cannobie Lee*†.
Fala, &c.

Abide, abide now Dickie than,
Fala, &c.
The day is come that thou maun die:
Then Dickie look'd o'er his left ſhoulder,
Johnie, has thou any moe in companie.
Fala, &c.

There is a preacher in our chapel,
Fala, &c.
And a' the lee lang day teaches he;
Whan day is gane, and night is come,
There's ne'er ae word I mark but three:
Fala, &c.

† A riſing ground in Cannobie, near the border of Liddiſdale.

The firſt and ſecond is Faith and Conſcience,
Fala, &c.
The third, ne'er let a traitour free;
But, Johnie, what faith and conſcience hadſt thou,
Whan thou took my three ky frae me.
Fala, &c.

And when thou had tane away my three ky,
Fala, &c.
Thou thought in thy heart thou was no well ſped;
But ſent thy billie Willie o'er the know,
And he took three co'erlets aff my wife's bed.
Fala, &c.

Then Johnie let a ſpear fa' laigh by his thigh,
Fala, &c.
Thought weil to hae ſlain the innocent, I trow;
But the powers above were mair than he,
For he ran but the poor fool's jerkin through.
Fala, &c.

Together they ran, or ever they blan,
Fala, &c.
This was Dickie the fool and he;
Dickie cou'd na win to him wi' the blade o' the ſword,
But feld 'im wi' the plumet under the eie.
Fala, &c.

Now Dickie has feld fair Johnie Armſtrong,
Fala, &c.
The prettieſt man in the ſouth countrie.
Gramercy, then can Dickie ſay,
I had but twa horſe thou has made me three.
Fala, &c.

He

He has tane the laird's jack aff his back,
Fala, &c.
The twa handed ſword that hang by his thigh;
He has tane the ſteel-cap aff his head;
Johnie, I'll tell my maſter I met wi' thee.
Fala, &c.

When Johnie waken'd out o' his dream,
Fala, &c.
I wat a drierie man was he:
And is thou gane, now Dickie than,
The ſhame gae in thy companie.—
Fala, &c.

And is thou gane, now Dickie, than,
Fala, &c.
The ſhame gae in thy companie;
For, if I ſhould live this hundred years,
I ne'er ſhall fight wi' a fool after thee.
Fala, &c.

Then Dickie's come hame to lord and maſter
Fala, &c.
E'en as faſt as he may drie.——
Now Dickie, I'll neither eat nor drink,
Till hie hanged thou ſhalt be.
Fala, &c.

The ſhame ſpeed the liars, my lord, quo' Dickie,
Fala, &c.
That was no the promiſe ye made to me;
For I'd ne'er gane t' Liddiſdale t' ſteal,
Till I had got my leave at thee.
Fala, &c.

But what gard thou ſteal the laird's Jock's horſe,
Fala, &c.
And limmer, what gard thou ſteal him, quo' he;
For lang might thou in Cumberland dwelt,
Ere the laird's Jock had ſtawn frae thee.
Fala, &c.

Indeed I wat ye lied, my lord,
Fala, &c.
And e'en ſae loud as I hear ye lie,
I wan him frae his man, fair Johnie Armſtrong,
Hand for hand on Cannobie Lee.
Fala, &c.

There's the jack was on his back,
Fala, &c.
The twa handed ſword that hang laigh by his thigh;
And there's the ſteel-cap was on his head;
I hae a' theſe takens to let thee ſee.—
Fala, &c.

If that be true thou to me tells,
Fala, &c.
I trow thou dare na tell a lie,
I'll gi' thee twenty punds for the good horſe,
Weil tel'd in thy cloak lap ſhall be.
Fala, &c.

And I'll gi' thee ane o' my beſt milk-ky
Fala, &c.
To maintain thy wife and children three;
And that may be as good, I think,
As ony twa o' thine might be.
Fala, &c.

The

The ſhame ſpeed the liers, my lord, quo' Dickie,
Fala, &c.
Trow ye aye to make a fool o' me;
I'll either hae thirty punds for the good horſe,
Or he's gae t' Mortan fair wi' me.
Fala, &c.

He's gi'en him thirty punds for the good horſe,
Fala, &c.
All in goud and good monie;
He has gi'en him ane o' his beſt milk-ky,
To maintain his wife and children three.
Fala, &c.

Then Dickie came down through Carliſle town,
Fala, &c.
E'en as faſt as he might drie;
The firſt o' men that he met with,
Was my lord's brother, *Bayliff Glozenburrie* †.
Fala, &c.

Weil may ye be, my good Ralph Scroope.
Fala, &c.
Welcome, my brother's fool, quo' he;
Where did thou get fair Johnie Armſtrong's horſe.
Where did I get him but ſteal him, quo he.
Fala, &c.

But wilt thou ſell me fair Johnie Armſtrong's horſe.
Fala, &c.
And billie wilt thou ſell him to me, quo' he.
Aye, and tell me the monie on my cloak lap;
For there's no ae fardin i'll truſt thee.
Fala, &c.

† Brother to Lord Scroope, Governor of Carliſle. See p. 22.

I'll gi' thee fifteen punds for the good horſe,
Fala, &c.
Weil tel'd on thy cloak lap ſhall be;
And I'll gi' thee ane o' my beſt milk-ky,
To maintain thy wife and children three.
Fala, &c.

The ſhame ſpeed the liers, my lord, quo' Dickie,
Fala, &c.
Trow ye aye to make a fool o' me, quo he;
I'll either hae thirty punds for the good horſe,
Or he's gae t' Mortan fair wi' me.
Fala, &c.

He's gi'en him thirty punds for the good horſe,
Fala, &c.
All in goud and good monie;
He has gi'en him ane o' his beſt milk-ky,
To maintain his wife and children three.
Fala, &c.

Then Dickie lap a loup fu hie,
Fala, &c.
And I wat a loud laugh laughed he;
I wiſh the neck o' the third horſe were broken;
For I hae a better o' my ain, if better can be.
Fala, &c.

Then Dickie's com'd hame to his wife again,
Fala, &c.
Judge ye how the poor fool ſped,
He has gi'en her threeſcore Engliſh punds
For the three auld co'erlets was tane aff her bed.
Fala, &c.

Hae

Hae, take thee theſe twa as good ky,
Fala, &c.
I trow as a thy three might be;
And yet here is white-footed nagie,
I think he'll carry baith thee and me.
Fala, &c.

But I may nae langer in Cumberland bide,
Fala, &c.
The Armſtrongs they'll hang me hie:
But Dickie's tane leave at lord and maſter;
And Burgh under Stanmuir there dwells he.
Fala, &c.

The Armſtrongs at length got Dick o' the Cow in their clutches; and, out of revenge, they tore his fleſh from his bones with red-hot pincers

HOPE:

A PASTORAL SONG.

MY banks are all furniſh'd with bees,
Whoſe murmur invites one to ſleep;
My grottos are ſhaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with ſheep:
I ſeldom have met with a loſs,
Such health do my fountains beſtow;—
My fountains all border'd with moſs,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

I have found out a gift for my fair,—
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
But let me that plunder forbear;
She'll ſay 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, ſhe averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderneſs fall from her tongue,
Such tenderneſs, *&c.*

But where does my *Phillida* ſtray,
And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the ſhepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine;
The ſwains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine,
But their love is not equal to mine.

ABSENCE:

A PASTORAL SONG.

IN the grove now I carleſly ſtray,
Or penſive recline by the ſtream;
And my lambkins they wander away,
Nor am I, O ye ſhepherds! to blame.

For

For when *Phillida* grac'd the gay mead,
How ſweet was the fields and the flow'rs!
And the hillocks, with daiſies o'erſpread,
And lightly then frolick'd the hours.

How ſweet in the ſhady alcoves,
Or, with her, in the valley to ſtray!
While the nightingales warbl'd their loves,
And my lambkins around us did play.

Swift flew theſe fleet moments away;
It mayhap that they ne'er will return:
O! wherefore! can *Phillida* ſay,
Has ſhe left her fond ſhepherd to mourn?

Now the valley no longer can pleaſe,
And the grove where ſhe often did ſtray,
Serves only to baniſh my eaſe,
Since now the dear charmer's away.

For my flocks, they at freedom may ſtray,
And leave poor *Alexis* to mourn;
And my pipe I'll fling uſeleſs away,
Unleſs the dear nymph will return.

As I penſive recline by the rill,
And ſilently ſigh to the ſtream;
Or ſlumber beneath the green hill,
I ne'er but of *Phillida* dream.

A BURLESQUE SONG.

AH me! well a day!
Ah! what ſhall I ſay:
For *Cupid* has pluck'd from his well furniſh'd quiver.
A ſharp pointed dart,
Which he aim'd at my heart,
But it glanc'd as it paſs'd, and has pierc'd thro' my liver,
Oh! my liver,
Oh! my liver,
What a wound the young urchin has made in my liver?

When firſt, Oh! the ſmart,
I felt from this dart,
How ſtrangely my fleſh did all ſhudder and quiver;
Oh! tell me but where,
I may meet with the fair,
That can heal the deep wound he has made in my liver,
Oh! my liver, *&c.*
With the fair that can heal the deep wound in my liver.

Thus, again and again,
I bewail'd in this ſtrain,
When a nymph, who ſat on the bank of a river,
Kindly came to my aid,
And in ſoft whiſpers ſaid,
I'll give you ſome balm for the wound in your liver.
Oh! my liver, *&c.*
What ſweet balm ſhe pour'd to the wound in my liver.

SONG.

A SONG.

RESOLV'D, as her poet, of *Cælia* to ſing,
For ideas of beauty I ſearch'd thro' the ſpring,
To flowers ſoft blooming compar'd the ſweet maid,
But flowers, tho' blooming, at ev'ning may fade.
Of ſunſhine and breezes I next thought to write,
Of breezes ſo ſoft, and of ſunſhine ſo bright;
But theſe with my fair no reſemblance will hold,
For the ſun ſets at night, and the breezes grow cold.

The clouds of mild ev'ning, array'd in pale blue,
While the ſun-beams behind them peep'd glittering through;
Tho' to rival her charms they can never ariſe,
Yet methought they look'd ſomething like *Cælia*'s ſweet eyes.
Theſe beauties are tranſient, but *Cælia*'s will laſt,
When ſpring, and when ſummer, and autumn are paſt;
For ſenſe and good humour no ſeaſon diſarms,
And the ſoul of my *Cælia* enlivens her charms.

At length, on a fruit-tree a bloſſom I found,
Which beauty diſplay'd, and ſhed fragrance around,
I then thought the muſes had ſmil'd on my pray'r,
This bloſſom, I cry'd, will reſemble my fair!
Theſe colours ſo gay, and united ſo well,
This delicate texture and raviſhing ſmell,
Be her perſon's ſweet emblem! but where ſhall I find
In nature a beauty that equals her mind?

This

This bloſſom ſo pleaſing, at ſummer's gay call,
Muſt languiſh at firſt, and muſt afterwards fall;
But behind it the fruit, its ſucceſſor, ſhall riſe,
By nature diſrob'd of its beauteous diſguiſe.
So *Cælia*, when youth, that gay bloſſom, is o'er,
By her virtues improv'd ſhall engage me the more;
Shall recal ev'ry beauty that brighten'd her prime,
When her merit is ripen'd by love and by time.

A THOUGHT ON AUTUMN.

THESE fading trees ſhall ſoon again
Their verdant bloom renew;
Again the fair delightful ſpring,
We ſhall with joy review.

The feather'd choir once more ſhall tune,
Their echoing notes of joy;
And earth's renewing charms again,
The buſy ſwains employ.

But when frail mortal bloom is fled,
When fleeting youth is paſt;
No ſpring again ſhall e'er return
To cheer the wintry blaſt.

Born to decay, how frail our ſtate,
Uncertain are our joys:
Beauty, ſo it's decreed by fate,
Soon rigid time deſtroys.

Let

Let ſacred *Virtue* then alone,
Our ſteadfaſt minds employ;
And while her happy paths we tread,
No fears ſhall ſpoil our joy.

Come ling'ring age, with all its ills,
Its weakneſs and decay;
Our conſcious innocence alone
Can all its force allay.

From hence tranſlated to the ſkies,
Where joys eternal wait;
An everlaſting ſpring ſhall reign,
To crown our bliſsful ſtate.

AN ODE TO

CONTENTMENT.

CELESTIAL maid, if on my way,
Propitious thou wilt deign to ſmile,
Let *Virtue* guide each youthful day,
From malice, envy, care, and guile.

Protect my unexperienc'd youth,
From ev'ry ill, from grief and pain,
Inſpire my heart with love and truth,
Without ambition's idle claim.

Baniſh'd from thee, what's ev'ry joy?
What's beauty, wealth, delight, or eaſe?
Without thee all our pleaſures cloy,
Which nature firſt ordain'd to pleaſe.

In ſearch of thee, long time I ſtray'd,
Amid the throng of buſy life,
But found, alas! I was betray'd.
For vanity's the ſource of ſtrife.

I've ſought thee in the myrtle ſhade,
The ſilent wood, and poplar grove,
I've ſought thee in the lonely glade,
The paths of friendſhip, and of love.

Some hope to find thee in a court,
In ſtately pomp and vain parade;
But that is not thy calm reſort,
Such ſcenes of art you ne'er invade.

'Tis not in palaces you dwell,
Among the gay and giddy crowd;
Nor in the hermit's lonely cell,
Far diſtant from the great and proud.

The ſordid miſer hopes t' explore,
Thy wondrous charms in idle toys,—
In hoarding heaps of yellow ore,
In tranſitory, ſhort-liv'd joys.

Miſtaken youth, too often tries,
With luxury, deceit, and art,
To find thee in the wanton's eyes,
Which only ſhine t' enſnare th' heart.

Others,

Others, by fickle fortune blind,
To flatt'rys mean device a prey,
Vainly expect, *Content* to find,
Among the great, the rich and gay.

Alas! ye blinded, thoughtleſs race,
Contentment ye will never find,
Till ye abhor deceit, and vice,
And pay attention to the mind.

In your own pow'r alone it lies,
To blend this life with joy, or care;—
Ambition's idle claim deſpiſe,
Think yourſelf happy;—and you are.

****

CONTENT:

A PASTORAL SONG.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and bare,
As wilder'd and wearied I roam;
A gentle young ſhepherdeſs ſees my deſpair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home:
Yellow ſheafs, from rich Ceres, her cottage had crown'd,
Green ruſhes were ſtrew'd on her floor;
Her caſements ſweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the ſod-ſeats at her door.

We ſat ourſelves down to a cooling repaſt,
Freſh fruits!—and ſhe cull'd me the beſt:
Whilſt, thrown from my guard by ſome glances ſhe caſt,
Love ſlyly ſtole into my breaſt.
I told my ſoft wiſhes—ſhe ſweetly reply'd,
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine!)
I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
Yet take me, fond ſhepherd,—I'm thine.

Her air was ſo modeſt, her aſpect ſo meek,
So ſimple, yet ſweet were her charms,
I kiſs'd the ripe roſes that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few ſheep;
And if, on the banks by the ſtream,
Reclin'd on her boſom I ſink into ſleep,
Her image ſtill ſoftens my dream.

Together we range, o'er the ſlow-riſing hills,
Delighted with paſtoral views,
Or reſt on the rock, whence the ſtreamlet diſtils,
And mark out new themes for my muſe.
To pomp, or proud titles, ſhe ne'er did aſpire;
The damſel's of humble deſcent!
The *cottager* PEACE is well known for her ſire,
And ſhepherd's have nam'd her CONTENT.

A SCOTS PASTORAL.

DEEP in a glen, a burnie winds its way,
Where ſaughs and oſiers mirk the face o' day,
A rock hangs nodding o'er its chryſtal ſpring,
And flow'rs, Narciſſus-like, its waves o'erhing;
The ſun had ſtreak'd the eaſt wi' purple dyes,
And lav'rocks tun'd their throats, and 'gan to riſe,
When *Nell* and *Suſan* came to bleach their claes,
" And ſpread them by the burn upo' the braes." †

NELL.

The ſun is up, the morning freſh and fair,
" And haleſome it's to ſnuff the cauler air:"
The gentles, wha in ſloth conſume their prime,
Ken little o' this pleaſant, cheering time.
O come, dear laſſie, now our claes are ſpread,
Aneath this tree we'll find a cooling ſhade;
" In heartſome cracks we'll paſs the hours away,"
Till *Kate*, at dinner, brings our curds and whey;
We'll laugh and ſing, and a' our ſecrets tell,
And gif I fail, then nae mair ca' me *Nell*.

SUSAN.

Fair fa ye, laſs; I loo your project weel.
O war my heart as light as it is leel!
Then wad I join, and laugh the hours away;
But as it is, alake and welladay!

† The lines with inverted commas are out of the GENTLE SHEPHERD.

It

It winna do; but come, let's hear ye tell,
Whan ſaw ye *Robin*, and his ſiſter *Bell?*

NELL.

Yeſtreen I ſaw them whan we milk'd the ewes,
He drave them to the bught out o'er the knows:
Upo' his reed he play'd, wi' pleaſing ſkill,
"*O'er Bogie*, and *The Laſs o' Patie's Mill:*"
He little ken'd my heart was flight'ring fain.
My winſome lad! O gin ye war my ain!

SUSAN.

Heh, laſs, ye're happy; for he loo's ye weel
As ane wad wiſs him, and is true as ſteel;
Sae dinna vex a heart that is your ain,
But end at anes a wordy wooer's pain.
Had I a joe I cou'd as weel approve,
I wad na lang frae him conceal my love;
But ye are happy, and I'm glad it's ſae,
And may rejoice whan ither fouk are wae.

NELL.

"Indeed I'm happy in my ſhepherd's love,
"And haflins own'd I did his ſuit approve."
Laſt night he wad convoy me o'er the bauk,
And aunty *Madge* and *Bell* were thrang in tauk;
The moon was bright, and ſtars adorn'd her way,
And twinkling dew-draps made it ſeem like day;
His words, like muſic, thrill'd thro' a' my heart,
Till at the thorn-tree we were forc'd to part.
Farewell, I cry'd: Farewell, ſweet *Nell*, quoth he;
O dream o' me, as I do aft o' thee!

SUSAN.

SUSAN.

Weel, laſſie, nane has ſic a pleaſing art
To cheer my thoughts, and raiſe my dowie heart;
But gin I war as bleſt, I'd laugh and ſing,
Till a' the hills ſhou'd wi' my blythneſs ring.

NELL.

"And what is't ails ye now? what maks ye ſad?"
Are ye in love? O tell's the happy lad!
Tweel ye hae walth to wale on if it's ſae;
Sae ſigh nae mair, for trowth ye mak me wae.

SUSAN.

"Alake, my friend! for ye hae gueſs'd o'er true,
"And there is naething I'll keep up frae you."
In ſilent grief my heart conſumes awa',
And faithleſs *Colin* is the cauſe o't a'.
"My father (reſt his ſaul!) has left me gear,"
And a' the chiels about me had a ſteer;
But what are a' their fleeching tales to me?
Colin I loo, but them I downa ſee.

NELL.

And trowth, your *Colin* is a winſome lad,
And a' that kens him does his name applaud;
And weel do I wi' a' the lave agree,
Albeit that *Colin* war nae kin to me.
Wow but I'm glad, that he has had the art
To pleaſe the laſs that beſt deſerves his heart;
For dearly does he loo my *Suſan* ſtill,
And aft he brags o't to my brither *Will*.

Sae

Sae let na ſpitefu' tales diſturb your mind,
For love and honour will preſerve him kind.

SUSAN.

Ah! na; ſair may I rue the luckleſs day,
That he came o'er the muir to mak the hay:
His lovely ſhape, and love-commanding een,
"Will be my dead, that ſhortly will be ſeen;"
His looks, ſae ſweetly kind, gade to my heart,
I thought them kind, ſae little was my art.

NELL.

And truly did his honeſt een expreſs
An honeſt paſſion in an artleſs dreſs:
We a' obſerv'd it; *Bell*, and *Rob*, and me;
His love was plain, we ſaw't wi' haf an ee.
How weel I mind, *Sandy*, your joe, was there,
And mony a gloom he gae, and mony a ſtare;
And *Roſey* glowr'd wi' jealouſy and ſpite,
And flet on *Tam*, wha ca'd her his delyte;
While *Colin*'s looks were only bent on *Sue*,
The laſſes glowr'd at him, the lads on you.
O! as we ran about the rucks o' hay!
I hinna ſeen ſinceſyne a blyther day.
O' a' your lads, your *Colin* loo's you beſt,
As ev'ry way he far outdoes the reſt.

SUSAN.

Sae did I trow, becauſe I wiſs'd it ſae;
Wi' hopes, alake! we aft ourſels betray:
Whane'er he ſpake, my boſom felt the ſound,
Whane'er he look'd, my heart confeſs'd the wound.

Sae

Sae ſweet his voice, whane'er he ſpake or ſung,
I cou'd ha' liſten'd ages till his tongue.
My bonny laſs! (quo' he), O tell me true,
Say, can ye loo a lad that ne'er will rue?
Behold, the ſetting ſun that gilds the ſkies!
O! whan I'm fauſe, may it nae mair ariſe!
O! keep your aiths, quo' I, but ſwear nae mair,
Nor doubt a heart that ay ſhall be your ſhare.
My deareſt love! he cry'd; an' have I thine!
O ſweet exchange! for lang hae ye had mine.
But O! he's fauſe! can heav'n ſic deeds approve?
Him ſtill I loo, but *Roſey* has his love.

NELL.

"Daft gowk: he loo her! that's a tale indeed!"
An' ye believ'd it, as it war your creed?
Sic nonſenſe!—come, and vex yourſel nae mair;
Gin that be't a', ye never need deſpair;
But bide wi' patience, an' ye ſoon will ſee,
That *Colin* is as true as lad can be.

SUSAN.

Sae wad I hope; but O! had he been true,
He wad hae come again to ſee his *Sue*.
Nae mair, my friend, nae langer uſe your art,
Nor ſtrive to keep a faithleſs ſhepherd's part:
That night he left us, ſweer he ſeem'd t' gae,
And aften ſaid, to leave me he was wae.
Farewell, he cry'd, I maun gae o'er the hill,
But I will ſee ye ſoon, or tyne my ſkill.
Wi' ſighs he left me, and, wi' langing een,
He glowr'd about him, while I cou'd be ſeen;

But ſince that time, he's never anes been here,
An' it's ſax ouks:—nae wonder than I fear.

NELL.

Weel, ſin' that time the ſheep has been to ſheer,
And he's been eaſt to buy the laird a meer;
But had his honour a' the matter kent,
Anither lad I'm ſure he wad hae ſent.
But dear, I wonder that ye dinna hear
The news o' *Colin*;—ye've thought ſhame to ſpeer.
But ere yeſtreen, whan I was at the mill,
I met wi' *Jock*, and his lang brither *Will:*
Quo' *Jock*, Come here and drink your couſin's health;
He weel deſerves't, and has got ſtore o' wealth;
His girning uncle's dead, and left him heir
O' a' his farm; and what wad he hae mair?
Now a' the laſſes will be ſetting out,
But *Suſan* is the laſs, ye need na doubt:
Whan ſaw ye her? In trowth, we'll drink them baith:
Heav'n proſper them, an' keep them ay frae ſkaith!

SUSAN.

O *Nell!* but I be glad to hear he's true;
I ken it's clatter'd; but, O! what ſay you?
My *Colin*'s love is a' I wiſh to ſhare;
For warldly gear it never was my care:
The means he's got, I'll fairly tak my aith,
Gi'es me nae joy; I had enough for baith.
And O, my friend! wi' me he'll ſhare a heart,
As fow o' kindneſs, as its free o' art:

If

If it maun break, nane kens its grief but you,
And while it beats, the haf o't is his due.
But time will try, an' I maun patient be,
And tak the lot that heav'n ordains for me.

NELL.

Weel, bide ye laſs, but dinna die ſae ſoon;
The thought o't maks me dowff, and out o' tune:
Sic dowie ſtuff I downa bide to hear,
I hope ye ſanna die this mony a year:
Colin I'll tell the plague ye are to me,
And gar him play, *My dearie an ye die.*
But yonder *Kate* comes, rinnin down the path.
At leiſure, wean;—tak time, and draw your breath.

KATE.

O laſſes! haſte ye hame, and make ye bra,
For *Will* and *Sandy*'s there, and *Meg* an' a';
Robin an' *Colin*'s come, an' Piper *Pate*,
An' *Bell* an' a's in aunty's o'er the gate:
Sae rin ye're wa's, and leave the claes wi' me,
For little *Tam*'s to ſteer the ſpeet a wee:
The pats and pans are a' upo' the fire,
And *Geordy*, bringin peats, fell i' the mire:
The langeſt table's cover'd i' the ha',
And aunty *Madge* ye never ſaw ſae bra:
Young *Colin* has a lamb to couſin *Sue*,
Wi' bells about its neck, wi' ribbons blue;
Meſs *John*'s invited o'er to ſay the grace,
And mirth and glee appears in ev'ry face.

SUSAN.

Blyth news, indeed! O, had I wings to flee!
My winſome lad, I'd no be lang frae thee.
O! haſte ye, *Nell*, and let's nae langer ſtay,
Impatient love but ill can bruik delay.

NELL.

Light hearts will mak light heels: O! let's awa';
To ſee ſic friends, what mortal wad be ſlaw?
Now, *Suſan*, never doubt my word again;
An' tak him at his word, he'll be your ain.
What think ye now? am I a witch or no?
Atweel I bode nae ill to friend or foe.
Did ye obſerve, Meſs *John* is to be there?
Say, do ye chooſe to let your lad deſpair?
An' if he aſk, wad ye refuſe your hand?
Ene tak your will, my lad ſhall mine command.

SUSAN.

Daft thief! I dinna ken; but, O I'm glad!
"And if he's conſtant, nought can mak me ſad."
But bide, that's him that's playing, I am ſure,
An' it's, *The laſt time I came o'er the muir*.
But ſee! they a' to meet us kindly rin,
And there's your aunty come to wag us in.

SYLVIA

SYLVIA AND COLIN:

A PASTORAL.

S. SHEPHERD, O ſhepherd! whence? I pray.
C. From where my lambkins gently play,
I come to ſeek an ewe.
S. And is ſhe found? O ſhepherd! ſay;
And whither now ye bend your way,
O ſhepherd! tell me true.

C. Alas! my tender ewe is fled;
My ewe is gone;—it may be dead:
But I no longer ſtay.
Doſt thou not ſee yon mountain's head?
'Tis there my bleating flocks are fed,
And there I bend my way.

S. I prithee, ſtay thee, gentle youth;
Somewhat I'd ſay, and yet, in ſooth,
I know not how to ſpeak.
But ſure, methinks, this cheerful vale
Would pleaſe thee more than yonder hill,
It looks ſo bare and bleak.

C. No, maiden, no:—Earth's paradiſe
For yonder hill I would deſpiſe:
O hill! ſo ſweet to me.
Yet well I know, that, in the vale,
Yourſelves with dainties you regale;
While I no dainties ſee.

S. Ah!

S. Ah! ſhepherd, ſhepherd, on that hill
Is there no maiden fair, who ſtill
Her lambkins feeds with thine?
C. Yes, maiden, on the mountains brow
There dwells a laſs as fair as ſnow,
And that fair laſs is mine.

S. Thou rugged ſwain, didſt thou ne'er ſee
A maid as fair, as ſweet as ſhe,
As comely in her port.
C. No, never did theſe eyes behold,
Since firſt I travell'd to the fold,
A maiden of her ſort.

For, O! my NANCY—that's her name,
Has eyes that puts one in a flame;
Yet ſweet, yet void of art:
At eve, when I ſhould take my reſt,
The thoughts of them will haunt my breaſt,
Then throb throb goes my heart.

But now the joyful time draws nigh,
When I for her no more ſhall ſigh,
Nor court her mam and dad:
Next Thurſday—O the charming day!
My lovely *Nancy* I convey
Home to my hut and bed.

Ye nobles then, ye kings go weep;
An humble ſwain who feeds his ſheep,
Shall pity you, poor men.
For could you ſee the lovely maid
On *Colin*'s faithful boſom laid,
You'd envy *Colin* then.

And

And ne'er did royal arms infold
A maid of ſuch a perfect mould,
And eke ſuch conſtancy.
A noble lord beſought her grace,
(A lord that wander'd from the chace);
But ſhe was true to me.

In vain he ſwore, in courtly wiſe,
That all the ſtars which deck the ſkies,
Compar'd with her were dim :—
In vain he proffer'd heart and hand,
Himſelf a ſlave at her command :
For me ſhe ſlighted him.

But I muſt go, leſt my ſweet dear
Should think I ſtay, and ſigh, and fear.
Adieu, fair maid, adieu.
See! on the wings of love I fly,
Up the ſteep mountains high, high, high,
And loſe the vale and you.

S. Oh ſtay! oh ſtay!—I ſue in vain :—
He's gone.—O! had I ſpoke more plain,
Ere he had fled my ſight.
Ah! charming youth : Ah! happy fair,
To be the charming COLIN's care,
And I a luckleſs wight.

Shall I ſit down and weep my fate?
Deſpair can never come too late.
My purpoſe ſtand unchang'd :
I'll leave the vale ; the mountains I
Will climb, although they touch'd the ſky;
Be happy, or reveng'd.

FEW

FEW HAPPY MATCHES.

By a LADY.

SAY, mighty Love, and teach my ſong,
To whom thy ſweeteſt joys belong,
And who the happy pairs,
Whoſe yielding hearts, and joining hands,
Find bleſſings twiſted with their bands,
To ſoften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and ſwains,
That thoughtleſs fly into the chains,
As cuſtom leads the way:
If there be bliſs without deſign,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as bleſs'd as they.

Not ſordid ſouls of earthly mould,
Who, drawn by kindred charms of gold,
To dull embraces move:
So two rich mountains of Peru
May ruſh to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe, that hell inſpires
With wanton flames: thoſe raging fires
The purer bliſs deſtroy:
On Ætna's top let furies wed,
And ſheets of lightning deck the bed,
T' improve the burning joy.

Nor

Nor the dull pairs, whoſe marble form,
None of the melting paſſions warm,
Can mingle hearts and hands:
Logs of green wood, that quench the coals,
Are married juſt like Stoic ſouls,
With oſiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy ſtrain,
Still ſilent, or that ſtill complain,
Can the ſweet bondage bleſs:
As well may heavenly comforts ſpring
From two old lutes with ne'er a ſtring,
Or none beſide the baſs.

Nor can the ſoft inchantment hold
Two jaring ſouls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen:
Samſon's young foxes might as well
In bonds of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With fire-brands ty'd between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a ſavage mind;
For love abhors the ſight:
Looſe the fierce tyger from the deer;
For native rage and native fear,
Riſe and forbid delight.

Two kindeſt ſouls alone muſt meet;
'Tis Friendſhip makes the bondage ſweet,
And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright *Venus*, on her rolling throne,
Is drawn by gentleſt birds alone;
And *Cupid* yokes the doves.

ORTHODOX ADVICE.

QUOTH John to his teacher, good Sir, if you pleaſe,
I wou'd beg your advice in a difficult caſe;
'Tis a weighty concern, that may hold one for life,—
'Tis, in ſhort, the old ſtory of taking a wife.
There's a pair of young damſels I'm proffer'd to marry,
And whether to chuſe puts me in a quandary:
Alike they're in age, family, fortune, and feature,
Only one has more grace, and the other good-nature.

As for that, ſays the teacher, good-nature and love,
And ſweetneſs of temper, are gifts from above;
And, as coming from thence, we ſhould give 'em their due;
Grace is a ſuperior bleſſing, 'tis true.

Ay, Sir, I remember an excellent ſerment,
Wherein all along you gave grace the preferment.
I'll never forget it; as how you were telling,
That heaven reſided where grace had its dwelling.

Why John, quoth the teacher, that's true: But, alas!
What heaven can do is quite out of the caſe;
For, by day and by night, with the woman you wed,
'Tis you that muſt board, and 'tis you that muſt bed;
And a good-natur'd girl may quickly grow gracious,
But a ſour-headed ſaint will be ever vexatious.

AN

AN ELEGY ON JOHN HASTY,

Town-Piper of JEDBURGH.

[The editor cannot exactly determine the time of this celebrated piper's death; but as his Elegy has been out of print for at leaſt theſe fifty years paſt, we may ſuppoſe he did not live within this century.]

O DEATH! thou wreck of young and auld,
How ſlie, and O how dreadfu' bald!
Thou came unlook'd for, nor anes tald
What was the crime;
But Haſty at the mouth turn'd cald
Juſt at his prime.

We mourn the loſs o' mensfu' John;
Yet greet in vain ſince he is gone:
A blyther lad ne'er buir a drone,
Nor touch'd a lill;
Nor pipe inſpir'd wi' ſweeter tone,
Or better ſkill.

Not *Orpheus* auld, with lyric ſound,
Wha in a ring gard ſtanes dance round,
Was ever half ſo much renown'd
For jig and ſolo;
Now he lies dum aneath the ground,
And we maun follow.

At brydels, whan his face we ſaw,
Lads, laſſes, bridegroom, bride and a',
Smiling, cry'd, Johnie come awa',
A welcome gueſt:
The inchanting chanter out he'd draw,
His pleas'd us beſt.

The ſpring that ilk an lik'd he kend;
Auld wives at ſixty years wad ſtend,
New pith his pipe their limbs did lend,
Bewitching reed:
'Las! that his winſome ſell ſou'd bend
Sae ſoon his head.

Whan bagpipes new-fangl'd lugs had tir'd,
They'd ſneer, then he, like ane inſpir'd,
We's fiddle their faggin ſpirits fir'd,
Or e'er they wiſt;
Gi' every taſte what they deſir'd,
He never miſt.

Then with new keenneſs wad they caper,
He ſliely ſmudg'd to ſee them vaper;
And, if ſome glakit girl ſhou'd ſnapper,
He'd gi' a wink,
Fie lands, quoth he, had aff, ne'er ſtap her,
She wants a drink.

If a young ſwankie, wi' his joe,
In ſome dark nook, play'd bogle-bo,
John ſhook his head, and ſaid why no;
Can fleſh and blood
Stand pipe and dance, and never ſhow
Their metal good.

Not country ſquire, nor lord, nor laird,
But for John Haſty had regard:
With minſtrels mean he ne'er wad herd,
Nor faſh his head:
Now he's receiv'd his laſt reward,—
Poor man he's dead.

He

He hated a' your ſneaking gates,
To play for bear, for peaſe, or ates;
His ſaul aſpir'd to higher fates,
O mensfu' John!
Our tears come rapping down in ſpates,
Since thou art gone.

Whan other pipers ſteal'd away,
He gently down his join wad lay;
Nor hardly wad tak hire for play,
Sic was his menſe!
We rair aloud the ruefu' day,
That took him hence.

John, whan he play'd, ne'er threw his face,
Like a' the girning piper-race;
But ſet it aff we ſic a grace,
That pleas'd us a':
Now dull and drierie is our caſe,
Since John's awa'.

Ilk tune, mair ſerious or mair gay,
To humour he had ſic a way;
He'd look perciſe, and ſmile and play,
As ſuited beſt:
But Death has laid him in the clay,—
Well may he reſt.

A fiddle ſpring he'd let us hear,
I think they ca'd it nidge-nod-near;
He'd gi' a punk, and look ſae queer,
Without a joke,
You'd ſwore ſhe ſpoke words plain and clear,
At ilka ſtroke.

It did ane good to hear his tale,
O'er a punch-bowl or pint o' ale;
Nae company e'er green'd to ſkaill,
If John was by:
Alas! that ſic a man was frail,
And born to die.

But we his mem'ry dear ſhall mind,
While billows rair or blaws the wind;
To tak him hence death was no kind,—
O diſmal feed!
We'll never ſic anither find,
Since Johnie's dead.

Minſtrels of merit, ilk ane come,
Sough mournfu' notes o'er Johnie's tomb;
Thro' fields of art applaud him home,—
I hope he's weel:
His worth, nae doubt, has ſav'd him from
The meikle de'il.

EPITAPH.

Here lies dear John, whaſe pipe and drone,
And fiddle aft has made us glad;
Whaſe cheerfu' face our feaſts did grace,—
A ſweet and merry lad.

ALCAN-

ALCANZOR AND ZAYDA.

A MOORISH SONG.

SOFTLY blow the evening breezes,
Softly fall the dews of night:
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,
Shunning every gleam of light.

In yon palace lives fair Zayda,
Whom he loves with flame ſo pure:
Lovelieſt ſhe of Mooriſh ladies,
He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for the appointed minute,
Oft he paces to and fro;
Stopping now, now moving forward,
Sometimes quick and ſometimes ſlow.

Hope and fear alternate teaſe him,
Oft he ſighs with heart-felt care.——
See, fond youth to yonder window
Softly ſteps the timorous fair.

Lovely ſeems the moon's fair luſtre
To the loſt benighted ſwain,
When all ſilv'ry bright ſhe riſes,
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

Lovely ſeems the ſun's full glory
To the fainting ſeaman's eyes,
When, ſome horrid ſtorm diſperſing,
O'er the wave his radiance flies.

But

But a thouſand times more lovely,
To her longing lover's ſight,
Steals half-ſeen the beauteous maiden
Thro' the glimm'rings of the night.

Tip-toe ſtands the anxious lover,
Whiſp'ring forth a gentle ſigh:
ALLA† keep thee, lovely lady;
Tell me, am I doom'd to die?

Is it true the dreadful ſtory,
Which thy damſel tells my page,
That, ſeduc'd by ſordid riches,
Thou wilt ſell thy youth to age?

An old lord, from Antiquera,
Thy ſtern father brings along;
But canſt thou, inconſtant Zayda,
E'er conſent my love to wrong?

If it's true now plainly tell me,
Nor thus trifle with my woes;
Hide not then from me the ſecret,
Which the world ſo clearly knows.

Deeply ſigh'd the conſcious maiden,
While the pearly tears deſcend:
Ah! my lord, too true the ſtory;
Here our tender loves muſt end.

† ALLA—The Mahometan name of God.

Our

Our fond friendſhip is diſcover'd,
Well are known our mutual vows;
All my friends are full of fury;
Storms of paſſion ſhake the houſe.

Threats, reproaches, fears ſurround me;
My ſtern father breaks my heart;
Alla knows how dear it coſts me,
Gen'rous youth, from thee to part.

Ancient wounds of hoſtile fury
Long have rent our houſe and thine,
Why then did thy ſhining merit
Win this tender heart of mine?

Well thou knowſt how dear I lov'd thee,
Spite of all their hateful pride,
Tho' I fear'd my haughty father
Ne'er would let me be thy bride.

Well thou knowſt what cruel chidings
Oft I've from my mother borne,
What I've ſuffer'd here to meet thee,
Still at eve and early morn.

I no longer may reſiſt them,
All to force my hand combine;
And to-morrow to thy rival
This weak frame I muſt reſign.

Yet think not thy faithful Zayda
Can ſurvive ſo great a wrong,
Well my breaking heart aſſures me,
That my woes will not be long.

Farewell then, my dear Alcanzor!
Farewell too my life with thee!
Take this ſcarf, a parting token,
When thou wear'ſt it think on me.

Soon, lov'd youth, ſome worthier maiden
Shall reward thy gen'rous truth,
Sometimes tell her how thy Zayda
Died for thee in prime of youth.

——To him all amaz'd, confounded,
Thus ſhe did her woes impart:
Deep he ſigh'd, then cry'd, O! Zayda,
Do not;—do not break my heart.

Canſt thou think I thus will loſe thee?
Canſt thou hold my love ſo ſmall?
No! a thouſand times I'll periſh!—
My curſt rival too ſhall fall.

Canſt thou, wilt thou yield thus to them?
O break forth, and fly to me!
This fond heart ſhall bleed to ſave thee,
Theſe fond arms ſhall ſhelter thee.

'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor,
Spies ſurround me, bars ſecure,
Scarce I ſteal this laſt dear moment,
While my damſel keeps the door.

Hark, I hear my father ſtorming!
Hark, I hear my mother chide!
I muſt go:—Farewell for ever!
Gracious Alla be thy guide!

AULD

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the ſheep are in the fauld, and the ky at hame,
And a' the warld to ſleep are gane;
The waes of my heart fa' in ſhow'rs frae my ee.
When my gudeman lyes ſound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and he ſought me for his bride,
But ſaving a crown he had naething beſide:
To mak' that crown a pund, my Jamie gade to ſea,
And the crown and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna' been awa' a week but only twa,
When my mither ſhe fell ſick, and the cow was ſtoun awa';
My father brak' his arm, and my Jamie at the ſea;
And Auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father coudna' work, and my mither coudna' ſpin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I coudna' win:
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith; and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said, Jenny, for their ſakes, O! marry me.

My heart it ſaid nay,—I look'd for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high; and the ſhip it was a wrack:—
The ſhip it was a wrack; Why didna' Jamie die?
And why do I live to ſay waes me?

Auld Robin argu'd ſair; tho' my mither didna' ſpeak,
She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break,
So they gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was in the ſea;
And Auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna' been a wife a week but only four,
When ſitting ſae mournfully at the door,
I ſaw my Jamie's wreath, for I coudna' think it he,
'Till he ſaid I'm come back for to marry thee.

O ſair did we greet, and meikle did we ſay;
We took but ae kiſs, and we tore ourſelves away:
I wiſh I were dead? but I'm no like to die,
And why do I live to ſay waes me?

I gang like a ghaiſt, and I carena' to ſpin;
I darena' think on Jamie, for that wou'd be a ſin:
But I'll do my beſt a gude wife to be;
For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

THE CONTENTED MILLER.

IN a plain pleaſant cottage, conveniently neat,
With a mill and ſome meadows—a freehold eſtate,
A well-meaning miller by labour ſupplies
Thoſe bleſſings that nature to great ones denies;
No paſſions to plague him, no cares to torment,
His conſtant companions are health and content:
Their Lordſhips in lace may take note, if they will,
For he's honeſt—tho' daub'd with the duſt of his mill.

Ere

Ere the lark's early carol ſalutes the new day,
He ſprings from his cottage, as jocund as May;
He cheerfully whiſtles, regardleſs of care,
Or ſings the laſt ballad he bought at the fair:
While courtiers are toil'd in the cobwebs of ſtate,
Or bribing electors, in hopes to be great;
No fraud, nor ambition, his boſom doth fill,
Contented he works, if there's griſt for his mill.

On Sunday, bedeck'd in his home-ſpun array,
At church he's the loudeſt to chant, or to pray:
Sits down to a dinner of plain Engliſh food;
And, though ſimple the pudding, his appetite's good:
At night, when the prieſt and exciſeman are gone,
He quaffs at the alehouſe with Roger and John;
Then returns to his pillow, and dreams of no ill.—
And no monarch's more bleſt than the man of the mill.

ADMIRAL HOSIER's GHOST.

AS near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently ſwelling flood,
At midnight, with ſtreamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode;
There while Vernon ſate all-glorious,
From the Spaniard's late defeat;
And his crews, with ſhouts victorious,
Drank ſucceſs to England's fleet:

On

On a ſudden, ſhrilly ſounding,
Hideous yells and ſhrieks were heard;
Then, each heart with fear confounding,
A ſad troop of ghoſts appear'd,
All in dreary hammocks ſhrouded;
Which, for winding-ſheets they wore,
And with looks, by ſorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hoſtile ſhore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan luſtre,
When the ſhade of Hoſier brave
His pale bands was ſeen to muſter,
Riſing from their watry grave:
O'er the glimmering wave he hy'd him,
Where the Burford † rear'd her ſail,
With three thouſand ghoſts beſide him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, oh heed our fatal ſtory,
I am Hoſier's injur'd ghoſt,
You who now have purchas'd glory,
At this place where I was loſt!
Tho' in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.

See theſe mournful ſpectres ſweeping
Ghaſtly o'er this hated wave,
Whoſe wan cheeks are ſtain'd with weeping;
Theſe were Engliſh captains brave:

† The Admiral's ſhip.

Mark

Mark thoſe numbers pale and horrid,
  Theſe were once my ſailors bold;
Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,
  While his diſmal tale is told.

I, by twenty ſail attended,
  Did this Spaniſh town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended,
  But my orders not to fight:
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
  I had caſt them with diſdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion
  To have quell'd the pride of Spain!

For reſiſtance I could fear none,
  But with twenty ſhips had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
  Haſt atchiev'd with ſix alone.
Then the baſtimentos never
  Had our foul diſhonour ſeen,
Nor the ſea the ſad receiver
  Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain diſmaying,
  And her galleons leading home;
Though, condemn'd for diſobeying,
  I had met a traitor's doom:—
To have fallen, my country crying
  He has play'd an Engliſh part,
Had been better far than dying
  Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy ſucceſsful arms we hail;
But remember our ſad ſtory,
And let Hoſier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languiſh,
Think what thouſands fell in vain,
Waſted with diſeaſe and anguiſh,
Not in glorious battle ſlain.

Hence, with all my train attending,
From their oozy tombs below,
Thro' the hoary foam aſcending,
Here I feed my conſtant woe:
Here, the baſtimentos viewing,
We recal our ſhameful doom;
And, our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander thro' the midnight gloom.

O'er theſe waves, for ever mourning,
Shall we roam depriv'd of reſt,
If, to Britain's ſhores returning,
You neglect my juſt requeſt:
After this proud foe ſubduing,
When your patriot friends you ſee,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England ſham'd in me.

BRYAN AND PEREENE,

A WEST-INDIAN BALLAD,

Is founded on a real fact, that happened in the iſland of St. Chriſtophers about the year 1763.

THE north-eaſt wind did briſkly blow,
The ſhip was ſafely moor'd;
Young Bryan thought the boat's crew ſlow,
And ſo leapt over-board.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
His heart long held in thrall;
And whoſo his impatience blames,
I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

A long long year, one month and day,
He dwelt on Engliſh land;
Nor once in thought or deed would ſtray,
Tho' ladies ſought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and ſtrong,
Right blythſome roll'd his een,
Sweet was his voice whene'er he ſung,
He ſcant had twenty ſeen.

But who the countleſs charms can draw,
That grac'd his miſtreſs true;
Such charms the old world ſeldom ſaw,
Nor oft, I ween, the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine;
Her cheeks red dewy roſe-buds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds ſhine.

Soon as his well-known ſhip ſhe ſpied,
  She caſt her weeds away;
And to the palmy ſhore ſhe hied,
  All in her beſt array.

In ſea-green ſilk ſo neatly clad,
  She there impatient ſtood:
The crew with wonder ſaw the lad
  Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief diſplay'd,
  Which he at parting gave:
Well pleas'd the token he ſurvey'd,
  And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all,
  Rejoicing crowd the ſtrand:
For now her lover ſwam in call,
  And almoſt touch'd the land.

Then through the white ſurf did ſhe haſte,
  To claſp her lovely ſwain:
When, ah! a ſhark bit through his waſte:
  His heart's blood dy'd the main!

He ſhriek'd! his half ſprang from the wave,
  Streaming with purple gore;
And ſoon it found a living grave,
  And ah! was ſeen no more.

Now haſte, now haſte, ye maids, I pray,
  Fetch water from the ſpring:
She falls, ſhe ſwoons, ſhe dies away,
  And ſoon her knell they ring.

Now

Now each May morning, round her tomb,
Ye fair, freſh flow'rets ſtrew;
So may your lovers 'ſcape his doom,
Her hapleſs fate 'ſcape you.

THE BRAES OF BRANXHOLM,

An ORIGINAL SONG,

Is given from an old M. S. entitled, "Jane the Ranter's Bewitching of Captain Robert Maitland to her daughter,—By Old Hobby (or Robert) in Skelfhill;" and ſeems to be built upon the ſame foundation with Allan Ramſay's "Generous Gentleman."

AS I came in by Tiviot-ſide,
And by the Braes of Branxholm,
There I ſpied a bonny laſs;
She was both neat and handſome:
My heart and mind, with full intent,
To ſeek that laſs was ready bent;
At length by orders we were ſent
To quarter up at Branxholm.

I deem'd before it came to paſs,
That I wad find her willing;
Before that I kend where ſhe was,
That ſhe and I were loving:
But if her mother her deny,
And winna let the laſs comply,
I'll ſtrive the laſſie to decoy;—
Have at the bonny laſſie.

My men their billets got in haſte,
Diſpers'd the country over;
But I myſelf at Branxholm Place,
To ſport me with my lover:
There nothing could my mind haraſs,
While I that bleſſing did poſſeſs,
To kiſs my bonny blythſome laſs
Upon the Braes of Branxholm.

The laſſie ſoon gave her conſent,
And ſo did Jane her mother;
And a' her friends were well content,
That we ſhould wed each other.
We ſpent ſome time in joy and mirth;
At length, I muſt gae to the north,
And croſs the rural road of Forth,
To ſee my ancient mother.

When my competitors got wot
That I was gan to leave them,
They came to me, my foy to ſet,
And kindly Jane receiv'd them.
With mirth, hence a' our cares did fly;
No fears did our brave hearts annoy,
Till drink did a' our ſtomachs cloy,
And drown our active ſenſes.

Haſte, dame, ſaid we, gar fill more bear,
For lo here is more money;
And for your reck'ning do not fear,
So lang as we have ony:

Gar

Gar fill the cap, gar fill the can,
We'll drink a health to the goodman,
We's a' be merry or we gang.—
Have at the bonny laſſie.

Sae now we'll leave this mirth a while,
And tell what follow'd after;
How Jane within her heart did ſmile,
Whan ſhe thought on her daughter,
Wha ſoon ſhou'd be a Captain's bride,
And ſtreek herſel' down by his ſide,
And take what fortune ſhould betide;
Tho' ſhe's below his ſtation.

But Robin he's gane to the north,
To viſit friends and father;
And when that he came back again
Jane thought him meikle braver.
The prieſt was got immediately,
And he the nuptial knot did tie;
Quoth Jane, I'll dance, if I ſhould die,
Becauſe my daughter's married.

The bumpers merrily did paſs,
That night that they were weded;
Jane drank a health to Robin's laſs
Before that they were beded.
Caſt aff your claes, quoth ſhe, ye loun,
And ſee that ye wi' him ly down,
For his ſake I'll buy you a gown;
Sae tak' him in your boſom.

The laſſie made it ſomething nice,
And ſlowly loos'd her napkin:
Make haſte, ſaid Jane, if ye be wiſe,
And ly down wi' the Captain.
O! mither dear ye do me wrang,
My ſmock is foul I cannot gang,
To ly down wi' a gentleman,
Till I get on a clean ane.

When ſhe had got herſel' unlac'd,
To go to bed wi' Robin,
Auld Jane a bumper fill'd in haſte,
And thro' the houſe came bobing;
Quoth ſhe, about their healths we'll chaſe;
And rowth o' gear, and meikle grace,
May them and their ſucceeding race,
Have always in great plenty.

Her mither fetch'd her but a ſmock,
Of charming fine white linen;
A better ne'er was on her back,
Tho' of her mither's ſpinning.
When thus array'd, ſhe was ſae fine,
She did the lily far outſhine;
The damaſk roſe ſeem'd to decline,
In preſence of her beauty.

The bride ſat up upon her doup,
And ſaid, My loving mother,
The gear ye gather now, I hope,
Ye will give to none other.

Quoth

Quoth Jane, I'll gather gear wi' ſpeed,
Thy words ſhall a' be true and deed;
And, by my ſooth, thou ſhalt be head,
Of all that I poſſeſs love.

Sae now they're married man and wife,
There's nae man can them ſinder;
To live together a' their life,
There's naething can them hinder.
Lang may they live and thrive; and now
Jane ſhe claws an auld wife's pow:
She'll no live meikle langer now;
But leave a' to her daughter.

****

HUNTING SONG.

HARK! away, 'tis the merry ton'd horn
Calls the hunters all up with the morn:
To the hills and the woodlands they ſteer,
To unharbour the outlying deer.

CHORUS.

All the day long, this, this is our ſong,
Still hallooing, and following, ſo frolic and free.
Our joys know no bounds, while we're after the hounds;
No mortals on earth are ſo jolly as we.

Round the woods when we beat, how we glow!
While the hills they all echo—halloo!

With

With a bounce from his cover when he flies,
Then our ſhouts they reſound to the ſkies.
All the day long, *&c.*

When we ſweep o'er the valleys, or climb
Up the health-breathing mountain ſublime,
What a joy from our labour we feel!
Which alone they who taſte can reveal.
All the day long *&c.*

SUNG IN LETHE.

YE mortals, whom fancies and troubles perplex,
Whom folly miſguides, and infirmities vex;
Whoſe lives hardly know what it is to be bleſt;
Who riſe without joy, and lie down without reſt;
Obey the glad ſummons, to *Lethe* repair,
Drink deep of the ſtream, and forget all your care,
Drink deep of the ſtream, and forget all your care.

Old maids ſhall forget what they wiſh for in vain,
And young ones the rover they cannot regain;
The rake ſhall forget how laſt night he was cloy'd,
And *Chloe* again be with paſſion enjoy'd:
Obey then the ſummons, to *Lethe* repair,
And drink an oblivion to trouble and care,
And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

The wife, at one draught, may forget all her wants,
Or drench her fond fool to forget her gallants;

The

The troubled in mind ſhall go cheerful away,
And yeſterday's wretch be quite happy to-day:
Obey then the ſummons, to *Lethe* repair,
Drink deep of the ſtream, and forget all your care,
Drink deep of the ſtream, and forget all your care.

WOMAN:

Or, The CONTRAST *of* WINE.—*A* BALLAD.

NO longer let whimſical ſongſters compare,
The merits of wine with the charms of the fair.
I appeal to the men, to determine between
A tun-bellied Bacchus, and beauty's fair queen.

The pleaſures of drinking, henceforth I reſign,
For tho' there is mirth, yet there's madneſs in wine.
Then let not falſe ſparkles our ſenſes beguile;
'Tis the mention of *Chloe* that makes the glaſs ſmile.

Her beauties with rapture my fancy inſpire,
And the more I behold her the more I admire;
But the charms of her temper and mind I adore,
Theſe virtues ſhall bleſs me when beauty's no more.

A ſot, as he riots in liquor, will cry,
"The longer I drink, the more thirſty am I;"
From this fair confeſſion, 'tis plain, my good friend,
Your a toper eternal, and drink to no end.

Let the men of all nations, but Italy, prove,
The bleſſings that wait upon beauty and love;

But in bouſing, alas! one unfortunate bout,
Will rob us of vigour, and give us the gout.

How happy our days, when with love we engage,
'Tis the tranſport of youth, and the comfort of age,
But what are the joys of the bottle or bowl?
Wine tickles the palate, love bleſſes the ſoul.

Then let us no longer conſume the bright day,
In drinking our health and our ſenſes away;
For wine, tho' ſo ſtrong, will deprive us of might,
And leave us no oil in our lamps for the night.

Your big-bellied bottle may raviſh the eye,
But how fooliſh you'll look when your bottle is dry?
For in woman, for ever, bliſs flows like a ſpring,
Nay, the Stoicks muſt own, that ſhe is the good thing.

To good wine yet ſome praiſe we may juſtly afford,
For a time it will make one as great as a lord,
But woman will ever yeild comfort to man,
And I'll ſing of the ladies as long as I can.

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WINTER.

INSCRIBED TO MISS ——.

ADIEU ye groves, adieu ye plains;
All nature mourning lies;
See gloomy clouds, and thick'ning rains,
Obſcure the lab'ring ſkies.

See

See from afar th' impending ſtorm,
With ſullen haſte appear;
See Winter comes, a dreary form,
To rule the falling year.

No more the lambs, with gameſome bound,
Rejoice the gladden'd ſight;
No more the gay enamell'd ground,
Or ſylvan ſcenes delight.

Thus, Zephalinda, much-lov'd maid,
Thy early charms ſhall fail:
The roſe muſt droop, the lily fade,
And Winter ſoon prevail.

Again the lark, ſweet bird of day,
May riſe on active wing,
Again the ſportive herds may play,
And hail reviving ſpring.

But youth, my fair, ſees no return;
The pleaſing bubble's o'er;
In vain its fleeting joys you mourn,
They fall to bloom no more.

Haſte then, dear girl, that time improve
Which art can ne'er regain,
In bliſsful ſcenes of mutual love,
With ſome diſtinguiſh'd ſwain.

So ſhall life's ſpring, like jocund May,
Paſs ſmiling and ſerene,
Thus Summer, Autumn glide away,
And Winter cloſe the ſcene

THE POWER OF VIRTUE.

KIND *Virtue*, now aſſiſt my feeble lays;
Aid, lovely goddeſs, while I ſing thy praiſe;
While I deſcribe thy wond'rous pow'r and art,
That can ſubdue the moſt obdurate heart.
Wretched indeed muſt that poor mortal prove,
Whom gentle *Virtue* has not power to move!
The thoughtleſs libertines, who nightly rove
Thro' ſcenes of riot and abandon'd love;
Who, deaf to reaſon, urge the dang'rous way,
And thro' the path of poiſon'd pleaſures ſtray;
Ev'n they to *Virtue*'s call will lend an ear,
And tho' not ſtrictly follow, will revere.
What you protect will never dare offend,
And, tho' not *Virtue*'s followers, be her friend.
Nay the gay wanton, who reſigns her charms,
For wealth, or grandeur, to the rich man's arms;
Tho' pleaſures wait, and grandeur's ſelf ſurround,
And each gay minute fancy'd joys abound:
When calm reflection fills her penſive mind,
Too ſoon, alas! her wretched ſtate ſhe'll find.
Let her a minute unto thought give way,
And the deluding phantoms will decay.
No grandeur then will have the pow'r to pleaſe,
Nor to her boſom give a moment's eaſe;
And from experience learn, all joys muſt be
Faint and imperfect, if not bleſt with *thee*.

TO

TO PEACE.

COME, lovely, gentle peace of mind:
With all thy ſmiling nymphs around,
Content and innocence combin'd,
With wreaths of ſacred olive crown'd.

Come thou, that lov'ſt to walk at eve,
The bank of murm'ring ſtreams along;
That lov'ſt the crowded court to leave,
And hear the milk-maid's ſimple ſong.

That lov'ſt, with contemplation's eye,
The headlong cataract to view;
That foams and thunders from on high,
While echoes oft the ſound renew.

That lov'ſt the dark ſequeſter'd wood,
Where ſilence ſpreads her brooding wings,
Nor leſs the lake's tranſlucent flood,
The moſſy grots, and bubbling ſprings.

With thee, the lamp of wiſdom burns,
The guiding light to realms above;
With thee, the raptur'd mortal learns,
The wonders of cœleſtial love.

With thee, the poor have endleſs wealth,
And ſacred freedom glades the ſlave;
With thee, the ſick rejoice in health,
The weak are ſtrong, the fearful brave.

O lovely,

O lovely, gentle peace of mind!
Be thou on earth my conſtant gueſt;
With thee, whate'er on earth I find,
The pledge of heav'n ſhall make me bleſt.

TO FEAR.

O THOU, dread foe of honour, wealth, and fame,
Whoſe touch can quell the ſtrong, the fierce can tame;
Relentleſs fear! ah! why did fate ordain
My trembling heart to own thy iron reign?
There are, thrice happy! who diſdain thy ſway,
The merchant wand'ring o'er the wat'ry way;
The chief ſerene before th' aſſaulted wall;
The climbing ſtateſman thoughtleſs of his fall;
All whom the love of wealth or pow'r inſpires,
And all who burn with proud ambitious fires:
But peaceful bards thy conſtant preſence know,
O thou of ev'ry glorious deed the foe!
Of thee the ſilent ſtudious race complains,
And learning groans a captive in thy chains:
The ſecret wiſh when ſome fair object moves,
And cautious reaſon what we wiſh approves,
Thy gorgon front forbids to graſp the prize,
And ſeas are ſpread between, and mountains riſe:
Thy magic arts a thouſand phantoms raiſe,
And fancy'd deaths and dangers fill our ways;

With

With ſmiling hope you wage eternal ſtrife,
And envious ſnatch the cup of joy from life.
O leave, tremendous pow'r! the blameleſs breaſt,
Of guilt alone, the tyrant and the gueſt;
Go, and thy train of ſable horrors ſpread
Where murder meditates the future deed,
Where rapine watches for the gloom of night,
And lawleſs paſſion pants for other's right;
Go to the bad, but from the good recede,
No more the foe of ev'ry glorious deed.

CHEERFULNESS.

FAIR as the dawning light! auſpicious gueſt!
Source of all comfort to the human breaſt!
Depriv'd of thee, in ſad deſpair we moan,
And tedious roll the heavy moments on.
Though beauteous objects all around us riſe,
To charm the fancy, and delight the eyes;
Though art's fair works, and nature's gifts conſpire
To pleaſe each ſenſe, and ſatiate each deſire:
'Tis joyleſs all—till thy enliv'ning ray
Scatters the melancholy gloom away,
Then opens to the ſoul a heav'nly ſcene,
Gladneſs and peace, all ſprightly, all ſerene.
Where doſt thou deign, ſay in what bleſt retreat,
To chooſe thy manſion, and to fix thy ſeat?
Thy ſacred preſence how ſhall we explore,
Can av'rice gain thee with her golden ſtore?

Can

Can vain ambition, with her boaſted charms,
Tempt thee within her wide-extended arms?
No, with CONTENT alone canſt thou abide,
Thy ſiſter, ever ſmiling by thy ſide.
When boon companions, void of ev'ry care,
Crown the full bowl, and the rich bumper ſhare,
And give a looſe to pleaſure—art thou there?
Or when the eager ſwains purſue the chaſe,
With active limbs, and health in ev'ry face?
Is it thy voice, that, wak'ning up the morn,
Cheers the ſtaunch hound, and winds th' enliv'ning horn?
Or when th' aſſembl'd great and fair advance,
To celebrate the maſk, the play, the dance,
Whilſt beauty ſpreads its ſweeteſt charms around,
And airs extatic ſwell the tuneful ſound,
Art thou within the pompous circle found?
Does not thy influence more ſedately ſhine?
Can ſuch tumultuous joys as theſe be thine?
Surely more mild, more conſtant in their courſe,
Thy pleaſures iſſue from a nobler ſource;
From ſweet diſcretion ruling in the breaſt,
From paſſions temper'd, and from luſts repreſt,
From thoughts unconſcious of a guilty ſmart,
And the calm tranſports of an honeſt heart.
Thy aid, O ever faithful, ever kind,
Thro' life, thro' death, attends the virtuous mind;
Of angry fate, wards from us ev'ry blow,
Cures ev'ry ill, and ſoftens ev'ry woe.
Whatever good our mortal ſtate deſires,
What wiſdom finds, or innocence inſpires;

From

From nature's bounteous hand whatever flows,
Whate'er our Maker's Providence beſtows,
By thee mankind enjoys, by thee repays
A grateful tribute of perpetual praiſe.

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ODE TO HEALTH.

NYMPH, that flies from crowded ſtreet,
From the proud lord's ſplendid ſeat;
Now, a dryad of the wood,—
Now, a naid of the flood;
Goddeſs fair, and blithe, and gay,
Health, accept th' unpoliſh'd lay.
Yon pleaſing, ſhady, row of trees,
Freſh zephyr's cool and fragrant breeze,
The lov'd approach of eve or dawn,
The walk through waving ears of corn,
The gliding ſtream, the hawthorn ſhade,
Sweet Philomela's ſerenade,
The lily's beauteous virgin ſnows,
The cowſlip pale, and rath primroſe,
And each gay,—each rural ſight,
Yield no pleaſure or delight
To the wretch that ſighs for thee,—
That ſighs for Health and Liberty.
Sylvan maiden, blooming fair,
Hear thy conſtant vot'ry's prayer;
From the barren deſert haſte,
From Norwegia's cheerleſs waſte,

From the cataracts of Nile,
Or Bermuda's pleaſant iſle,
Through fair Britain's meadows ſtray,
Come,—and make all nature gay.

THE FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

An ELEGY.

ADIEU fair ſpring! adorn'd with chaplets gay,
Ye fields and vernal landſcapes all adieu,
Bright ſummer and the long tranſparent day,
No more I hail the ſcented groves and you.

Farewell the walk, where chryſtal riv'lets glide,
Where ſlender oſiers waft the healthful gale,
Where inſects float along the ſilver tide,
And ſilent rapture haunts the fruitful vale.

Where purple lawns ſalubrious odours ſpread,
Where heath-ſhrubs bloſſom wild with languid dye,
Where round the hedge unbought perfumes are ſhed,
And native beauty courts the roving eye.

Where hawthorns bud and velvet cowſlips grow,
Where verdant banks put forth the painted weed,
Whoſe vivid hues eclipſe th' embroider'd beau,
And the proud flaunters of the *Park* exceed.

Where

Where ſolitude unfolds her matchleſs charms,
And meek content aſſumes her happy reign,
Where jocund plenty crowns the riſing farms,
And fills the ſtorehouſe of the village ſwain.

How freſh paſt pleaſures dance before the mind,
Renew'd in thought by winter's coming train,
That now, like vapours on the broad-wing'd wind,
Haſte to deface the beauty of the plain.

I ſee, with mem'ry's retroſpective eye,
Each riv'let's poliſh'd current ſmoothly flow,
See blithſome May hang pearly bloſſoms high,
And richly dreſs the flow'ry meads below.

See nodding orchards wave their plumy pride,
See gardens grac'd with all the tints of ſpring,
Enamell'd beds their tender foliage hide,
Till genial ſuns a warmer ſeaſon bring.

What ſcenes can equal ſummer's bright diſplay,
When ſwift *Aurora* drives her early car,
When glowing *Phœbus* gives the bluſhing day,
And ſends his boundleſs influence wide and far.

How ſweet to ſee the flocks, that crop their food,
And ſkip in wanton ſport around the field,
Glad to preſent their bleating gratitude,
For the green paſture that the meadows yield.

To hear the wakeful ſhepherd's homely ſtrain,
Breathe welcome ſonnets to the roſy beam,
While ſlumb'ring towns in leaden ſleep remain,
And loſe ſubſtantial pleaſures for a dream.

To tread betimes the neighbouring lanes, and view
(Ere ſcorching heat rides on the noon-tide air)
The graſs, the trees, the valleys rob'd in dew,
And garden plants the liquid garment wear.

There oft, at morn, I tun'd the rural lay,
And with my *Sylvia* gently ſtray'd along;
The birds ſat mute on ev'ry leafy ſpray,
While liſt'ning echo catch'd the flowing ſong.

There ſilent mus'd on *Shakeſpear*'s tragic page,
Of *Milton* learnt to ſcale the azure road,
Chanted *Mæonides*' poetic rage,
And read, O *Pope!* thy equal thoughts of God.

Admir'd great *Thomſon*'s active ſkilful muſe,
That in ſuch eaſy numbers ſcans the globe;
Such lively colours *Albion*'s ſpring renews,
And paints the beauties of her vernal robe.

There, when the lark began her warbling ſong,
And ſhook her pinions for the morning flight,
Rais'd the loud chorus of the feather'd throng,
And tower'd beyond the fartheſt reach of ſight.

The tuneful blackbird, whiſtling to his mate,
Far o'er the lonely foreſt thrill'd the note;
And cheerful linnets, in the woods, elate,
Rejoin'd the melting muſic of his throat.

Our praiſe reap'd fervour from the gen'ral glow,
The pious airs inſpir'd the heav'nly flame,
The thruſh's plaint, the cattles meaning low,
With grateful joy our ſwelling hearts o'ercame.

Nor

Nor leſs at eve the rural manſions pleaſe,
Or rural virtues charm th' exalted ſoul,
Whoſe pow'rs, not yet enervated by eaſe,
Like *Newton*, graſp creation's ample whole.

In ſearch of learning's gifts unwearied roam,
Th' illumin'd ſpaces of the milky way;
Traverſe th' infinitude of nature's dome,
The earth, its ſnow-top'd mountains, and the ſea.

In ev'ry part diſcover wiſdom's hand,
Find DEITY inſcrib'd on all around,
Omnipotence and love, from ſtrand to ſtrand,
Far as th' encircling ocean's utmoſt bound.

For ſuch, O ſpring! thy fragrant breezes blow,
Thy new-born flow'rs expand the crimſon leaf;
Thy rays, O ſummer! golden proſpects ſhow,
And tinge the grain of *Ceres'* pointed ſheaf.

For ſuch, mild autumn rears the ſhooting vines,
Bids juicy cluſters ſwarm the ſhaded wall,
Enriching crops o'erhang her wheaten mines,
And ripen'd fruits from bending branches fall.

To ſuch, even winter's jarring winds convey,
The gladſome tidings of eternal peace:
And ſtorms, and clouds, that others bliſs allay,
Their hope, their ſtrength, their fortitude increaſe.

ODE

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

WARM hearted daughter of the ſkies!
In ſweetly beaming glories dreſt,
O! let my ſoul in ardour riſe;
O! warm thy gentle ſuppliant's breaſt:
Indulge me ſtill thy ſov'reign bliſs below—
Thy bliſs from which ſeraphic raptures flow.

Great pow'r of knowledge and delight!
That knit'ſt the ſocial human tie;
That ſet'ſt life's giddy wheels aright,
And bid'ſt our moments ſweetly fly;
Immortal Friendſhip! all my cares employ;
Be thou my life, my patron, and my joy.

Let Virtue gild thy mildeſt ray,
And o'er my head her banners wave;
Be flaming Paſſion far away,
And envy bury'd in her grave:
Nor let deep-maſk'd diſſimulation come
Within the hallow'd manſions of thy dome.

Diſtruſt, Reſerve, (thy mortal bane!)
Shall never wound my gen'rous heart;
Nor Malice, with her hell-born train,
Her black envenom'd ſhafts impart:—
Hence, ſerpent!—Flattery's vile fawning crew;
Thou, Friendſhip, ſcorn'ſt them, and I ſcorn them too.

Thy

Thy cordial balm of love ſerene
Into my glowing breaſt inſtill;
Thy pureſt gifts have ever been
The utmoſt limits of my will—
And thou, fair goddeſs,! didſt from heav'n deſcend,
And brought'ſt to me (that miracle!) a friend.

His is the ſmiling, gleeful face,
The delicate nice-judging eye,
The learned ſenſe, the manly grace,
The virtuous ſpark that ne'er can die,
Th' endearing ſpirit, emulous of worth,
The thought-exchanging heart, that ſheds its luſtre forth.

An't I far greater than the great,
While *Strephon*'s virtues round me ſhine?
I envy not ev'n angels ſtate,
While ſuch a glorious friend is mine.—
Ye frozen-hearted! to this truth attend;
Light is a world when balanc'd with a friend.

How ſweet the ſympathetic glow!
The meaning look, the panting ſoul!
Th' effuſions ſoft that genuine flow!
The pliant thoughts none can controul!
Of ſocial freedom pure th' entend'ring art!
The pleaſing efforts of the mutual heart!—

O! ſtill along life's calmeſt ſtream,
Let me and Friendſhip ſmoothly glide,
Steering our courſe by Reaſon's beam—
Reaſon, our pole-ſtar and our guide—

Reaſon,

Reaſon, our pilot to that happy ſhore,
Where neither ſtorms can beat, nor tempeſts roar.

Thus conſtant, thro' the varied year,
Our ſhooting ſouls would gradual riſe;
And, wing'd with hope, devoid of fear,
We'd ſometimes ſteal beyond the ſkies,
T' anticipate thoſe future ſcenes of joy,
Of Wonder, Love, and Friendſhip, ne'er to cloy.

Or, ſhifting quick this ſerious theme,
That oft the puzzl'd fancy foils,
Then ſprightly wit would beſt beſeem,
And frolic Humour's ſmirking wiles;
Still gay Viciſſitude relief would ſend,
And ſmiling Friendſhip all our motions tend.

Myſterious Friendſhip! all divine!—
What gratitude to thee I owe!
What's Nature's bands compar'd to thine?
How few thy genuine tranſports know?
To thee, immortal maid! the taſk is giv'n,
To lift the fond aſpiring ſoul to heav'n.

Thy tongue gives wiſdom to the wiſe,
Thy breath inſpires celeſtial ſweets:
O wretched he thy face that flies!
Thrice happy who thy preſence greets!
Sure heav'n has riches kept for thee in ſtore,
When envious time and death ſhall be no more.

HAPPINESS.

By the late Rev. Mr JENNER.

O THOU, our firſt and chiefeſt care,
The object of each wiſh and pray'r,
The end we all purſue,
How ſhall I trace thy ſecret road?
Where find thy ever-bleſt abode,
Reveal'd, alas! to few?

Can wealth, or power thy favour claim?
Can virtue, or exalted fame,
Obtain thy ſmile or love?
Shall I purſue thee to the cell
Where venerable hermits dwell
In cool ſequeſter'd grove?

Art thou (O tell me!) to be found
Amidſt gay pleaſure's giddy round,
That mirth and joy intwine?
Or doſt thou place thy bliſsful ſeat
In ſolitude's belov'd retreat,
Thou plant of ſeed divine?

Shall giddy youth, or ſilver age,
Thy envy'd *Proteus* form engage,
Or ſubtile ſcience pleaſe?
Or doſt thou ſhun the learned ſtores
Enraptur'd knowledge ſtill explores,
For indolence and eaſe?

Or doſt thou rather fill thy throne
In the contented mind alone
  Which truth and honour guide?
I ſee thee, in thy beauties dreſt,
In virtue's lovely form confeſt,
  Aſſociate by thy ſide.

Then let me reſt, and here reveal
Th' unerring dictate which I feel,
  And each alike may find;
That Happineſs to all is known,
Who ſeek with humble heart the boon,
  To no one ſpot confin'd.

On ſeeing a BUTTERFLY *at the* CROSS *of* EDINBURGH.

By R. FERGUSSON.

DAFT gowk, in *Macaroni* dreſs,
  Are ye come here to ſhaw your face,
Bowden wi' pride o' ſimmer gloſs,
To caſt a daſh at *Reikie*'s croſs;
And glowr at mony twa-legg'd creature,
Flees braw by art, tho' worms by nature?
  Like country *laird* in city cleeding,
Ye're come to town to lear' good breeding;
To bring ilk darling toaſt and faſhion,
In vogue amang the flee creation,
That they, like buſkit *Belles* and *Beaus*,

May crook their mou' fu' ſour at thoſe
Whaſe weird is ſtill to creep, alas!
Unnotic'd 'mang the humble graſs;
While you, wi' wings new buſkit trim,
Can far frae yird and reptiles ſkim;
Newfangle grown wi' new got form,
Ye ſoar aboon your mither *Worm*.
Kind *Nature* lent but for a day
Her wings to make ye ſpruſh and gay;
In her habuliments a while
Ye may your former ſel' beguile,
And ding awa' the vexing thought
Of hourly dwining into nought,
By beenging to your foppiſh brithers,
Black *Corbies* dreſs'd in *Peacocks* feathers;
Like thee they dander here an' there,
Whan ſimmer's blinks are warm an' fair,
An' loo to ſnuff the healthy balm
Whan ev'nin' ſpreads her wing ſae calm;
But whan ſhe girns an' glowrs ſae dowr
Frae *Borean Houff* in angry ſhow'r,
Like thee they ſcoug frae ſtreet or field,
An' hap them in a lyther bield;
For they war' never made to dree
The adverſe gloom o' *Fortune*'s eie,
Nor ever pried life's pining woes,
Nor pu'd the prickles wi' the roſe.
Poor Butterfly! thy caſe I mourn,
To green *kail-yeard* and fruits return:
How cou'd you troke the *Mavis*' note
For "*penny pies all-piping hot?*"

Can Lintie's muſic be compar'd
Wi' *gruntles* frae the *City-guard?*
Or can our flow'rs at ten hours bell
The *gowan* or the *ſpink* excel.
Now ſhou'd our ſclates wi' hailſtanes ring,
What cabbage fald wad ſcreen your wing?
Say, fluttering fairy! wer't thy hap
To light beneath braw Nany's cap,
Wad ſhe, proud butterfly of May!
In pity let you ſkaithleſs ſtay:
The fury's glancing frae her ein
Wad rug your wings o' ſiller ſheen,
That, wae for thee! far, far outvy
Her *Paris artiſt*'s fineſt dye;
Then a' your bonny ſpraings wad fall,
An' you a *worm* be left to crawl.
To ſic miſhanter rins the laird
Wha quats his ha'-houſe an' kail-yard,
Grows politician, ſcours to court,
Whare he's the laughing-ſtock and ſport
Of *Miniſters* wha jeer an' jibe,
And heeze his hopes wi' thought o' bribe,
Till in the end they flae him bare,
Leave him to poortith, and to care.
Their fleetching words o'er late he ſees,
He trudges hame, repines and dies.
Sic be their fa' wha dirk thir ben
In blackeſt *buſineſs* no their ain;
And may they ſcad their lips fu' leal,
That dip their ſpoons in ither's kail.

EDWIN

EDWIN AND ETHELINDE.

A BALLAD.

ONE parting kiſs, my Ethelinde,
Young Edwin fault'ring cried;
I hear thy father's haſty tread,
Nor longer muſt I bide.

To-morrow's eve, in yonder wood,
Beneath the well-known tree,
Say, wilt thou meet thine own true love,
Whoſe heart's delight's in thee?

She claſp'd the dear beloved youth,
And ſigh'd, and dropt a tear;
Whate'er betide, my only love,
I'll ſurely meet thee there.

They kiſs, they part. A liſt'ning page,
To malice ever bent,
O'erheard their talk, and to his lord
Reveal'd their fond intent.

The baron's brow grew dark with frowns,
And rage diſtain'd his cheek:
Heav'ns! ſhall a vaſſal ſhepherd dare
My daughter's love to ſeek.

But know, raſh boy, thy bold attempt
Full ſorely ſhalt thou rue:
Nor e'er again, ignoble maid,
Shalt thou thy lover view.

The

The dews of ev'ning faſt did fall,
And darkneſs ſpread apace,
When Ethelinde, with beating breaſt,
Flew to th' appointed place.

With eager eye ſhe looks around,
No Edwin there was ſeen;
He was not wont to break his faith,—
What can his abſence mean?

Her heart beat thick at ev'ry noiſe,
Each ruſtling thro' the wood,
And now, ſhe travers'd quick the ground,
And now ſhe liſt'ning ſtood.

Enliv'ning hope and chilling fear,
By turns her boſom ſhare,
And now ſhe calls upon his name,
Now weeps in ſad deſpair.

Mean time the day's laſt glimm'ring fled,
And black'ning all the ſky,
A hideous tempeſt dreadful roſe,
And thunders roll'd on high.

Poor Ethelinde, aghaſt, diſmay'd,
Beholds, with wild affright,
The threat'ning ſky, the lonely wood,
And horrors of the night.

Where art thou now, my Edwin dear?
Thy friendly aid I want:
Ah me! my boding heart foretells,
That aid thou canſt not grant.

Thus

Thus rack'd with pangs, and beat with ſtorms,
Confus'd and loſt ſhe roves,
Now looks to heav'n, with earneſt pray'r,
Now calls on him ſhe loves.

At length, a diſtant taper's ray
Struck beaming on her ſight:
Thro' brakes ſhe guides her fainting ſteps
Towards the welcome light.

An aged Hermit peaceful dwelt
In this ſequeſter'd wild,
Calm goodneſs ſat upon his brow,
His words were ſoft and mild.

He op'd his hoſpitable door,
And much admiring, view'd
The tender virgin's graceful form
Daſh'd by the tempeſt rude.

Welcome, fair maid, whoe'er thou art,
To this warm ſhelter'd cell;
Here, reſt ſecure thy wearied feet;
Here, peace and ſafety dwell.

He ſaw the heart-wrung ſtarting tear,
And gently ſought to know,
With kindeſt pity's ſoothing looks,
The ſtory of her wo.

Scarce had ſhe told her mournful tale,
When, ſtruck with dread they hear,
Voices confus'd, with dying groans,
The cell approaching near.

Help father, help, they loudly cry,
A wretch here bleeds to death;
Some cordial balſam quickly give,
To ſtay his parting breath.

All deadly pale, they lay him down,
And gaſh'd with many a wound,
When, woful ſight! 'twas Edwin's ſelf
Lay bleeding on the ground.

With frantic grief, poor Ethelinde
Beſide his body falls:——
Lift up thine eyes, my Edwin dear,
'Tis Ethelinde that calls.

That much-lov'd ſound recalls his life;
He lifts his cloſing eyes,
And feebly murm'ring out her name,
He gaſps, he faints, he dies!

Stupid a while, in dumb deſpair
She gaz'd on Edwin dead,
Dim grew her eyes, her lips turn'd pale,
And life's warm ſpirit fled.

THE PRETTY COTTAGER.

A SONG.——*The words by Mr Ingledew.*

AS on a pleaſant hill I ſtood,
A cottage in the vale I view'd,
Whereat I'd never been:
I thither went, as loſt from town,
'Twas growing dark, the ſun was down,
I call'd to be let in.

A young and pretty Cottager
Came tripping, ſinging to the door.
And look'd a ſoul's delight;
While bluſhes heighten'd ev'ry grace,
I ſilence broke, I told my caſe,
And begg'd to ſtay all night.

With trembling accent came reply,
"Your ſuit I'm ſorry to deny,
But I am quite alone."
I urg'd diſtreſs and innocence,
While ſhe reply'd, "On no pretence!
You muſt not; pray be gone."

'Twas overcaſt! a lowring ſky!
It rain'd! the whiſtling winds blew high!
And I to wander went;
When kind compaſſion ſeiz'd her ſoul,
She could not bear me thus to ſtroll;
She call'd, and gave conſent:

But me enjoin'd to give a proof
Of honour, while beneath her roof,
(For Virtue ſhe could boaſt):
I vow'd to act a noble part,
Her would have thank'd with all my heart,
But found my heart was loſt.

Her modeſt air, her pretty face,
Her—gods! her ev'ry charming grace,
I to the world prefer;
And, if ſhe learns to love like me,
My glory day and night ſhall be
The pretty Cottager.

****

A FAVOURITE SCOTS SONG.

Sung by Mrs WRIGHTEN *at* VAUXHALL.

WHEN lavrocks ſweet and yellow broom
Perfume the banks of Tweed,
Blithe Nancy boaſts a ſweeter bloom,
Her charms all charms exceed.
Gang o'er the merry fields of hay,
Cry'd love-ſick Jockey wi' a ſigh,
And wha ſae ſaft, ſae young, and gay,
Cou'd ſic a handſome lad deny?

In Sandy's cheek the white and red,
Like roſe and lily join'd;
For him each laſſy hung her head,
For her each laddie pin'd.

Gang

Gang o'er the merry fields of hay,
Wi' me, my deareſt laſs, he'd cry,
And wha ſae faſt, ſae young, and gay,
Cou'd ſic a handſome lad deny?

He gaed o'er fields and broomy land,
Till mither 'gan to chide,
Then Sandy preſs'd her lily hand,
And aſk'd her for his bride;
Then o'er the merry fields of hay,
Said ſhe, my deareſt lad, we'll hie,
For wha ſae faſt, ſae young, and gay,
Cou'd ſic a handſome lad deny?

AIRS *in the new Pantomime, called*

The LORD MAYOR's DAY, *&c.*

AIR.——*Mrs* WILSON.

I'M the toaſt of half the city,
For my ſhapes I bear the belle;
Tom the tailor ſwears I'm pretty—
Tom himſelf looks pretty well.
Oh, the little rolling tailor,
None can roll it ſo like he;
Oh, my little rolling tailor,
Blithe and merry may he be!

Once a jolly, roving ſailor,
Aſk'd if I his wife would be:
No, ſays I, the little tailor
Is the lad that's made for me.
Oh the little rolling tailor, *&c.*

Sunday firſt the tailor ſaw me,
I was trick'd out neat and nice;
Up then ſteps my little Tommy,
And he kiſs'd me in a trice.
Oh, the little rolling tailor, *&c.*

Oh, his kiſs was ſweet as honey!
Little Tom is my delight:
Then the rogue he looks ſo funny
In his wig and ſtockings white!
Oh, the little rolling tailor, *&c.*

Tommy thinks that I'm an heireſs;
When we're married, What a pair!
Yes, I'll be my Lady Mayoreſs,—
When my Tom is made Lord Mayor!
Oh, my little rolling tailor, *&c.*

AIR.

AIR.——*Mr* EDWIN.

THERE was an old woman liv'd under a hill
Green and airy round;
There was an old woman liv'd under a hill,
And ſhe had good beer and ale to ſell,
With her clack,
Hery cory,
Airy
Whack,
Jack and her airy round.

She had an old man, and he wore a wig,
Grey and hairy round;
She had an old man, and he wore a wig,
A cat and a dog and a nice little pig;
With her clack, *&c.*

She had a daughter—her name it was Nan,
Plump and airy round;
She had a daughter—her name it was Nan,
And Nan ſhe lov'd to toy with a man,
With her clack, *&c.*

There came a trooper a riding by,
Briſk and airy round;
There came a trooper a riding by,
He call'd for drink becauſe he was dry,
With his clack, *&c.*

His boots were leather, his coat was red,
Bold and airy round,
His boots were leather, his coat was red,
A ſpur on his heel, and a hat on his head,
With his clack, *&c*

This trooper then he look'd ſo big,
Bluff and airy round;
This trooper then he look'd ſo big,
Kiſs'd Nan, drank beer, and eat up the pig,
With his clack, *&c.*

****

SONGS *by Mr* KING,

At RANELAGH.

BALLAD.

ON Thames' fair bank, a gentle youth
For Lucy ſigh'd with matchleſs truth,
E'en when he ſigh'd in rhyme;
The lovely maid his flame return'd,
And would with equal warmth have burn'd,
But that ſhe had not time.

Oft he repair'd, with eager feet,
In ſecret ſhades his fair to meet
Beneath the accuſtom'd lime;
Oft times the maid wou'd meet him there,
But when he begg'd ſhe'd eaſe his care,
She ſaid ſhe had not time.

It was not thus, inconſtant maid,
You acted once, the ſhepherd ſaid,
When love was in its prime.
She griev'd to hear him thus complain,
And wiſh'd ſhe could have eas'd his pain,
But ſtill ſhe had not time.

Then, pointing to the church, he cry'd,
This day I'll make young Jane my bride,
Since you think love a crime.
No, no, ſhe ſaid, my gentle youth,
I've try'd your faith and conſtant truth,
And now for love have time.

RONDEAU.

BLEST be the hour, the happy hour,
When firſt I own'd my Delia's pow'r;
My breaſt then loſt all pain and care,
For love had plac'd ſoft wiſhes there;

Soft wiſhes there, and gay deſires,
Pleaſing languors, tranſporting fires.
Where yonder hawthorn forms a ſhade,
I firſt beheld my charming maid.

I ſtrove not to reſiſt the flame,
But glory'd in a captive's name;
Nor would I, if I could, be free,
But boaſt my loſs of liberty.

HUNTING SONG.

BRIGHT Phœbus has mounted the chariot of day,
And the horns and the hounds call each ſportſman away;
Thro' woods and thro' meadows with ſpeed now they bound,
While health, roſy health is in exerciſe found.
Hark away is the word, to the ſound of the horn,
And echo, blithe echo, makes jovial the morn.

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,
While puſs flies the covert, and dogs quick purſue;
Behold where ſhe flies o'er the wide ſpreading plain,
While the loud op'ning pack purſue her amain.
Hark away is the word, *&c.*

At length puſs is caught, and lies panting for breath,
And the ſhout of the huntſman's the ſignal of death;
No joys can delight like the ſports of the field,
To hunting all paſtimes and pleaſures muſt yield.
Hark away is the word, *&c.*

AIRS *in the new Paſtoral Romance, called*

The SHAMROCK, *&c.*

SINCE love is the plan,
I love if I can,
Attend and I'll tell you what ſort of a man,

In

In addreſs how complete,
And in dreſs ſpruce and neat,
No matter how tall, ſo he's over five feet;
Not dull nor too witty,
His eyes I'll think pretty,
If ſparkling with pleaſure whenever we meet.

In a ſong bear a bob,
In a glaſs a hob-nob,
Yet drink of his reaſon his noddle ne'er rob;
Tho' gentle he be,
His man he ſhall ſee,
Yet never be conquer'd by any but me.
This, this is my fancy,
If ſuch man I can ſee,
I'm his, if he's mine, until then I'll be free.

AIR.——*Mrs* BANNISTER.

DEAREST youth, why thus away,
And leave me here a-mourning!
Ceaſeleſs tears, while thou'rt away,
Muſt flow for thy returning.
Winding brooks, if by your ſide,
My careleſs Pat is ſtraying,
Gently murmur, ſoftly chide,
And ſay for him I'm ſtraying.

Meads and groves I've rambl'd o'er
In vain, dear youth, to find thee:
Come, ah come! and part no more,
To leave thy love behind thee:

On yon hill I'll ſit till night,
My careful watch ſtill keeping;
But if he does not bleſs my ſight,
I'll lay me down a-weeping.

A SONG.

ONE morning betimes in the firſt week of May,
Along the green hedge rows I happen'd to ſtray,
To gather ſweet May-dew, to make me grow fair,
To hear the birds ſing, and to breathe the ſoft air,
So artleſs and happy was Chloe.

Theſe rural amuſements were all I'd in view,
Regardleſs of men, for their arts I ne'er knew,
But Favonius, the loveliеſt of all the gay train,
Came, tuning his lute, o'er his father's domain,
Yet happy and artleſs was Chloe.

He aſk'd why ſo early abroad I was come,
And begg'd I'd allow him to wait on me home;
Then told me he'd long had a friendſhip for me,
So pure and ſincere he wiſh'd ne'er to be free,
Then ſtrange felt the heart of poor Chloe.

No laurels he crav'd but to make me more kind,
For in peace—and in war—I run ſtill in his mind.—
What anſwer to all theſe fine things cou'd I make;
That for him I wou'd live, and I'd die for his ſake,
How chang'd was the heart of poor Chloe!

Oh

Oh no! ye grave matrons, I did not ſay ſo,
Tho' I wiſh'd him to ſtay, yet I begg'd he wou'd go.
His king and his country call'd him to their aid,
More fit for a ſoldier than courting a maid,
But pat went the heart of poor Chloe.

Soon after, one eve as we ſat in the grove,
He told me he'd orders, next day to remove;
How painful is abſence, O Chloe, he cry'd,
Will you never be kind, muſt I ſtill be deny'd,
Let us love e'er we part, O my Chloe.

He preſs'd me t' accept of a ring of his hair,
With a ſmile I receiv'd it, and promis'd to wear,
How bleſs'd have you made me! Now, Chloe, I'll go,
As love is my ſhield I will force ev'ry foe,
And bring home great treaſure to Chloe.

I gave him my hand, for my heart he'd before,
That if e'er he returns we'll be parted no more;
Aſſiſt me all ye that have felt the ſoft flame,
To pray that Favonius may come ſafe again
To bleſs and be bleſs'd by his Chloe.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

WHEN gloomy November, to nature unkind,
Both ſaddens the ſkies, and oppreſſes the mind,
By beauty undone, a diſconſolate ſwain
Thus ſigh'd his deſpair to the winds and the rain.

"In

" In vain the wind blows, and in vain the rains beat,
They fan but my flame, without quenching the heat;
For ſo fierce is the paſſion which Stella inſpires,
Not the ocean itſelf could extinguiſh its fires.

Why gaz'd ye, my eyes, with ſuch aching delight,
Till Paradiſe open'd and ſwam in my ſight?
Yes, Paradiſe open'd, and, oh! to my coſt,
The ſerpent I found, but the paradiſe loſt.

Heav'n knows with what fondneſs her heart I addreſt,
What paſſionate tenderneſs bled in my breaſt:
Yet ſo far was my truth from engaging belief,
That ſhe frown'd at my vows, tho' ſhe ſmil'd at my grief.

Sure never was love ſo ill-fated as mine;
If a friend ſhall demand her, what! muſt I reſign?—
Yes, yes, O reſign her, be bravely diſtreſt;
And, tho' I die unhappy, yet—may he be bleſt!

And how bleſt muſt he be?—O to live on her charms!
At her wit while he wonders to ſink in her arms!—
But yet, O my ſoul, to his friendſhip be juſt;
Let him live on her charms;—I'll down to the duſt.

To the chambers of darkneſs I gladly will go,
For the light, without her, is the colour of wo:
Come, death, then relieve me, my life I reſign,
Since the arrows of love are leſs friendly than thine.

Ye virgins of Iſis, the fair and the young,
Whoſe praiſes ſo often have ſweeten'd my tongue,

In

In pity, when of my ſad fate you ſhall hear,
Oh! honour my grave with a roſe and a tear.

Perhaps the dear, beautiful cauſe of my doom
May ſteal, by the ſtar-light, and viſit my tomb;
My ghoſt, if one ſigh ſhall but heave in her breaſt,
Tho' reſtleſs without it, contented will reſt."

SONGS *by Miſs* STEVENSON,

At VAUXHALL.

THAT I might not be plagu'd with the nonſenſe of men,
I promis'd my mother again and again,
To ſay as ſhe bids me wherever I go,
And to all that they aſk, or would have, tell 'em No.

I really believe I have frighten'd a ſcore;
They'll want to be with me, I warrant, no more;
And I own I'm not ſorry for ſerving them ſo;
Were the ſame thing to do, I again ſhould ſay—No.

For a ſhepherd I like, with more courage and art,
That won't let me alone, though I bid him depart;
Such queſtions he puts, ſince I anſwer him ſo,
That he makes me mean yes, though my words are ſtill—No.

He aſk'd, did I hate him, or think him too plain?
(Let me die if he is not a clever young ſwain;)

If

If he ventur'd a kiſs, if I from him would go,
Then he preſs'd my young lips, while I bluſh'd and
ſaid—No.

He aſk'd if my heart to another was gone?
If I'd have him to leave me, and ceaſe to love on?
If I meant all my life long to anſwer him ſo?
I faulter'd and ſigh'd, and reply'd to him—No.

This morning, an end to his courtſhip he made;
Will Phillis live longer a virgin he ſaid?
If I preſs you to church, will you ſcruple to go?
In a hearty good humour, I anſwer'd—No, No.

FORGIVE, ye fair, nor take it wrong,
If aught too much I do;
Permit me, while I give my ſong,
To give a leſſon too:
Let modeſty, that heav'n-born maid,
Your words and actions grace;
'Tis this, and only this, can add
New luſtre to your face.

'Tis this which paints the virgin cheeks,
Beyond the power of art;
And ev'ry genuine bluſh beſpeaks
The goodneſs of the heart;
This index of the virtuous mind
Your lovers will adore,
'Tis this will leave a charm behind,'
When bloom can charm no more.

Inſpir'd

Inſpir'd by this, to idle men
With nice reſerve behave,
And learn, by diſtance, to maintain
The power your beauty gave;
For this, when beauty muſt decay,
Your empire will protect;
The wanton pleaſes for a day,
But ne'er creates reſpect.

With this their ſilly jeſts reprove,
When coxcombs dare intrude;
Nor think the man is worth your love,
Who ventures to be rude.
Your charms, when cheap, will ever pall,
They ſully with a touch;
And, tho' we mean to grant not all,
We often grant too much.

But patient let each virtuous fair
Expect the virtuous youth,
Whom heav'n has doom'd her heart to ſhare,
And bleſs'd with love and truth;
For him alone preſerve her hand,
And wait the happy day,
When he with juſtice can command,
And ſhe with joy obey.

ODE,

ODE, WRITTEN IN WINTER.

WHILE in the ſky black clouds impend,
And fogs ariſe, and rains deſcend,
And one brown proſpect opens round
Of leafleſs trees, and furrow'd ground;
Save where unmelted ſpots of ſnow
Upon the ſhaded hill-ſide ſhow;
While chill winds blow, and torrents roll;
The ſcene diſguſts the ſight, depreſſes all the ſoul.

Yet worſe what polar climates ſhare—
Vaſt regions, dreary, bleak, and bare!
There, on an icy mountain's height,
Seen only by the moon's pale light,
Stern Winter rears his giant form,
His robe a miſt, his voice a ſtorm;
His frown the ſhivering nations fly,
And hid, for half the year, in ſmoky caverns lie.

Yet there the lamp's perpetual blaze
Can pierce the gloom with cheering rays;
Yet there the heroic tale or ſong
Can urge the lingering hours along;
Yet there their hands, with timely care,
The kajak † and the dart prepare,
On ſummer ſeas to work their way,
And wage the watry war, and make the ſeals their prey.

† A Greenland fiſhing-boat.

Too

Too delicate! reproach no more
The ſeaſons of thy native ſhore;
There ſoon ſhall ſpring deſcend the ſky,
With ſmiling brow, and placid eye;
A primroſe wreath ſurrounds her hair,
Her green robe floats upon the air;
And, ſcatter'd from her lib'ral hand,
Fair bloſſoms deck the trees, fair flowers adorn the land.

WINTER.

A POEM.

NO more ſweet ſpring, or ſummer's glowing rays
Inſpire the muſe, or elevate her lays:
On rigid ſeaſons now ſhe 'tempts to ſing,
While miſts ſurround, and vapours clog her wing
No longer charm, the grove, the mead, the rill;
Th' emboſom'd vale, or proudly-riſing hill;
Where erſt, with wakeful eye, at earlieſt dawn,
I watch'd the bluſhes of the ruddy morn,
And, pleas'd its op'ning beauties to ſurvey,
Hail'd the bright ſun's approach, and bleſs'd his ray.
But now, alas! the bliſsful ſeaſon's chang'd,
And dreary are the haunts where late I rang'd.
Stript of its foliage, frowns the gloomy grove:
No more the thruſh attunes the notes of love:
No more ſweet incenſe loads the zephyr's wing,
Breath'd from the blooming progeny of ſpring.

The meads, where Flora triumph'd in her bloom,
A bare and mournful aſpect now aſſume;
And Winter, howling on her icy car,
Blows the loud blaſt of elemental war,
In veſt of fur, with ſnowy trappings ſpread,
(A crown of hoar-froſt circling round her head,)
From Scythian climes, on tempeſt-wing ſhe flies,
And ſcatters ſtorms and darkneſs through the ſkies
With vapours charg'd, the clouds in ſtreams deſcend
Or hov'ring high in ether, ſnow portend.
The rains, deſcending, ſwell the riſing rills;
The ſoft-wing'd ſnows with brightneſs clothe the hills,
Hide the ſad plains, and whiten all the woods,
While froſt confines in icy chains, the floods.
The plumy nations now, with ſhiv'ring wing,
Dejected ſit, and ceaſe their notes to ſing;
Or, faintly twitt'ring, rage the ſteril plain;
Or at the barn-doors peck the ſtraying grain.
The harmleſs red breaſt claims his annual ſtore,
And cautious ſeeks the hoſpitable door:
Amidſt the rigour of inclement ſkies,
By hunger driv'n, to man, for food, he flies,
Sweet bird, may no rude hand thy life deſtroy,
But feed, and fill thy little breaſt with joy!
The herds walk ſlowly o'er the frozen lea,
And, penſive, moan for ricks of fragrant hay;
Or ſeek to reſt, in new-threſh'd ſtraw reclin'd,
At once their food, and ſhelter from the wind.
The hungry flocks traverſe the white vales o'er,
In vain;—the vales afford no foodful ſtore:

One

One undiſtinguiſh'd waſte the fields appear,
And hills, and groves, and plains, one ſhining veſture wear.
A ſullen ſilence reigns throughout the fields;
No ſound the grove, no ſound the valley, yields.
The Sun, faint glimm'ring with a feeble ray,
Soon ends his race, and with his race, the day;
And the pale Moon, enwarp'd in duſky light,
Slow meaſures out the long and murky night;
Or ſplendid ſhines o'er all the blue ſerene,
While ſtars unnumber'd in her train are ſeen,
While down the ſteep of heav'n ſhe bends her way,
The ſeeds of froſt in ſhining ſquadrons ſtray;
And, cloſe condens'd, through the long night deſcend
In brilliant pearls, and o'er the earth extend
When late the Sun awakes the ſhort-liv'd day,
The froſt-fring'd branches glitter in his ray;
Bright ſparkling veſts the woods, the groves adorn;
And pearls illuſtrious hang on ev'ry thorn:
Not brighter ſhine, from fam'd Golconda's coaſt,
Her gems, than theſe, the beauteous work of froſt.
See, on yon ſaſh, what landſcapes are portray'd
Groves riſe on groves, and ſhade ſucceeds to ſhade;
There op'ning vales and tow'ring hills are ſeen
With woods high crown'd and humble ſhrubs between.
In nice proportion riſe the cryſtal bow'rs;
And the tall tree majeſtically tow'rs:
A wondrous ſcene! the work of Nature's hand,
By froſt's bright ſquadrons wrought, at her command.

But ſoon (ſad emblem of terreſtrial joy)
The beams of Phœbus will the ſcene deſtroy.
Thus all the works of men will ſoon decay,
And marble monuments ſhall melt away:
Ambition's proudeſt labours periſh muſt,
And adamantine tow'rs be crumbled into duſt!
Now vegetation ſleeps—by cold confin'd,
No more, with buds, ſhe burſts the ſwelling rind:
In death-like ſtate her num'rous tribes remain;
The ſtagnate ſap retires from ev'ry vein:
Paſtures no more their foodful herbage yield;
All barren lies the newly cultur'd field:
Nor fruits nor flow'rs the gardens now produce;
Nor meads nor groves their wonted ſweets diffuſe.
Now pinching *want* invades the lab'ring poor,
And ſoon, ah! ſoon, conſumes their little ſtore:
While chilling blaſts their thin-clad limbs arreſt,
Let kind compaſſion cheer their joyleſs breaſt:
Ah! let the gay, the opulent, and great,
Reflect what ills on poverty await;
What pains, what hardſhips, thoſe are doom'd to know,
Whom *want* and *ſickneſs* circle round with woe,
When Winter gripes them with her iron hand,
Oh! let each breaſt with charity expand;
With kindly care dry up their ſprings of grief;
View their diſtreſs, and grant them quick relief.
Theſe pious deeds like incenſe will ariſe,
And live, a ſweet memorial in the ſkies;

For

For thoſe, in heav'n, a bright reward ſhall know,
Whoſe gen'rous boſoms melt at human woe.
But, ſee! from ſouthern climes warm breezes ſpring,
Salubrious mildneſs wafting from their wing.
In cloſe battalions rang'd, the clouds are ſpread,
And o'er the earth their genial mildneſs ſhed,
Now melt the ſnows; the brooks their courſe regain;
With warmth internal ſmokes the naked plain:
The rivers ſwell with waters not their own;
And new form'd torrents roll the mountains down,
Spread o'er the meads, and ſweep along the plain,
And ruſh reſiſtleſs to their native main.
O'er all the ſcene ſucceeding ſun-beams play,
And warm the glebe, and cheer the length'ning day.
Thus, in the courſe of nature's grand deſign,
The circling ſeaſons all in order join;
In pregnant Spring the bloſſoms gay unfold;
And Autumn paints the rip'ning fruits with gold:
With Summer's heat the earth exhauſted lies;
But Winter's wat'ry ſtore her thirſt ſupplies;
And with her ſecret, but propitious, pow'rs,
Brings on returning Spring, and wakes the ſleeping flow'rs.

MARION.

MARION.

A SCOTS PASTORAL.

BLEAK winter reigns, ilk hill's o'erlaid wi' ſnaw,
Cauld frae the north wi' bir the tempeſts blaw;
The rowan ſpait ilk neib'ring tenant drees,
While brattling hailſtanes ſough amang the trees:
Syne the herd lads, ſaebiens they canna' tent
Their cauldrife hirſles on the elricht bent,
To ſhun the ſtorm their doors they carefu' ſteek,
And, 'mang the auld fowk, round the ingle beek,
There joke, and crack, and lilt a dainty ſang,
Ilk ane as happy as the night is lang.

MARION, begrutten (for her jo nae doubt),
Spite o' the weather bides alane therout;
She leaves her coſy beild the ſharpeſt day,
Ayont the know 'mang birks to ſpeak her wae,
To mourn her WILL, gane o'er the rowan flood,
To fight wi' honour for his country's good;
There reckleſsly ſhe wanders aft alane,
And to the naked ſcroggs thus makes her mane.

"YE dreary howms, that ſmil'd ſae blithe ſhort-
ſyne,
How like, waes me! your dowie ſtate to mine!
Nae gowans ſprout, a's darn'd in wreaths o' ſnaw,
As I'm in grief ſince Willie gade awa'!
My winſome Will, o' a' our herds the wale,
The ſweeteſt ſinger on the flow'ry dale,
Has croſs'd the ſeas, left me behind to mourn,
Has left me, ablins never to return!

O what

O what cou'd tempt my lad ſic riſks to rin!
His country to forſake, and a' his kin:
Cou'd his bien rooms, his hills clad o'er wi' ſheep,
His droves o' ky, and gaits on ilka ſteep,
His denty pipe, that a' our hearts cou'd raiſe,
Nor Marion, anes ſae meikle made o', pleaſe?
He wadna be advis'd at ony rate;
He'd be a ſoger, nought cou'd wiſe him frae't;
"And can you ferly why ſae ſair I mourn,
"When Will's awa', and never may return?"
"How mair than happy were yon blitheſome days!
The whilk to think on ſtill ſic pleaſure gi'es:
Yon days I lilted on the ſunny hill,
Frae morn to e'ening dawted by my Will?
When aft he tald his love, and ca'd me his,
And ſweetly toolied for the tither kiſs;
Yet a' my pleaſure's intermix'd wi' pain,
To think I'll never be ſae blithe again—
"To think my Will, whom late and ear' I mourn,
"May never—never to my arms return!"
"Vocky was I ere yet he gade awa',
He look'd ſae trig, and buſkit was ſae bra';
Upon the field he ſhaw'd ſae meikle ſkill,
The lave were coofs when even'd to my Will;
But when that morning came we were to part,
How wae was I, how heavy was my heart!
Fu' lang he held me in his loving grips,
Dighted my een, and kiſs'd my glowing lips,
Syne cry'd farewell, I'ſe ay hae mind o' thee,
Remember Marion when ayont the ſea!

And

And will my jewel ay o' me hae mind!
Think on his Marion he has left behind?
Thee too I'll think on, or I've tint my ſkill;
Nae ſun ſhall riſe whan I forget my Will!
" He ha'ds my heart—for him I dowie mourn,
" For fear he never frae the wars return!"
" Ye feckleſs lambkins, gangna out o' view!
I'm laith to tyne you, Willie liked you:
Aft has he led you to the clover green,
Was carefu' ay to bught you in at e'en:
Youth on his brent brow ſmil'd and ſweet content,
While herding you he whiſtled on the bent.
Ablins my Willie, winſome Will, e'en now,
Wi' ſabbing boſom, thinks o' me and you;
Thinks on the days he row'd me in his plaid,
And canty ſang, you feeding by our ſide:
But now far aff frae kindred and frae hame,
Expos'd to hardſhips Willie hunts for fame:
Ablins enow the nipping froſt he drees,
Nae houſe near hand, nae comfortable bleeze!
Wou'd I were there—but dread o' ſkaith or harm,
Thir arms ſhou'd claſp—this boſom keep him warm:
" But far my Willie's frae me whom I mourn,
" And ablins never—never may return!"
" Fain wad I trow that which I green for maiſt!
Wad fain believe I'll ſee him ſafe at laſt;
Think he'll return a comfort to us a',
And gar me bleſs the day he gade awa'!
But ſoon my mind miſgies—the warſt I dread;
What numbers die in this unnat'ral feed!

And may nae he, my Will, amang the lave,
Untimely fa', and fill ae common grave?
Wi' ſiclike thoughts I'm ilka night oppreſt,
And awfu' dreams deprive me o' my reſt:
Laſt owk the candle burning blue was ſeen,
And trenchers jingled mair than anes yeſtreen:
E'now wha kens but he unnotic'd lies,
Welt'ring in blood, nae ane to mind his cries?
His comely cheeks deform'd wi' mony a ſcar,
Far frae his friends, frae dowie Marion far;
Nae pitying ee his wounds in tears to bathe?
Nae Chriſtian hand to cloſe his een in death!
Forbid it, heav'n! ay let me hope the beſt!
Compoſe my thoughts, and calm my troubled breaſt:
And a' ye pow'rs aboon! let Willie ſkair
Your greateſt benniſons—your eident care:
O ſkaithleſs keep him in this bloody fray!
And a' my thoughts and a' my doubts forgie."

By this time night was drooping haſty down,
Nae ſtarns appear'd, clouds darn'd frae ſight the moon;
Her ſheep ſhe faulded, hameward bent her way,
And drown'd in ſleep the ſorrows of the day.

THE TEMPEST.

'TWAS midnight's hour, and o'er the placid deep
A ſolemn ſilence reign'd—creation's ſleep!
High in the blue expanſe, the ſilver moon
Radiant amidſt the leſſer planets ſhone,
And o'er the duſky viſage of the night,
Diffus'd a pleaſing melancholy light.
Thro' the ſmooth flood, by proſp'rous gales propell'd,
Our ſtately bark, a moving wonder ſail'd,
Whilſt on her lofty ſides, in idle play,
The waves curl'd bland, and gently paſs'd away;
Stretch'd on the deck, the watch, their mates among,
Quaff the full bowl, or tune the mirthful ſong,
Or active bounding to the artleſs lay,
In ruſtic meaſures dance the hours away;
Or circling round the *man of ſtories* preſs,
Whoſe each new *wonder* makes the former leſs;
Or, fancy-led, the wiſh'd for port they gain,
The end of all their labour and their pain;
Already in th' ideal graſp they hold,
The tender conſort, or the parent fold,
Each to his wiſhes bleſt, will then no more
The dangers of the faithleſs deep explore:
Thus, wrapt in full ſecurity, they ſate,
And held the viſions of the mind for fate.
Fond men! ſecure the *now* would ever laſt,
Blind to the *future*, thoughtleſs of the *paſt!*

When

When from the maded ſouth, with dabbled wings,
Lo! furious *Auſter* unexpected ſprings
In bluſt'rous rage! alarm'd all ocean roſe,
And nature ſtarted from her calm repoſe!
Deep thro' th' ærial vault the thunders roll,
And forked lightnings dart from either pole.
Now (the dire claſh of elements begun),
From the ætherial ſpace, the ſilver moon,
Cloud-wrapt retiring (ſicken'd at the ſight),
Reſign'd us up to chaos and to night;
The waves no longer now in idle play,
Curl bland againſt the ſhip, and paſs away,
But, by the force of the increaſing gale,
To mountains grown, the top-maſt's height aſſail.
In vain (regardleſs of the helm) we try'd
O'er the mad ſurge the bounding bark to guide,
In whirling eddies toſt, ſhe giddy turns,
And all the pilot's art to rule her ſcorns;
While helpleſs we, and impotent to ſave,
Drive at the mercy of th' inſulting wave.
The rider thus, whoſe fiery ſteed diſdains
An even courſe, indignant of the reins,
Headlong is hurried o'er the diſtant plains:
In vain, to check his flight, the curb he tries,
Now here, now there, the bounding courſer flies,
Nor feels the checking curb, or feeling, it defies.
Soon as new ſails (the laſt reſort) we bend,
Torn from the yards, we ſee the canvas rend,
The flitting remnants bear our hopes away,
And leave us ſunk in horror and diſmay.

Aſunder next, the cracking cordage flies,
And the tall maſt, late tow'ring to the ſkies,
Prone o'er the ſide a cumbrous ruin lies.
The lab'ring hull, now ſtagg'ring to and fro,
Aloft now mounting, now abſorb'd below,
As o'er her decks, the whole-collected deep,
(Reſiſtleſs torrent!) ſeems at once to ſweep;
Whilſt, from above, the clouds inceſſant pour,
In dreadful cataracts their wat'ry ſtore.

And thus, the ſport of heav'n and ocean toſt,
Wave-mounted, in the clouds a while we're loſt,
Then, plung'd unfathomable depths below!
Hurl'd headlong thro' the wat'ry abyſs go,
Dreary and vaſt! where, heighten'd by our tears,
Death in a thouſand vary'd forms appears.
As burſting lived thro' the gloom of night,
A blaze of meteors flaſh, terrific light!
Trembling we ey'd each big approaching wave,
As that by fate decreed to be our grave,
Whilſt conſcious guilt redoubled horrors gave.
Now loſt to hope, preſumption humbled lies!
And heav'n we ſeek with ſupplicating cries:
"O thou! to whom creation's ways are known,
"And jarring elements ſubjection own,
"Propitious in this hour of need befriend,
"And riſe ſupreme where human comforts end!"
Thus we, in anguiſh, breath'd the fervent pray'r,
When heav'n, all gracious, lent the pitying ear,
O'er the rude deep the ſacred mandate went,
The winds were huſh'd, and ocean's fury ſpent,

The

The ſtorm ſubſides: Our troubled bark no more,
By tempeſt ſhaken, labours as before:
The clouds no more in deluges deſcend,
But, with the waves, their dreadful conflict end:
The languid lightnings now innoxious play,
And harmleſs thunders diſtant roll away.
All's calm: And *hope* again in ev'ry breaſt
Her ſeat reſuming, (heav'n deputed gueſt!)
Gave us, ſo lately number'd with the dead,
Once more to raiſe the grave-devoted head,
To life reſtor'd; and (far more priz'd than life)
The converſe of the parent, friend, and wife.
Now thro' the roſy portals of the Eaſt,
The glorious ſun, in gold and azure dreſt,
Reſplendent iſſuing, as a bridegroom gay,
To our cheer'd ſouls, announc'd returning day.
When at his bright approach the ſable night,
With all her train of horrors took their flight,
All nature ſmil'd to ſee her peace reſtor'd,
And proſtrate we the hand of heav'n ador'd.

ODE

ODE TO RESOLUTION.

Quid facerem? neque ſervitio me exire licebat.

NO more I'll ſeek the muſe's aid
To tune my harp to blear-ey'd wo,
But cheerful try the rhyming trade,
Till love ſpontaneous bids it flow.
Adieu then wilds and lonely groves,
The ſure retreat of hapleſs loves;—
Ye wilds where oft I us'd to ſtray,
And penſive court the moving lay.
No more I'll wander to the ſhade
Where love ſick pilgrims meet their ſhrine,
The charms of ſome conſenting maid
Shall wake to joy this lyre of mine.

Once I invok'd the weeping muſe,
And bade her ſing of Flavia's charms;
Yet did the ſcornful nymph refuſe
To fly to my deſponding arms.
Why did I call her heav'nly fair,—
Majeſtic and divine her air?
Why was ſhe form'd with ev'ry grace?
Each feature ſpoke an angel's face!
I juſt beheld—and ſcarcely ſaw,
Her eye look'd tender as the dove—
'Twould made e'en Alpine ſnows to thaw,
And tam'd the tyger's brood with love—

Warm'd

Warm'd with a love-inſpired lay,
The muſe addreſs'd the nymph in tears,
While I a wench-ſhot victim ſtay,
Alternate borne on hopes and fears;
And all for love, that trifling toy,
A galling ſweet, a cruel joy.
'Tis this alike o'er mankind reigns,
From ſcepter'd kings to lab'ring ſwains.
I pin'd, yet never curs'd the cauſe,
So pleaſing were the ſmarts I bore,
When ſubject to reſiſtleſs laws;
Seek to be free—we ſuffer more.

Now victor from the tyrant's chain,
Tho' laurel wreathe my ſucceſs crowns,
While Flavia boaſts her mean diſdain,
My heart is proof 'gainſt female frowns:
Now ſparkle eyes, ye orbs of light,
With ev'ry glance divinely bright;
Thus let her marſhal all her charms
And call all beauty's darts to arms—
Unmov'd I'll view the tempting fair
That once diſdain'd my faithful vows;
While all the nine their harps prepare
To ſing the virtues of my ſpouſe.

Give me, kind heav'n, a ſilent wife,
And modeſt as a parſon's glove:
I hate thoſe ſcolding brands of life,
For few regard their huſband's love.

Mine

Mine ſhould be mute and always ſtill,
Nor ever ſpeak but with my will:
Silence the nobleſt charm we find
That ever ſooth'd a female mind.
For, give but once a woman ſway,
And let her logic rule your houſe,
You'll ſooner ſmoothe the wild-way'd ſea
Than ſtay her tongue's reſiſtleſs courſe.

Whene'er ſhe ſpeaks, a dimpled ſmile
Should overſpread her lovely face:
Well-founded truth ſhould lead her ſtile,
And give her converſation grace.
Her hand ſhould uſe no waggiſh air
To make her ſtory round and fair:
Her manners tender, gentle, kind,
And to the will of fate reſign'd.
Then fly, ſweet gales, and on your way
Seek out this charmer of my life;
Let ev'ry whiſp'ring zephyr ſay,
Here lives a boy that wants a wife.

T. T. MELROSENSIS.

Banks of Tweed.

AN

AN EPISTLE

Wrote from the COUNTRY *to a noble Lord in* TOWN.

IN days, my lord, when mother *Time*,
Tho' now grown old, was in her prime,
When *Saturn* firſt began to rule,
And *Jove* was hardly come from ſchool,
How happy was a country life!—
How free from wickedneſs and ſtrife!
Then each man liv'd upon his farm,
And thought and did no mortal harm;
On moſſy banks fair virgins ſlept,
As harmleſs as the flocks they kept;
Then love was all they had to do,
And nymphs were chaſte, and ſwains were true.
But now, whatever poets write,
'Tis true, the caſe is alter'd quite,
Virtue no more in rural plains,
Or innocence, or peace remains;
But vice is in the cottage found,
And country girls are oft unſound.
Fierce party rage each Village fires,
With Wars of juſtices and 'ſquires;
Attorneys, for a barley ſtraw,
Whole ages hamper folks in law,
And ev'ry neighbour's in a flame
About their rates, or tithes, or game:
Some quarrel for their hares and pigeons,
And ſome for dff'rence in religions;

Some hold their parſon the beſt preacher,
The tinker ſome a better teacher;
Some to the church though arrant ſtrangers,
Are ever anxious for her dangers;
And yet are ſuch polite free-thinkers,
They neither parſons mind, nor tinkers:
Whilſt others, more believing people,
Can ſwallow all things—but a ſteeple.
But I, my lord, who, as you know,
Care little how theſe matters go,
And equally deteſt the ſtrife
And uſual joys of country life,
Have, by good fortune, little ſhare
Of its diverſions or its care;
For ſeldom I with 'ſquires unite,
Who hunt all day, and drink all night;
Nor farm perplexing occupy,
With ſheep to rot and cows to die:
I can't think wonderful inviting
A quarter-ſeſſions, or cock-fighting;
Nor rage I much, or much deſpair,
Tho' in my hedge I find a ſnare;
Nor view I, with due admiration,
All the high honours here in faſhion;
The great commiſſions of the quorum,
Terrors to all who come before 'em;
Militia ſcarlet, edg'd with gold,
Or the white ſtaff high ſheriffs hold;
The repreſentatives careſſing,
The judge's bow, the biſhop's bleſſing;

Nor

Nor can I, for my ſoul, delight
In the dull feaſt of neighb'ring knight,
Who, if you ſend three days before,
In white gloves meets you at the door,
With ſuperfluity of breeding:
Firſt makes you ſick, and then with feeding:
Or if, with ceremony cloy'd,
You wou'd next time ſuch plagues avoid,
And viſit without previous notice,
John, John, a coach!—I can't think who 'tis,
My lady cries, who ſpies your coach,
Ere you the avenue approach;
L—d, how unlucky!—waſhing-day!
And all the men are in the hay!
Entrance to gain is ſomething hard,
The dogs all bark, the gates are barr'd;
The yard's with lines of linen croſs'd,
The hall-door's lock'd the key is loſt;
Theſe difficulties all o'ercome,
We reach at length the drawing-room,
Then there's ſuch trampling over-head,
Madam you'd ſwear was brought to bed;
Miſs in a hurry burſts her lock,
To get clean ſleeves to hide her ſmock;
The ſervants run, the pewter clatters,
My lady dreſſes, calls, and chatters;
The cook maid raves for want of butter,
Pigs ſqueak, fowls ſcream, and green geeſe flutter.
Now, after three hours tedious waiting,
On all our neighbours faults debating,

And having nine times view'd the garden,
In which there's nothing worth a farthing,
In comes my lady, and the pudden:
You will excuſe, ſir—on a—ſudden
Then, that we may have four and four
The bacon, fowls, and colly-flow'r
Their ancient unity divide,
The top one graces on each ſide;
And by and by the ſecond courſe
Comes lagging like a diſtanc'd horſe;
A ſalver then to church and king,
The butler ſweats, the glaſſes ring;
The cloth remov'd, the toaſts go round,
Bawdy and politics abound;
And, as the knight more tipſy waxes,
We d——n all miniſters and taxes.
At laſt, the ruddy ſun quite ſunk,
The coachman tolerably drunk,
Whirling o'er hillocks, ruts and ſtones,
Enough to diſlocate one's bones,
We home return, a wond'rous token
Of heav'n's kind care, with limbs unbroken.
Afflict us not, ye gods, tho' ſinners,
With many days like this, or dinners!
But, if civilities thus teaze me,
Nor buſineſs, nor diverſions pleaſe me,
You'll aſk, my lord, how time I ſpend?
I anſwer, With a book, or friend:
The circulating hours dividing,
'Twixt reading, walking, eating, riding;

But books are ſtill my higheſt joy,
Theſe earlieſt pleaſe, and lateſt cloy.
Sometimes o'er diſtant climes I ſtray,
By guides experienc'd taught the way;
The wonders of each region view,
From frozen *Lapland* to *Peru*;
Bound o'er rough ſeas, and mountains bare,
Yet ne'er forſake my elbow chair.
Sometimes ſome fam'd hiſtorian's pen
Recalls paſt ages back agen,
Where all I ſee, through ev'ry page,
Is but how men, with ſenſeleſs rage,
Each other rob, deſtroy, and burn,
To ſerve a prieſt's or ſtateſman's turn;
Tho' loaded with a diff'rent aim,
Yet always aſſes much the ſame.
Sometimes I view, with much delight,
Divines their holy game-cocks fight;
Here Faith and Works at variance ſet,
Strive hard who ſhall the vict'ry get;
Preſbytery and Epiſcopacy
There fight ſo long, it would amaze ye;
Here free-will holds a fierce diſpute,
With reprobation abſolute;
There ſenſe kicks tranſubſtantiation,
And reaſon pecks at revelation.
With learned *Newton* now I fly
O'er all the rolling orbs on high,
Viſit new worlds, and for a minute
This old one ſcorn, and all that's in it:

And now with lab'ring *Boyle* I trace
Nature through ev'ry winding maze,
The latent qualities admire
Of vapours, water, air, and fire;
With pleaſing admiration ſee
Matter's ſurpriſing ſubtlety;
As how the ſmalleſt lamp diſplays,
For miles around, its ſcatter'd rays;
Or how (the caſe ſtill more t' explain)
A f—t, that weighs not half a grain,
The atmoſphere will oft perfume
Of a whole ſpacious drawing-room.
Sometimes I paſs a whole long day
In happy indolence away,
In fondly meditating o'er
Paſt pleaſures, and in hoping more:
Or wander through the fields and woods,
And gardens bath'd in circling floods,
Their blooming flow'rs with rapture view,
And ſparkling gems of morning dew,
Whence in my mind ideas riſe
Of *Cælia*'s cheeks, and *Chloe*'s eyes.
'Tis this, my lord, I, free from ſtrife,
Spend an inglorious country life;
Theſe are the joys I ſtill purſue,
When abſent from the town and you;
Thus paſs long ſummer ſuns away,
Buſily idle, calmly gay;
Nor great, nor mean, nor rich, nor poor,
Not having much, nor wiſhing more;

Except

Except that you, when weary grown
Of all the follies of the town,
And ſeeing in all public places,
The ſame vain fops and painted faces,
Wou'd ſometimes kindly condeſcend
To viſit a dull country friend:
Here you'll be ever ſure to meet
A hearty welcome, tho' no treat,
One who has nothing elſe to do,
But to divert himſelf and you:
A houſe where quiet guards the door,
No rural wits ſmoak, drink, and roar,
Choice books, ſafe horſes, wholeſome liquor,
Clean rooms, backgammon, and the vicar.

SONG *by* MRS WRIGHTEN,
At VAUXHALL.

IN the bloom of her youth ſhall it ever be ſaid,
That a laſs ſo engaging e'er dy'd an old maid?
Oh! no— I'm determin'd to get me a mate,
For wedlock I'm told's an agreeable ſtate;
Of ſuitors, I'm ſure, I've at leaſt half a ſcore,
Who ſwear that they love me, and ſigh, and adore;
Dull cits—country 'ſquires—prating barriſters—beaus,
But I needs muſt confeſs, that I like none of thoſe.

I'm

I'm a bale of rich goods, ſo the citizen ſwore,
And look ten *per cent.* better each day than before:
The 'ſquire, with a kiſs, *bawls to cover*, ſwears zounds,
That he fancies me more than his *kennel of hounds;*
The lawyer his ſuit with much modeſty preſs'd,
That for him I'd *decree*, and *eject* all the reſt;
While the beau talk'd of nothing but *faſhion and clothes*—
Can you blame me, ye fair, if I like none of thoſe?

Some friends would perſuade me to marry a fool,
For women, they ſay, are deſirous to rule;
But as that is a pow'r which I never will uſe,
I'll tell you what ſort of a man I would chuſe;
A youth with ſome ſenſe and good-nature combin'd,
Juſt too learn'd for a dancer, not too wiſe to be kind;
Where I'm wrong, juſt with *ſpirit* to *gently* oppoſe—
Why I needs muſt confeſs, I ſhould like one of thoſe.

JOCK

JOCK O' THE SIDE,

An ORIGINAL SONG,

Is here given from an old manuſcript copy. It would appear that the facts related in this heroic piece occurred about the ſame time with thoſe already given in DICK O' THE COW: The Laird's Jock being a character celebrated in both [See page 26, &c.] Pieces of this kind, though the rhyme may always be expected to correſpond with the education of the times, cannot fail to exhibit a ſtriking picture of the character and manners of our ancient Borderers; and muſt therefore meet with a favourable reception from every perſon poſſeſſed of a taſte for antiquity,—eſpecially in that part of the country where ſuch ſcenes were acted, or in places adjacent.

NOW Liddiſdale has ridden a raid,
But I wat they had better ſtaid at hame;
For Mitchel o' Winfield he is dead,
And my ſon Johnie is pris'ner tane.
With my fa ding diddle, la la dow diddle.

For Mangerton-houſe Auld Downie is gane,
Her coats ſhe has kilted up to her knee;
And down the water wi' ſpeed ſhe rins,
While the tears, in ſpaits, fa' faſt frae her eie.
With my fa ding, *&c.*

Then up and beſpake the Lord Mangerton,
What news, what news, ſiſter Downie, to me?
Bad news, bad news, my Lord Mangerton,
Mitchel is kill'd, and tane they hae my ſon Johnie.
With my fa ding, *&c.*

Ne'er fear ſiſter Downie, quo' Mangerton,
I hae yokes of oxen four and twentie,—
My barns, my byres, and my faulds a' weel fill'd;
And I'll part wi' them a' ere Johnie ſhall die.
With my fa ding, &c.

Three men I'll take, to ſet him free,
Weel harneſs'd a' wi' beſt o' ſteel;
The Engliſh rogues may hear, and drie
The weight o' their braid ſwords to feel.
With my fa ding, &c.

The laird's Jock ane, the laird's Wat twa;
Oh! Hobie Noble thou ane maun be,
Thy coat is blue, thou has been true,
Since England baniſh'd thee to me.
With my fa ding, &c.

Now Hobie was an Engliſh man,
In Bewcaſtle dale was bred and born;
But his miſdeeds they were ſae great,
They baniſh'd him ne'er to return.
With my fa ding, &c.

Lord Mangerton them orders gave,
Your horſes the wrang way maun a' be ſhod;
Like gentlemen ye muſt not ſeem,
But look like corn caugers gawn ae road.
With my fa ding, &c.

Your armour gude ye maunna ſhaw,
Nor ance appear like men o' weir;
As country lads be all array'd,
Wi' branks and brecham on ilk mare.
With my fa ding, &c.

Sae now a' their horſes are ſhod the wrang way;
And Hobie has mounted his grey ſae fine,
Jock his lively bay, Wat's on his white horſe behind;
And on they rode for the water o' Tyne.
With my fa ding, &c.

At the Cholerford they a' light down,
And there, wi' the help o' the light o' the moon,
A tree they cut, wi' fifteen naggs upo' ilk ſide,
To climb up the wa' o' Newcaſtle town.
With my fa ding, &c.

But when they came to Newcaſtle town,
And were alighted at the wa',
They fand their tree three ells o'er laigh—
They fand their ſtick baith ſhort and ſma'.
With my fa ding, &c.

Then up and ſpake the laird's ain Jock:
There's naething for't, the gates wi' maun force:
But when they came the gates unto,
A proud porter withſtood baith men and horſe.
With my fa ding, &c.

His neck in twa I wat they hae wrung,
Wi' hand or foot he ne'er play'd paw;
His life and his keys at anes they hae tane,
And caſt his body ahind the wa'.
With my fa ding, &c.

Now ſoon they reach Newcaſtle jail,
And to the pris'ner thus they call:
Sleips thou, wakes thou Jock o' the Side,
Or is thou wearied o' thy thrall?
With my fa ding, &c.

Jock anſwers thus, wi' dolefu' tone,
Aft, aft I wake—I ſeldom ſleip;
But wha's this kens my name ſae weel,
And thus to hear my waes do ſeik?
With my fa ding, &c.

Then up and ſpake the good laird's Jock,
Ne'er fear ye now, my billie, quo' he;
For here's the laird's Jock, the laird's Wat,
And Hobie Noble, come to ſet thee free.
With my fa ding, &c.

Oh! Had thy tongue, and ſpeak nae mair,
And o' thy tawk now let me be;
For if a' Liddiſdale were here the night,
The morn's the day that I maun die.
With my fa ding, &c.

Full

Full fifteen ſtane o' Spaniſh iron
They hae laid a' right ſair on me,
Wi' locks and keys I am faſt bound
Into this dungeon mirk and drearie.
With my fa ding, *&c.*

Fear ye no that, quo' the laird's Jock,
A faint heart ne'er wan a fair ladie,
Work thou within, we'll work without;
And I'll be bound we ſet thee free.
With my fa ding, *&c.*

The firſt ſtrong dore that they came at,
They looſed it without a key;
The next chain'd dore that they came at,
They gard it a' in flinders flee.
With my fa ding, *&c.*

The pris'ner now, upo' his back,
The laird's Jock's gotten up fu' hie;
And down the ſtair, him irons and a',
Wi' nae ſma' ſpeed and joy brings he.
With my fa ding, *&c.*

Now Jock, I wat, quo' Hobie Noble,
Part o' the weight ye may lay on me;
I wat weel no, quo' the laird's Jock,
I count him lighter than a flee.
With my fa ding, *&c.*

Sae out at the gates they a' are gane,—
The pris'ner's ſet on horſeback hie;
And now wi' ſpeed they've tane the gate,
While ilk ane jokes fu' wantonlie.—
With my fa ding, &c.

Oh! Jock, ſae winſomely's ye ride,
Wi' baith your feet upo' ae ſide—
Sae weel's ye're harneſs'd, and ſae trig,
In troth ye ſit like ony bride.
With my fa ding, &c.

The night, tho' wat, they didna mind,
But hied them on fu' mirrilie,
Until they came to Cholerford brae,
Where the water ran like mountains hie.
With my fa ding, &c.

But when they came to Cholerford,
There they met with an auld man:
Says, Honeſt man will the water ride?—
Tell us in haſte, if that ye can.
With my fa ding, &c.

I wat weel no, quo' the good auld man,—
Here I hae liv'd this threty yeirs and three;
And I ne'er yet ſaw the Tyne ſae big,
Nor rinning ance ſae like a ſea.
With my fa ding, &c.

Then

Then up and ſpake the laird's ſaft Wat,
The greateſt coward in the companie,
Now halt, now halt—we needna try't;
The day is com'd we a' maun die.
With my fa ding, &c.

Poor faint-hearted thief, quo' the laird's Jock,
There'll nae man die but he that's fie;—
I'll lead ye a' right ſafely through;
Lift ye the pris'ner on ahint me.
With my fa ding, &c.

Sae now the water they a' hae tane,
By anes and twas they a' ſwam through:
Here are we a' ſafe, ſays the laird's Jock;
And poor faint Wat, what think ye now?
With my fa ding, &c

They ſcarce the ither ſide had won,
When twenty men they ſaw purſue;
Frae Newcaſtle town they had been ſent,
A' Engliſh lads right good and true.
With my fa ding, &c.

But when the land-ſergeant the water ſaw,
It winna ride my lads, quo' he;
Then out he cries, Ye the pris'ner may take;
But leave the irons, I pray, to me.
With my fa ding, &c.

I wat weel no, cry'd the laird's Jock,—
I'll keep them a'—ſhoon to my mare they'll be;
My good grey mare,—for I am ſure
She's bought them a' fu' dear frae thee.
With my fa ding, &c.

Sae now they're away for Liddiſdale,
E'en as faſt as they cou'd them hie;
The pris'ner's brought to his ain fire-ſide,
And there o's irons they make him free.
With my fa ding, &c.

Now Jock, my billie, quo' a' the three,
The day was com'd thou was to die;
But thou's as weel at thy ain fire-ſide,
Now ſitting, I think 'tween thee and me.
With my fa ding, &c.

They hae gard fill up ae punch bowl,
And after it they maun hae anither;
And thus the night they a' hae ſpent,—
Juſt as they had been brither and brither.
With my fa ding diddle, la la dow diddle.

SONG

SONG—*By Mr* SHENSTONE,

THE weſtern ſky was purpled o'er
With ev'ry pleaſing ray,
And flocks reviving felt no more
The ſultry heat of day,
When from an hazel's artleſs bow'r
Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;
He bleſs'd the ſcene, he bleſs'd the hour,
While Nancy's praiſe he ſung.

Let fops with fickle falſehood range
The paths of wanton love,
Whilſt weeping maids lament their change,
And ſadden ev'ry grove:
But endleſs bleſſings crown the day
I ſaw fair *E'ſham*'s vale,
And ev'ry bleſſing find its way
To Nancy of the Dale.

Her ſhape was like the reed, ſo ſleek,
So taper, ſtrait, and fair;
Her dimpled ſmile, her bluſhing cheek,
How charming ſweet they were!
Far in the winding vale retir'd,
This peerleſs bud I found;
And ſhadowing rocks and woods conſpir'd
To fence her beauties round.

That nature in ſo lone a dell
Should form a nymph ſo ſweet,
Or fortune to her ſecret cell
Conduct my wand'ring feet!

Gay lordlings ſought her for their bride:
But ſhe would ne'er incline:
"Prove to your equals true," ſhe cry'd,
"As I will prove to mine."

"'Tis Strephon, on the mountain's brow,
"Has won my right good-will;
"To him I gave my plighted vow,
"With him I'll climb the hill."
Struck with her charms, and gentle truth,
I claſp'd the conſtant fair;
To her alone I give my youth,
And vow my future care.

THE SKY-LARK.—*By Mr* SHENSTONE.

GO, tuneful bird, that glad'ſt the ſkies,
To Daphne's window ſpeed thy way;
And there on quiv'ring pinions riſe,
And there thy vocal art diſplay.

And if ſhe deign thy notes to hear,
And if ſhe praiſe thy matin ſong,
Tell her the ſounds that ſoothe her ear
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may ſhine;
But aſk the lovely partial maid,
What are his notes compar'd to thine?

Then

Then bid her treat yon witleſs beau,
And all his flaunting race, with ſcorn,
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who ſings her praiſe, and ſings forlorn.

****

SONG—*By Mr* CUNNINGHAM.

SINCE wedlock's in vogue, and ſtale virgins deſpis'd,
To all batchelors, greeting, theſe lines are premis'd:
I'm a maid that would marry—ah! could I but find
(I care not for fortune) a man to my mind,
(I care not for fortune) a man to my mind.

Not the fair feather'd fop, fond of faſhion and dreſs;
Not the 'ſquire, who can reliſh no joys but the chace;
Nor the free-thinking rake, who no morals can bind;
Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind,
Neither this, *&c.*

Not the ruby-fac'd ſot, who topes world without end;
Nor the drone, who can't reliſh his bottle and friend;
Nor the fool, that's too fond; nor the churl that's unkind;
Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind,
Neither this, *&c.*

Not the rich, with full bags, without breeding or merit;
Nor the flaſh, that's all fury, without any ſpirit;

Nor the fine maſter fribble, the ſcorn of mankind;
Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind,
Neither this, *&c.*

But the youth whom good ſenſe and good nature inſpire;
Whom the brave muſt eſteem, and the fair ſhould admire;
In whoſe heart love and truth are with honour conjoin'd;
This, this, and no other's the man to my mind,
This, this, and no other's the man to my mind.

SHEPHERDS I have loſt my love,
Have you ſeen my Anna?
Pride of ev'ry ſhady grove
Upon the banks of Banna.
I for her my home forſook,
Near yon miſty mountain;
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
Greenwood-ſhade, and fountain.

Never ſhall I ſee them more,
Until her returning;
All the joys of life are o'er,—
From gladneſs chang'd to mourning.
Whither is my charmer flown?
Shepherds, tell me whither?
Ah! Woe for me, perhaps ſhe's gone
For ever and for ever.

CHILD

CHILD MAURICE.

"This is undoubtedly the true title of this incomparable Ballad, though corrupted into Gil Morrice by the nurſes and old women, from whoſe mouths it was originally publiſhed. CHILD ſeems to have been of equal importance with DAMOISEAU, and applicable to a young nobleman when about the age of fifteen."——SCOTTISH TRAGIC BALLADS, p. 107.

CHILD MAURICE was an erle's ſon,
His name it waxed wide;
It was nae for his great riches,
Nor yit his meikle pride,
But for his dame, a lady gay,
Wha livd on Carron ſide.

'Whar ſall I get a bonny boy,
'That will win hoſe and ſhoen,
'That will gae to lord Barnard's ha,
'And bid his lady come?

'And ye maun rin errand Willie,
'And ye maun rin wi ſpeid;
'Whan ither boys gang on their feet
'Ye ſall hae prancing ſteid.'

"O no! oh no! my maſter deir!
"I dar na for my life;
"I'll no gae to the bauld barons,
"For to trieſt furth his wife."

'My

'My burd Willie, my boy Willie,
'My deir Willie, he ſaid,
'How can ye ſtrive againſt the ſtreim?
'For I ſall be obey'd.'

"But O my maſter deir! he cryd,
"In grenewode ye're your lane;
"Gi owr ſic thochts I wald ye red,
"For feir ye ſold be tane."

'Haſte, haſte, I ſay, gae to the ha,
'Bid her come here wi ſpeid;
'If ye refuſe my hie command,
'I'll gar your body bleid.

'Gae bid her tak this gay mantel,
'Tis a gowd bot the hem;
'Bid her come to the gude grenewode,
'Ein by herſel alane:

'And there it is, a ſilken ſark,
'Her ain hand ſewd the ſleive;
'And bid her come to Child Maurice;
Speir nae bauld baron's leive.'

"Yes I will gae your black errand,
"Thouch it be to your coſt;
"Sen ye will na be warnd by me,
"In it ye ſall find froſt.

"The baron he's a man o micht,
"He neir cold bide to taunt:
"And ye will ſee before its nicht,
"Sma cauſe ye hae to vaunt.

"And

" And ſen I maun your errand rin,
" Sae ſair againſt my will,
" I'ſe mak a vow, and keip it trow,
" It ſall be done for ill."

Whan he cam to the broken brig,
He bent his bow and ſwam;
And whan he cam to graſs growing,
Set down his feet and ran.

And whan he cam to Barnard's yeat,
Wold neither chap nor ca,
But ſet his bent bow to his breiſt,
And lichtly lap the wa.

He wald na tell the man his errand
Thouch he ſtude at the yeat;
But ſtreight into the ha he cam,
Whar they were ſet at meat.

' Hail! hail! my gentle ſire and dame!
' My meſſage winna wait,
' Dame ye maun to the grenewode gae,
' Afore that it be late.

' Ye're bidden take this gay mantel,
' Tis a gowd bot the hem:
' Ye maun haſte to the gude grenewode,
' Ein by yourſell alane.

' And there it is, a ſilken ſark,
' Your ain hand ſewd the ſleive;
' Ye maun gae ſpeik to Child Maurice;
' Speir nae bauld baron's leive.'

The lady ſtamped wi her foot,
And winked wi her eie;
But a that ſhe cold ſay or do,
Forbidden he wald na be.

"It's ſurely to my bower-woman,
"It neir cold be to me."
'I brocht it to lord Barnard's lady,
'I trow that ye be ſhe.'

Then up and ſpak the wylie nurſe,
(The bairn upo her knie),
"If it be come frae Child Maurice
"It's deir welcum to me."

'Ye lie, ye lie, ye filthy nurſe,
'Sae loud as I heir ye lie;
'I brocht it to lord Barnard's lady—
'I trow ye be na ſhe.'

Then up and ſpak the bauld baron,
An angry man was he:
He has tane the table wi his foot,
Sae has he wi his knie,
Till cryſtal cup and ezar diſh
In flinders he gard flie.

"Gae bring a robe of your cliding,
"Wi a the haſte ye can,
"And I'll gae to the gude grenewode,
"And ſpeik wi your lemman."

'O bide

'O bide at hame now lord Barnard!
'I ward ye bide at hame;
'Neir wyte a man for violence,
'Wha neir wyte ye wi nane.

Child Maurice ſat in the grenewode,
He whiſtled and he ſang:
"O what meins a the folk coming?
"My mother tarries lang †."

The baron to the grenewode cam,
Wi meikle dule and care;
And there he firſt ſpyd Child Maurice,
Kaming his yellow hair.

'Nae wonder, nae wonder, Child Maurice,
'My lady loes thee weil:
'The faireſt part o my body
'Is blacker than thy heil.

'Yet neir the leſs, now Child Maurice,
'For a thy great bewtie,
'Ye'ſe rew the day ye eir was born;
'That heid ſall gae wi me.'

Now he has drawn his truſty brand,
And ſlaided owr the ſtrae ‡;
And throuch Child Maurice fair body
He gard the cauld iron gae.

† This ſtroke of nature is delicate. It paints the very thought of youth and innocence. In ſuch happy tenuity of phraſe, this exquiſite compoſition is only rivalled by the MEROPE of MAFFEI, the moſt finiſhed Tragedy in the world. Some lines fancifully interpolated by a modern and very inferior hand are here omitted.

‡ The meaning is, He went haſtily over the rank graſs.

And he has tane Child Maurice heid,
And ſet it on a ſpeir;
The meineſt man in a his train,
Has gotten that heid to beir.

And he has tane Child Maurice up,
Laid him acroſs his ſteid;
And brocht him to his painted bower
And laid him on a bed.

The lady on the caſtle wa
Beheld baith dale and down;
And there ſhe ſaw Child Maurice heid
Cum trailing to the toun.

"Better I loe that bluidy heid,
"Bot and that yellow hair,
"Than lord Barnard and a his lands
"As they lig here and there."

And ſhe has tane Child Maurice heid,
And kiſs'd baith cheik and chin;
"I was anes fow o Child Maurice
"As the hip is o the ſtane †.

"I gat ye in my father's houſe
"Wi meikle ſin and ſhame;
"I brocht ye up in the grenewode
"Ken'd to myſell alane:

† This would appear the corruption of ſome nurſe; but, as it ſtands, the ſimile, though none of the moſt delicate, has a parallel in the Father of Engliſh Poetry:

But he was chaſte and no lechoure
And ſweet as is the bramble floure
That bearethe the red hip.——CHAUCER, Sir Topas.

"Aſt

" Aft have I by thy craddle ſitten,
" And fondly ſein thee ſleip;
" But now I maun gae 'bout thy grave
" A mother's teirs to weip."

Again ſhe kiſs'd his bluidy cheik,
Again his bluidy chin;
" O better I loed my ſon Maurice,
" Than a my kyth and kin!"

' Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
' An ill dethe may ye die?
' Gin I had ken'd he was your ſon
' He had neir been ſlayne by me.'

" Obraid me not, my lord Barnard!
" Obraid me not for ſhame!
" Wi that ſam ſpeir, O perce my heart,
" And ſave me frae my pain!

" Since naething but Child Maurice heid
" Thy jealous rage cold quell
" Let that ſam hand now tak her lyfe,
That neir to thee did ill.

" To me nae after days nor nichts
" Will eir be ſaft or kind:
" I'll fill the air wi heavy ſichs,
" And greit till I be blind."

' Eneuch o bluid by me's been ſpilt,
' Seek not your dethe frae me;
' I'd rather far it had been myſell,
' Than either him or thee.

'Wi hopeleſs wae I hear your plaint,
'Sair ſair I rew the deid.—
'That eir this curſed hand o mine
'Sold gar his body bleid!

'Dry up your teirs, my winſome dame,
'They neir can heal the wound;
'Ye ſee his heid upo the ſpeir,
'His heart's bluid on the ground.

'I curſe the hand that did the deid,
'The heart that thocht the ill,
'The feet that bare me wi ſic ſpeid,
'The comlie youth to kill,

'I'll aye lament for Child Maurice
'As gin he war my ain;
'I'll neir forget the dreiry day
'On which the youth was ſlain.'

The foregoing, which is undoubtedly one of the oldeſt Scots Ballads now in print, is ſaid to have furniſhed the plot to the Tragedy of DOUGLAS.

The

The Laſt Speech of a WRETCHED MISER.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

O DOOL! and am I forc'd to die,
And nae mair my dear ſiller ſee,
That glanc'd ſae ſweetly in my eye!
It breaks my heart;
My gowd! my bands! alackanie!
That we ſhould part.

For you I labour'd night and day,
For you I did my friends betray,
For you on ſtinking caff I lay,
And blankets thin;
And for your ſake fed mony a flae
Upon my ſkin.

Like *Tantalus* I lang have ſtood
Chin-deep into a ſiller flood;
Yet ne'er was able for my blood,
But pain and ſtrife,
To ware ae drap on claiths or food,
To cheriſh life.

Or like the wiſſen'd beardleſs wights,
Wha herd the wives of eaſtern knights,
Yet ne'er enjoy the ſaft delights
Of laſſes bony;
Thus did I watch lang days and nights
My lovely money.

Altho'

Altho' my annual rents cou'd feed
Thrice forty fowk that ſtood in need,
I grudg'd myſell my daily bread:
And if frae hame,
My pouch produc'd an ingan head,
To pleaſe my wame.

To keep you coſie in a hoord,
This hunger I with eaſe endur'd;
And never dought a doit afford
To ane o' ſkill,
Wha, for a doller, might have cur'd
Me o' this ill.

I never wore my claiths with bruſhing,
Nor wrung away my ſarks with waſhing;
Nor ever ſat in taverns daſhing
Away my coin,
To find out wit or mirth by claſhing
O'er dearthfu' wine.

Abiet my pow was bald and bare,
I wore nae frizzl'd limmer's hair,
Which taks o' flour to keep it fair,
Frae reeſting free,
As meikle as wad dine and mair
The like o' me.

Nor kept I ſervants, tales to tell,
But toom'd my coodies a' myſell;
To hane in candle I had a ſpell
Baith cheap and bright,
A fiſh-head, when it 'gins to ſmell,
Gi'es curious light.

What

What reaſon can I ſhaw, quo ye,
To ſave and ſtarve, to cheat and lie,
To live a beggar, and to die
Sae rich in coin?
That's mair than can be gi'en by me,
Tho' *Belzie* join.

Some ſaid my looks were groff and ſowr,
Fretfu', drumbly, dull and dowr:
I own it was na in my pow'r,
My fears to ding;
Wharefore I never could endure
To laugh or ſing.

I ever hated bookiſh reading,
And muſical or dancing breeding,
And what's in either face or cleading,
Of painted things;
I thought nae picture worth the heeding,
Except the king's.

Now of a' them the eard e'er bure,
I never rhymers cou'd endure,
They're ſic a ſneering pack and poor,
I hate to ken 'em;
For 'gainſt us thrifty ſauls they're ſure
To ſpit their venom.

But waſter wives, the warſt of a',
Without a yeuk they gar ane claw,
When wickedly they bid us draw
Our ſiller ſpungs,
For this and that, to mak them braw,
And lay their tongues.

Some

Some loo the courts, ſome loo the kirks,
Some loo to keep their ſkins frae lirks,
Some loo to woo aneath the birks
Their lemans bony;
For me, I took them a' for ſtirks
That loo'd na money.

They ca'd me ſlave to uſury,
Squeeze, cleave the hair, and peel the flee,
Clek, flae the flint, and penury,
And ſauleſs wretch;
But that ne'er ſkaith'd or troubl'd me,
Gin I grew rich.

On profit a' my thoughts were bent,
And mony thouſands have I lent,
But ſickerly I took gude tent,
That double pawns
With a cudeigh, and ten *per cent.*
Lay in my hands.

Whan borrow'rs brak, the pawns were rug,
Rings, beads of pearl, or ſiller jug,
I ſald them aff, ne'er faſh'd my lug
With girns or curſes,
The mair they whing'd, it gart me hug
My ſwelling purſes.

Sometimes I'd ſigh, and ape a ſaint,
And with a lang rat-rhyme o' cant,
Wad mak a mane for them in want;
But for ought mair,
I never was the fool to grant
Them ony ſkair.

I thought

I thought ane freely might pronounce
That chiel a very ſilly dunce,
That cou'd na honeſty renounce,
Wi' eaſe and joys,
At ony time, to win an ounce
O' yellow boys.

Whan young I ſome remorſe did feel,
And liv'd in terror o' the deel,
His furnace, whips, and racking wheel;
But by degrees,
My conſcience grown as hard as ſteel,
Gave me ſome eaſe.

But fears of want and carking care
To ſave my ſtock—and thirſt for mair,
By night and day oppreſt me ſair,
And turn'd my head;
While friends appear'd like harpies gare,
That wiſh'd me dead.

For fear of thieves I aft lay waking
The live-lang night till day was breaking,
Syne thro' my ſleep, with heart ſair aiking,
I've aften ſtarted,
Thinking I heard my windows craking,
When *Elſpa* f——.

O gear! I held ye lang thegither;
For you I ſtarv'd my gude auld mither,
And to *Virginia* ſald my brither,
And cruſh'd my wife;
But now I'm gaun I kenna whither,
To leave my life.

My life! my god! my ſpirit earns,
Not on my kindred, wife or bairns,
Sic are but very laigh concerns,
Compar'd wi' thee!
When now this mortal rottle warns
Me I maun die.

It to my heart gaes like a gun,
To ſee my kin and graceleſs ſon
Like rooks already are begun
To thumb my gear,
And caſh that has na ſeen the ſun
This fifty year.

Oh, oh! that ſpendthrift ſon o' mine,
Wha can on roaſted moorfowl dine,
And like dub-water ſkink the wine,
And dance and ſing;
He'll ſoon gar my dear darlings dwine
Down to naething.

To that ſame place, where e'er I gang,
O cou'd I bear my wealth alang!
Nae heir ſhou'd e'er a farthing fang,
That thus carouſes,
Tho' they ſhou'd a' on woodies hang,
For breaking houſes.

Perdition! *Sathan!* is that you!
I ſink!—am dizzy!—Candle blue.
Wi' that he never mair play'd pew,
But with a rair,
Away his wretched ſpirit flew,
It makſna where.

EDWIN

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

'TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
'And guide my lonely way
'To where yon taper cheers the vale
'with hoſpitable ray:

'For here, forlorn and loſt I tread,
'with fainting ſteps and ſlow,
'Where wilds, immeaſurably ſpread,
'Seem length'ning as I go.'

'Forbear, my ſon,' the Hermit cries,
'To tempt the dangerous gloom;
'For yonder faithleſs phantom flies
'To lure thee to thy doom.

'Here to the houſeleſs child of want
'My door is open ſtill;
'And though my portion is but ſcant,
'I give it with good will.

'Then turn to-night, and freely ſhare
'Whate'er my cell beſtows;
'My ruſhy couch, and frugal fare,
'My bleſſing and repoſe.

'No flocks that range the valley free,
'To ſlaughter I condemn:
'Taught by that power that pities me,
'I learn to pity them,

'But from the mountain's graſſy ſide
'A guiltleſs feaſt I bring;
'A ſcrip with herbs and fruits ſupply'd,
'And water from the ſpring.

'Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego,
'All earth-born cares are wrong;
'Man wants but little here below,
'Nor wants that little long.'

Soft as the dew from Heav'n deſcends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modeſt ſtranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell,

Far in a wilderneſs obſcure
The lonely manſion lay,
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And ſtrangers led aſtray.

No ſtores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a maſter's care?
The wicket op'ning with a latch
Receiv'd the harmleſs pair.

And now, when buſy crouds retire
To take their evening reſt,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his penſive gueſt;

And ſpread his vegetable ſtore,
And gaily preſt, and ſmil'd,
And, ſkill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around

Around in ſympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To ſoothe the ſtranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His riſing cares the Hermit ſpy'd,
With anſw'ring care oppreſt
'And whence, unhappy youth,' he cry'd,
'The ſorrows of thy breaſt?

'From better habitations ſpurn'd,
'Reluctant doſt thou rove?
'Or grieve for friendſhip unreturn'd,
'Or unregarded love?

'Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
'Are trifling, and decay;
'And thoſe who prize the paltry things,
'More trifling ſtill than they.

'And what is Friendſhip but a name,
'A charm that lulls to ſleep;
'A ſhade that follows wealth or fame,
'But leaves the wretch to weep?

'And Love is ſtill an emptier ſound,
'The modern fair-one's jeſt,
'On earth unſeen, or only found
'To warm the turtle's neſt.

'For

'For ſhame, fond youth! thy ſorrows huſh,
'And ſpurn the ſex,' he ſaid:
But, while he ſpoke, a riſing bluſh
His love-lorn gueſt betray'd,

Surpris'd he ſees new beauties riſe
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning ſkies,
As bright, as tranſient too,

The baſhful look, the riſing breaſt,
Alternate ſpread alarms;
The lovely ſtranger ſtands confeſt
A maid in all her charms.

'And, ah! forgive a ſtranger rude,
'A wretch forlorn,' ſhe cry'd,
'Whoſe feet unhallow'd thus intrude
'Where Heav'n and you reſide.

But let a maid thy pity ſhare,
'Whom Love has taught to ſtray;
Who ſeeks for reſt, but finds deſpair
'Companion of her way.

'My father liv'd beſide the Tyne
'A wealthy Lord was he;
'And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
'He had but only me,

'To win me from his tender arms,
'Unnumber'd ſuitors came;
'Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
'And felt or feign'd a flame.

'Each

'Each hour a mercenary crowd
'With richeſt proffers ſtrove:
'Among the reſt young Edwin bow'd,
'But never talk'd of love.

'In humble ſimpleſt habit clad,
'No wealth or power had he:
'Wiſdom and worth were all he had,
'But theſe were all to me.

'The bloſſom op'ning to the day,
'The dews of heav'n refin'd,
'Could nought of purity diſplay,
'To emulate his mind,

'The dew, the bloſſom on the tree,
'With charms inconſtant ſhine;
'Their charms were his, but, woe to me!
'Their conſtancy was mine:

'For ſtill I try'd each fickle art,
'Importunate and vain;
'And while his paſſion touch'd my heart,
'I triumph'd in his pain.

'Till, quite dejected with my ſcorn,
'He left me to my pride,
'And ſought a ſolitude forlorn,
'In ſecret, where he died.

'But mine the ſorrow, mine the fault;
'And well my life ſhall pay;
'I'll ſeek the ſolitude he ſought,
'And ſtretch me where he lay.—

'And

'And there forlorn, deſpairing bid,
'I'll lay me down and die:
'Twas ſo for me that Edwin did,
'And ſo for him will I.'

'Forbid it, Heav'n!' the hermit cry'd,
And claſp'd her to his breaſt:
The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide——
'Twas Edwin's ſelf that preſt.

'Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
'My charmer, turn to ſee
'Thy own, thy long-loſt Edwin here,
Reſtor'd to love and thee.

'Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
'And ev'ry care reſign:
'And ſhall we never, never part,
'My life—my all that's mine.

'No, never, from this hour to part,
'We'll live and love ſo true;
'The ſigh that rends thy conſtant heart,
'Shall break thy Edwin's too.'

ELEGY.

ELEGY.

Written at the approach of SPRING.

STERN Winter hence with all his train removes;
And cheerful ſkies and limpid ſtreams are ſeen;
Thick ſprouting foliage decorates the groves;
Reviving herbage robes the fields in green.

Yet lovelier ſcenes ſhall crown th' advancing year,
When blooming Spring's full bounty is diſplay'd;
The ſmile of beauty ev'ry vale ſhall wear;
The voice of ſong enliven ev'ry ſhade.

O Fancy, paint not coming days too fair!
Oft for the proſpects ſprightly May ſhould yield,
Rain-pouring clouds have darken'd all the air,
Or ſnows untimely whiten'd o'er the field:

But ſhould kind Spring her wonted bounty ſhow'r,
The ſmile of beauty and the voice of ſong;
If gloomy thought the human mind o'erpow'r,
Ev'n vernal hours glide unenjoy'd along.

I ſhun the ſcenes where madd'ning paſſion raves,
Where Pride and folly high dominion hold,
And unrelenting Avarice drives her ſlaves,
O'er proſtrate Virtue, in purſuit of gold:

The graſſy lane, the wood ſurrounded field,
The rude ſtone fence with fragrant wall flow'rs gay,
The clay-built cot, to me more pleaſure yeild
Than all the pomp imperial domes diſplay:

And yet ev'n here amid theſe ſecret ſhades,
  Theſe ſimple ſcenes of unreprov'd delight,
Affliction's iron hand my breaſt invades,
  And death's dread dart is ever in my ſight.

While genial ſuns to genial ſhowers ſucceed?
  (The air all mildneſs, and the earth all bloom,)
While herds and flocks range ſportive o'er the mead:
  Crop the ſweet herb, and ſnuff the rich Perfume:

O Why alone to hapleſs man deny'd
  To taſte the bliſs inferior beings boaſt?
O why this fate, that fear and pain divide
  His few ſhort hours on earth's delightful coaſt;

Ah ceaſe—no more of providence complain!
  'Tis ſenſe of guilt that wakes the mind to woe,
Gives force to fear, adds energy to pain,
  And palls each joy by heav'n indulg'd below:

Why elſe the ſmiling infant-train ſo bleſt,
  Ere dear-bought knowledge ends the peace within,
Or wild deſire inflames the youthful breaſt,
  Or ill propenſion ripens into ſin;

As to the bleating tenants of the field,
  As to the ſportive warblers on the trees,
To them their joys ſincere the ſeaſons yield,
  And all their days and all their proſpects pleaſe;

Such joys were mine when from the peopled ſtreets,
  Where on Thameſis banks I liv'd immur'd,
The new-blown fields that breath'd a thouſand ſweets
  To Surry's wood-crown'd hills my ſteps allur'd.
O happy

O happy hours, beyond recov'ry fled!
What ſhare I now, "that can your loſs repay,"
While o'er my mind theſe glooms of thought are ſpread,
And veil the light of life's meridian ray?

Is there no power this darkneſs to remove?
The long-loſt joys of Eden to reſtore,
Or raiſe our views to happier ſeats above,
Where fear and pain and death ſhall be no more.

Yes, thoſe there are who know a Saviour's love
The long-loſt joys of Eden can reſtore,
And raiſe their views to happier ſeats above,
Where fear and pain and death ſhall be no more:

Theſe grateful ſhare the gift of nature's hand;
And in the varied ſcenes that round them ſhine,
(The fair, the rich, the aweful, and the grand)
Admire th' amazing workmanſhip divine.

Blows not a flow'ret in th' enamell'd vale,
Shines not a pebble where the riv'let ſtrays'
Sports not an inſect in the ſpicy gale,
But claims their wonder and excites their praiſe?

For them e'en vernal Nature looks more gay,
For them more lively hues the fields adorn;
To them more fair the faireſt ſmile of day,
To them more ſweet the ſweeteſt breath of morn:

They feel the bliſs that faith and hope ſupply;
They paſs ſerene th' appointed hours that bring
The day that wafts them to the realms on high,
The day that centers in eternal Spring.

MORNING.

IN the barn the tenant cock,
Close to partlet perch'd on high,
Briskly crows (the shepherd's clock),
And proclaims the morning nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire;
And the peeping sun-beam now
Paints with gold the village spire.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning-gale;
And the new-wak'd kidlings crop
Daisies round the dewy dale.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night:
And the lark to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the clay-built cottage ridge,
See the chatt'ring swallow spring!
Darting through the one arch'd bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing,

Lo the busy bees, employ'd!
Restless till their task be done!
Now from sweet to sweet uncloy'd,
Sipping dew, before the sun.

Trickling

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
  See the ſilver ſtreams diſtil!
Sweet refreſhment for the flock,
  When 'tis ſun-drove from the hill!

Ploughmen, for the promis'd corn,
  Rip'ning o'er the banks of Tweed,
Anxious, hear the huntſman's horn,
  Soften'd by the ſhepherd's reed.

Sweet, Oh ſweet, the warbling throng,
  On the white embloſſom'd ſpray!
All is muſic, mirth, and ſong,
  At the jocund dawn of day.

J. CUNNINGHAM.

NOON.

FERVID now the ſun-beam glows,
  Drinking deep the morning-gem:
Not a dew-drop's left the roſe,
  To refreſh her parent ſtem.

By the brook the ſhepherd dines,
  From the fierce meridian heat
Shelter'd, by the branching pines,
  Pendent o'er his graſſy ſeat.

See, the flock forſakes the glade,
  Where uncheck'd the ſun-beams fall,
Sure to find a pleaſing ſhade
  By the ivy'd abbey-wall.

Echo,

Echo, in her airy round
O'er the river, rock, and hill,
Cannot catch a ſingle ſound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
Where the ſtreamlet wanders cool;
Or with languid ſilence ſtand
Midway in the marſhy pool.

But from the mountain, dell, or ſtream,
Not a flutt'ring zephyr ſprings;
Fearful, leſt the piercing beam
Scorch its ſoft, its ſilken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to ſtir,
Nature's lull'd, ſerene, and ſtill!
Quiet e'en the ſhepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill!

Languid is the landſcape round,
Till the freſh-deſcending ſhow'r
Kindly cools the thirſty ground,
And revives each fainting flow'r.

Now the hill, the hedge, is green,
Now the warbler's throat's in tune!
Blithſome is the vernal ſcene,
Brighten'd by the beams of Noon.

J. CUNNINGHAM.

EVEN-

EVENING.

SOFT tranquil daughter of the day!
On whoſe fair face autumnal zephyrs play;
O'er whoſe ſerene unclouded eye
Sol ſheds the mildeſt luſtre of the ſky:
Thee, unmoleſted, let me hail,
And tread the carpet of thy ſhady vale;
Near which, with bonnet wheaten-bound,
Sits Ceres liſt'ning to the ſheep-bells' ſound:
Or let me woo thee by the ſtream,
Obliquely gilded by the weſtern beam;
While flies and gnats unnumber'd throng,
And faintly murmur no unpleaſing ſong.
Now, to enjoy the balmy hour,
The lark deſcends from his aerial tow'r;
Apollo is reclin'd to reſt
On the ſmooth down of Amphitrite's breaſt;
The bird who loves the approach of night,
Hoots tremulous, and flaps his wings for flight;
With wheeling plume the bat flits by,
And mocks th' imperfect motion of the eye;
The buzzing chafer here and there
Spreads his gauze wing, and ſpins along the air.
But dark-ey'd Night (ſo heav'n ordains)
Comes nodding on, and blackens all the plains.
The pleaſing ſcenes which nature drew,
Are clouded o'er, and vaniſh from the view.
The brilliant Morn, the Noon of day,
And thy ſweet ſhadows, Ev'ning! are away.

But

But ſoon the brillant Morn again
Shall radiate all the firmamental plain;
And ſoon the Sun's meridian ray,
Zenith'd on high, ſhall give us back the day:
And Ev'ning! thou with aſpect bland,
Shalt pour thy length'ning ſhadows o'er the land.
Such is thy pictur'd life O man!
Which daily dies and fades as it began.
Thy infant morn ſhall ſink away,
Thy noon of Youth, and ev'ning Age decay;
Pale death ſhall wrap thee in his urn,
For duſt thou waſt, and ſhalt to duſt return.
But let not this thy ſoul affright:
Be Virtue's pupil—tread the path of right;
Then ſhalt thou 'ſcape the ſinner's doom,
And riſe, new-born, triumphant o'er the tomb.

WOTY.

MIDNIGHT.

IN ebon chariot ſable Night deſcends,
And o'er the earth her duſky mantle throws;
O,er hills, vales, woods her magic wand extends,
And locks the buſy world in ſoft repoſe.

The boiſt'rous Boreas now forgets to blow,
And all his bluſt'ring brethren ceaſe to roar,
The ſleepy winds ſcarce bid the currents flow,
And drowſy ſurges murmur on the ſhore.

The

The queen of heav'n, refulgent lamp of night,
Now ſkirts the ocean-brim with upward beam;
In clouded luſtre ſheds a dubious light,
That dances on the ſoftly-flowing ſtream.

Soft Zephyr now more ſoftly glides along,
With gentle whiſper through the trembling trees,
And ſcarce is heard the dewy leaves among,
And ſcarce the aſpin quivers with his breeze.

From the high ſummit of yon lonely tow'r,
With creeping moſs and ivy overſpread,
The ſolemn bell proclaims the midnight hour:
Sad prelude of the trump' that ſhall awake the dead.

Heard you from yonder oak, whoſe tow'ring height,
Aſpiring, ſeems to prop the nether ſky,
The diſmal ſcreeching of the bird of night,
The beetle's drowſy hum, the curlew's cry!

Ah! whence that groan? —why ſhakes the ſolid ground?——
And who are thoſe, in ſhining white array'd,
That ſpread a tranſient blaze of luſtre round,
And gild with broken rays the duſky ſhade?

'Twas but the ſolemn bird, whoſe plaintive air,
Is nightly warbled from yon verdant ſpray.
And thoſe tall pines ſeen by a meteor's glare,
Whoſe tranſient glories, fading, die away!

Hail! awful groves; and thou primæval Night!
Whoſe duſky reign alternately returns!
All hail! bright Cynthia, to thy magic light!
Hail to each glitt'ring fire which round thee burns!

And thou, O contemplation! ſacred maid,
To higheſt heav'n that wing'ſt thy ſhining way:
All hail thy preſence, in this friendly ſhade;
Free from the buſy cares of glaring day!

Whene'er I haunt the groves and ſhady bow'rs,
Whene'er by the cool fountain's ſide reclin'd,
I ſeek in ſolitude to ſpend my hours,
And taſte the nobler pleaſures of the mind.

O grant thy aid, and from thy ſapphire ſky
Deſcending, warm my ſoul with rapt'rous fire,
While huſh'd aſleep the troublous paſſions lie,
And my wing'd thoughts to heav'n's high throne aſpire.

Then all at once thy boundleſs pow'r diſplay;
Bid heav'n ſublime its ſhining gates unfold;
Let hoſts ſeraphic chant th' harmonious lay,
And choirs celeſtial ſtrike their harps of gold!

And while ſuch viſions charm my fancy's eyes,
Let my rapt ſoul unheeded take her flight,
In trance ecſtatic, mounting, view the ſkies,
And trace the regions of eternal light.

THE

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

MOURN, hapleſs Caledonia, mourn
Thy baniſh'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy ſons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie ſlaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hoſpitable roofs no more
Invite the ſtranger to the door;
In ſmoaky ruins ſunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner ſees, afar,
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then ſmites his breaſt, and curſes life.
Thy ſwains are famiſh'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy raviſh'd virgins ſhriek in vain;
Thy infants periſh on the plain.

What boots it then, in ev'ry clime,
Thro' the wide-ſpreading waſte of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praiſe,
Still ſhone with undiminiſh'd blaze;
Thy tow'ring ſpirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke:
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage, and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more ſhall cheer the happy day :
No ſocial ſcenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night :
No ſtrains, but thoſe of ſorrow, flow,
And nought be heard but ſounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the ſlain
Glide nightly o'er the ſilent plain.

Oh baneful cauſe, oh fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The ſons againſt their fathers ſtood ;
The parent ſhed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's ſoul was not appeas'd :
The naked and forlorn muſt feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring ſteel!

The pious mother doom'd to death,
Forſaken, wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whiſtles round her head,
Her helpleſs orphans cry for bread.
Bereft of ſhelter, food, and friend,
She views the ſhades of night deſcend,
And, ſtretch'd beneath th' inclement ſkies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

Whilſt the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns ;
Reſentment of my country's fate
Within, my filial breaſt ſhall beat;

And

And, ſpite of her inſulting foe,
My ſympathizing verſe ſhall flow,
"Mourn, hapleſs Caledonia, mourn
"Thy baniſh'd peace, thy laurels torn!"

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LINES

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT SCOTT, Esq; OF WHITSLADE.

Compoſed by a Tiviot-dale Shepherd who could neither read nor write; and here given from an old M. S. copy.

BOLD brethren three, of their degree
The chief of Mars's train;
And two of them, for loyaltie,
Into the field were ſlain:
The third of them death hath bereft,—
No longer hath preferr'd;
The head and chief—the poors relief,
In Aſhkirk lies interr'd.

At York's great fight, Lang-Merſton height,
Squire Robert loſt his life;
And gude Sir Walter he was kill'd
At Inverkeithing in Fife:
At that great rout Thomas was ſtout,
Being youngeſt of the three;—
To the effuſion of his blood
He fought for's Majeſtie.

We may bewail his death full ſore,
Clad in our ſober weed:
Etrick and Yarrow put on black,
Selkirk may mourn indeed:
Tiviot and Borthwick both may bleed,
To Tweed may make their moan;
And Tweed into the ocean go
Wi' mony a ſigh and groan.

Craik-croſs repent, Eldon relent,
And ſo may Etrick-head;—
Let Ruberſlaw to Jedburgh ſhaw,
Sad news, that Whitſlade's dead:
Let Cowden-hill put on her vail,
And warn all Melroſe land,
That Tiviot-dale has loſt her ſhield,—
Her head and her right hand.

The poor man's help, joy of his friends,
Father to orphans he,
Regarder of the widows cry,
And thoſe in miſery:
A loyal heart to his Majeſty,
The guide of him that err'd;
The flow'r and map of modeſty
In Aſhkirk lies interr'd.

Since he is gone—left us alone,
Why ſhould our hearts be ſad?
He has not left us comfortleſs,—
His ſon's a hopeful lad,——

Of

Of beauty grave and courage brave;
Although his years be young,
There's none on earth can parallel
Old Whitſlade—but his ſon.

Now we'll implore, and ſpeak no more
Of Whitſlade that is gone:
But health, wealth, and proſperity
To young Whitſlade his ſon:
And pray, like Jacob, he may run
To Padanaram's cloſe,
And Laban's Rachel may bring home
To beautify his houſe.

SONG.

By Mr JAMES THOMSON, *author of the Seaſons.*

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
But to the ſympathetic groves,
But to the lonely liſtening plain.

Oh! when ſhe bleſſes next your ſhade,
Oh! when her foot-ſteps next are ſeen
In flow'ry tracts along the mead,
In freſher mazes o'er the green,

Ye gentle ſpirits of the vale,
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
And ſigh my ſorrows in her ear.

O tell

O tell her what ſhe cannot blame,
Tho' fear my tongue muſt ever bind;
Oh! tell her that my virtuous flame
Is, as her ſpotleſs ſoul, refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
With chaſter tenderneſs his care,
Not purer her own wiſhes riſe,
Not holier her own ſighs in prayer.

But if, at firſt, her virgin fear,
Should ſtart at love's ſuſpected name,
With that of friendſhip ſooth her ear——
True love and friendſhip are the ſame.

BY THE SAME.

UNLESS with my Amanda bleſt,
In vain I twine the woodbine bower;
Unleſs to deck her ſweeter breaſt,
In vain I rear the breathing flower;

Awaken'd by the genial year,
In vain the birds around me ſing;
In vain the freſh'ning fields appear:
Without my love there is no ſpring.

HOBIE NOBLE.

An Original Border Song.

FOUL ſa the breaſt firſt treaſon bred in,
That Liddiſdale may ſafely ſay;
For in it there was baith meat and drink,
And corn unto our geldings gay
Fala la diddle, &c.

We were ſtout hearted men and true,
As England it did often ſay:
But now we may turn our backs and fly,
Since brave Noble is ſeld away
Fala, &c.

Now Hobie he was an Engliſh man,
And born into Bewcaſtle dale;
But his miſdeeds they were ſae great,
They baniſh'd him to Liddiſdale.
Fala, &c

At Kerſhope foot † the tryſt was ſet—
Kerſhope of the lily lee:
And there was traitor Sim o' the *Mains* §,
With him a private companie.
Fala, &c.

† At the joining of the Rivers of KERSHOPE and LIDDAL, where there is ſtill ſome remains of an old tower to be ſeen.

§ The MAINS is a farm houſe about ſix hundred yards above the Caſtletoun Church, on the north ſide of Liddal.

Then Hobie has graith'd his body weel,
I wat it was wi' baith good iron and ſteel;
And he has pull'd out his fringed grey,
And there brave Noble he rade him weel,
Fala, &c.

Then Hobie is down the water gane,
E'en as faſt as he may drie;
Tho' they ſhou'd a bruſten and broken their hearts
Frae that tryſt Noble he would not be
Fala, &c.

Weel may ye be my feiries five;
And aye, what is your wills wi' me?
Then they cry'd a' wi' ae conſent,
Thou'rt welcome here brave Noble to me.
Fala, &c.

Wilt thou with us in England ride,
And thy ſafe warrand we will be;—
If we get a horſe worth a hundred punds,
Upon his back that thou ſhalt be.
Fala, &c.

I dare not with you into England ride;
The land-ſergeant has me at feid:—
I know not what evil may betide,
For Peter of Whitfield, his brother, is dead.
Fa la &c

And

And Anton Sheil he loves not me;
For twa drifts of his ſheep I gat:——
The great Earl of Whitfield loves me not;
For nae gear frae me he e'er cou'd keep.
Fala, &c.

But will ye ſtay till the day gae down—
Until the night come o'er the grund,
And I'll be a guide worth ony twa
That may in Liddiſdale be fund.
Fala, &c.

Tho' dark the night as pick and tar,
I'll lead ye o'er yon hills fu' hie;
And bring ye a' in ſafety back,
If you'll be true, and follow me.
Fala, &c.

He's guided them o'er moſs and muir,—
O'er hill and houp, and mony ae down;
Till they came to the Foul-bog-ſhiel,
And there brave Noble he lighted down.
Fala, &c.

Then word is gane to the land-ſergeant,
In Aſkirtoun where that he lay:
The deer that ye hae hunted lang
Is ſeen into the Waſte this day.—
Fala, &c.

Then Hobie Noble is that deer,
I wat he carries the ſtyle fu' hie
Aft has he beat your ſlough-hounds back
And ſet yourſelves at little lee
Fala, &c.

Gar warn the Bows of Hartlie-Burn,
See they ſharp their arrows on the wa':
Warn Willeva and ſpear Edom,
And ſee the morn they meet me a'.—
Fala, &c.

Gar meet me on the Rodrie-haugh;
And ſee it be by break o' day:
And we will on to Conſcowthart Green,
And there I think w'll get our prey.—
Fala, &c.

Then Hobie Noble has dream'd a dream,
In the Foul-bog ſheil where that he lay:
He thought his horſe was 'neath him ſhot,
And he himſelf got hard away.
Fala &c.

The cocks could crow and the day could dawn,
And I wat ſo even down fell the rain:
If Hobie had no waken'd at that time,
In the Foul-bog-ſheil he had been tane or ſlain.
Fala, &c.

Get

Get up, get up, my feiries five;
For I wat here makes a fu' ill day;
And the warſt clock of this companie,
I hope ſhall croſs the Waſte this day.
Fala, &c.

Now Hobie thought the gates were clear,
But ever alas! it was not ſae;
They were beſet wi' cruel men and keen,
That away brave Noble could not gae.
Fala, &c.

Yet follow me my feiries five,
And ſee of me ye keep good ray;
And the worſt clock of this companie,
I hope ſhall croſs the Waſte this day.
Fala, &c.

There was heaps of men now Hobie before,
And other heaps was him behind;
That had he been as wight as Wallace was,
Away brave Noble he could not win.
Fala, &c.

Then Hobie he had but a laddies ſword,
But he did more than a laddies deed;
In the midſt of Conſcowthart green
He brake it o'er Jerſawigham's head.
Fala, &c.

Now

Now they have tane brave Hobie Noble,
Wi' his ain bow-ſtring they band him ſae:
And I wat his heart was ne'er ſae ſair
As when his ain five band him on the brae.
Fala, &c.

They have tane him for Weſt Carliſle;
They aſk'd him if he knew the way.
Whate'er he thought yet little he ſaid.
He knew the way as well as they.—
Fala, &c.

They hae tane him up the Ricker-gate.
The wives they caſt their windows wide;
And ilka wife to anither can ſay,
That's the man loos'd Jock o' the Side
Fala, &c.

Fy on ye women, why ca' ye me man?
For its nae man that I'm us'd like;
I'm but like a forfoughen hound,—
Has been fighting in a dirty ſyke.
Fala, &c.

Then they hae tane him up thro' Carliſle town,
And ſet him by the chimney fire;
They gave, brave Noble a wheat loaf to eat,
And that was little his deſire.—
Fala, &c.

Then they gave him a wheat loaf to eat,
And after that a can o' beer.—
Then they cried a' wi' ae conſent,
Eat brave Noble and make good cheer.
Fala, &c.

Confeſs my lords horſe, Hobie they ſay;
And the morn in Carliſle thou's no die.
How ſhall I confeſs them Hobie ſays
For I never ſaw them with mine eye
Fala' &c.

Then Hobie has ſworn a fu' great aith
By the day that he was gotten or born,
He never had ony thing o' my lord's,
That either eat him graſs or corn.
Fala, &c.

Now fare thee weel ſweet Mangerton;
For I think again I'll ne'er the ſee.
I wad betray nae lad alive
For a the goud in Chriſtentie.
Fala,

And fare thee weel now Liddiſdale,
Baith the hie land and the law—
Keep ye weel frae traitor Mains;
For goud and gear he'll ſell ye a'
Fala, &c.

I'd

I'd rather be ca'd Hobie Noble,
In Carliſle where he ſuffers for his faut,
Before I were ca'd traitor Mains,
That eats and drinks of meal and maut.
Fala, *&c.*

ADAM O' GORDON.

A very old Scottiſh Ballad.

IT fell about the Martinmas,
Whan the wind blew ſhrill and cauld:
Said Adam o Gordon to his men,
"We maun draw to a hauld.

"And what a hauld ſall we draw to,
"My mirrie men and me?
"We will gae ſtrait to Towie houſe
"And ſee that fair ladie."

The lady on her caſtle wa'
Beheld baith dale and down,
When ſhe was ware of a hoſt of men
Riding toward the toun.

'O ſee ye not, my mirry men a,
'O ſee ye not what I ſee?
'Methinks I ſee a hoſt of men,
'I marvel wha they be.'

She

She wein'd it had been her luvely lord,
As he came ryding hame;
It was the traitor Adam o Gordon,
Wha reck'd nae ſin or ſhame.

She had nae ſuner buſked herſel,
And putten on her gown,
Than Adam o Gordon and his men
Were round about the toun.

The lady ran to hir touir heid
Sae faſt as ſhe cold drie,
To ſee if by her ſpeiches fair
She cold wi him agree.

But whan he ſaw the lady ſafe,
And the yates a locked faſt,
He fell into a rage of wrauth,
And his heart was all aghaſt.

" Cum doun to me ye lady gay,
" Cum doun, Cum doun to me:
" This nicht ye ſall lye in my arms,
" The morrow my bride ſall be."

' I winna cum doun ye fauſe Gordon,
' I winna cum doun to thee;
I winna forſake my ain deir lord,
' Thouch he is far frae me.'

" Give owr your houſe, ye lady fair,
" Give owr your houſe to me;
" Or I ſall brin yourſel therein,
" Bot and your babies thrie."

'I winna give owr, ye fauſe Gordon,
'To nae ſic traitor as thee;
'And if ye brin me and my babes,
'My lord ſall mak ye drie.

'But reach my piſtol, Glaud my man,
'And charge ye weil my gun,
'For, bot if I perce that bluidy butcher,
'We a ſall be undone.'

She ſtude upon the caſtle wa
And let twa bullets flie;
She miſt that bluidy butchers heart,
And only razd his knie.

"Set fire to the houſe," cryd fauſe Gordon,
A wood wi dule and ire;
"Fauſe lady ye ſall rue this deid
"As ye brin in the fire,"

'Wae worth, wae worth ye Jock my man,
'I paid ye weil your fee;
'Why pow ye out the ground-wa ſtane
'Lets in the reik to me?

'And ein wae worth ye Jock my man
'I paid ye weil your hire;
'Why pow ye out the ground-wa ſtane
'To me lets in the fire?"

"Ye paid me weil my hire, lady,
"Ye paid me weil my fee:
"But now I'm Adam o Gordon's man;
"And maun or doe or die."

O than

O than beſpak her little ſon
Frae aff the nource's knie,
'Oh mither deir, gi our this houſe,
'For the reik it ſmithers me!'

"I wald gie a my gowd, my chyld,
"Sae wald I a my fee,
"For ae blaſt o the weſtlin wind,
"To blaw the reik frae thee."

O than beſpak her dochter deir,
She was baith jimp and ſma,
'O row me in a pair o ſheits,
'And tow me owr the wa.'

They rowd her in a pair o ſheits,
And towd her owr the wa;
But on the point o Gordon's ſpeir,
She gat a deidly fa.

O bonnie bonnie was her mouth,
And chirry were her cheiks;
And cleir cleir was her yellow hair,
Wharon the red bluid dreips!

Than wi his ſpeir he turnd her owr—
O gin her face was wan!
Quoth he, "ye are the firſt that eir
"I wiſhd alive again."

He turnd her owr and owr again—
O gin her ſkin was white!
"I micht ha ſpair'd that bonnie face
"To hae been ſum mans delyte.

" Buſk and bown, my mirry men a,
" For ill doom I do gueſs :
" I canna luik on that bonnie face,
" As it lyes on the graſs."

' Wha luik to freits, my maſter deir,
' Freits will ay follow them :
' Let it neir be ſaid, Adam o Gordon
' Was daunted by a dame.'

But whan the lady ſaw the fire
Cum flaming our her heid,
She weip'd, and kiſt her children twain ;
" My bairns we been but deid."

The Gordon than his bugil blew,
And ſaid, ' Awa, awa :
' Sen Towie Houſe is a in a flame,
' I hauld it time to ga.'

O than beſpied her ain deir lord,
As he cam owr the lee ;
He ſaw his caſtle a in a blaze
Sae far as he cold ſee.

Then ſair, O ſair, his mind miſgave,
And a his heart was wae ;
" Put on, put on, my wichty men,
" Sae faſt as ye can gae.

" Put on, put on, my wichty men,
" Sae faſt as ye can drie ;
" He that is hindmoſt o the thrang
" Sall neir get gude o me."

Than ſum they rode, and ſum they ran,
Fu faſt owtowr the bent,
But eir the formoſt could win up
Baith lady and babes were brent.

He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,
And weipt in teinfu mude:
"Ah traitors, for this cruel deid
"Ye ſall weip teirs o bluid!"

And after the Gordon he has gane,
Sae faſt as he micht drie:
And ſune in his foul hartis bluid
He has wreken his deir ladie.

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

IT was a friar of orders gray,
Walk'd forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds,

Now Chriſt thee ſave, thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy ſhrine
My true love thou did'ſt ſee.

And how ſhould I know your true love
From many another one?
O by his cockle hat and ſtaff,
And by his ſandal ſhoon.

But

But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were ſo fair to view;
His flaxen locks that ſweetly curl'd,
And eyne of lovely blue.

O lady he's dead and gone!
Lady he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green graſs turf,
And at his heels a ſtone.

Within theſe holy cloyſters long
He languiſh'd, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

Here bore him barefac'd on his bier
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth!
And art thou dead and gone!
And did'ſt thou die for love of me!
Break, cruel heart of ſtone!

O weep not, lady, weep not ſo;
Some ghoſtly comfort ſeek:
Let not vain ſorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek.

O do not, do not, holy friar,
My ſorrow now reprove;
For I have loſt the ſweeteſt youth,
That e'er won Lady's love.

And now, alas! for thy ſad loſs
I'll evermore weep and ſigh;
For thee I only wiſh'd to live,
For thee I wiſh to die.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy ſorrow is in vain;
For, violets pluck'd the ſweeteſt ſhowers
Will ne'er make grow again.

Our joys as winged dreams do fly,
Why then ſhould ſorrow laſt?
Since grief but aggravates thy loſs,
Grieve not for what is paſt.

O ſay not ſo, thou holy friar;
I pray thee, ſay not ſo:
For ſince my true-love died for me,
'Tis meet my tears ſhould flow.

And will he ne'er come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the roſe,
The com'lieſt youth was he:—
But he is dead and laid in his grave:
Alas! and woe is me!

Sigh no more, lady, ſigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever:
One foot on ſea and one on land,
To one thing conſtant never.

Had'ſt thou been fond, he had been falſe,
And left thee ſad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since ſummer trees were leafy.

Now ſay not ſo, thou holy friar,
I pray thee ſay not ſo;
My love he had the trueſt heart:
O he was ever true!

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth,
And didſt thou die for me?
Then farewel home, for, ever-more
A pilgrim I will be.

But firſt upon my true-love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiſs the green-graſs turf,
That wraps his breathleſs clay.

Yet ſtay fair lady; reſt awhile
Beneath this cloyſter wall:
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall.

O ſtay me not, thou holy friar;
O ſtay me not I pray;
No drizzly rain that falls on me,
Can waſh my fault away.

Yet ſtay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry thoſe pearly tears;
For ſee beneath this gown of gray
Thy own true-love appears.

Here

Here forc'd by grief and hopeleſs love
  Theſe holy weeds I ſought:
And here, amid theſe lonely walls,
  To end my days I thought.

But haply, for my year of grace
  Is not yet paſs'd away,
Might I ſtill hope to win thy love,
  No longer would I ſtay.

Now farewel grief, and welcome joy
  Once more unto my heart;
For ſince I've found thee, lovely youth,
  We never more will part.

A SONG.

DESPAIRING beſide a clear ſtream,
  A ſhepherd forſaken was laid,
And whilſt a falſe nymph was his theme,
  A willow ſupported his head;
The wind that blew over the plain
  To his ſighs with a ſigh did reply,
And the brook in return to his pain
  Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! ſilly ſwain that I was!
  Thus ſadly complaining he cry'd;
When firſt I beheld that fair face,
  'Twere better by far I had died.

She talk'd, and I bleſt the dear tongue,
When ſhe ſmil'd 'twas a pleaſure too great;
I liſten'd, and cry'd, when ſhe ſung,
Was nightingale ever ſo ſweet?

How fooliſh was I to believe
She would doat on ſo lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve
To forſake the fine folks of the town;
To think that a beauty ſo gay,
So kind and ſo conſtant would prove,
To go clad like our maidens in gray,
And live in a cottage on love.

What tho' I have ſkill to complain,
Tho' the Muſes my temples have crown'd?
What tho', when they hear my ſoft ſtrain,
The virgins ſit weeping around?
Ah *Colin* thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel reſign,
Thy fair one inclines to a ſwain
Whoſe muſic is ſweeter than thine.

And you my companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me betray'd,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuſe the falſe maid;
Tho' thro' the wide world we ſhould range,
'Tis in vain from our fortune to fly;
'Twas hers to be falſe, and to change,
'Tis mine to be conſtant, and die.

If,

If, while my hard fate I ſuſtain,
In her breaſt any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And ſee me laid low in the ground:
The laſt humble boon that I crave
Is to ſhade me with cypreſs and yew,
And when ſhe looks down on my grave
Let her own that her ſhepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be fineſt at every fine ſhow,
And frolic it all the long day:
While *Colin* forgotten and gone,
No more ſhall be heard of or ſeen,
Unleſs when beneath the pale moon
His ghoſt ſhall glide over the green.

A SONG.

WHAT beauties does Flora diſcloſe?
How ſweet are her ſmiles upon Tweed?
But *Mary*'s ſtill ſweeter than thoſe
Both nature and fancy exceed.
No daiſy nor ſweet bluſhing roſe
Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' thoſe
Such beauty and pleaſure can yield.

The warblers are heard in each grove,
The linnet, the lark and the thruſh;
The blackbird and ſweet cooing dove
With muſic enchant every buſh.
Come let us go forth to the mead,
Let us ſee how the primroſes ſpring;
We'll lodge in ſome village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks ſing.

How does my love paſs the long day?
Does *Mary* not tend a few ſheep?
Do they never careleſsly ſtray,
While happily ſhe lies aſleep?
Tweed's murmurs ſhould lull her to reſt,
Kind nature indulging my bliſs,
To relieve the ſoft pains of my breaſt
I'd ſteal an ambroſial kiſs.

'Tis ſhe does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her can compare,
Love's graces all round her do dwell,
She's faireſt where thouſands are fair.
Say charmer where do thy flocks ſtray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed:
Shall I ſeek them on ſweet winding Tay,
Or the pleaſanter banks of the Tweed.

SONG

SONG *in the Farce of* ROSINA,

AS SUNG AT THE THEATRE ROYAL EDINBURGH.

WILLIAM.

I'VE kiſs'd and I've prattl'd to fifty fair maids,
And chang'd 'em as oft, d'ye ſee!
But of all the fair maidens that dance on the green,
The maid of the mill for me.

PHOEBE.

There's fifty young men have told me fine tales,
And call'd me the faireſt ſhe;
But of all the gay wreſtlers that ſport on the green,
Young Harry's the lad for me.

WILLIAM.

Her eyes are as black as the ſloe in the hedge,
Here face like the bloſſoms in May,
Here teeth are as white as the new ſhorn flock,
Here breath like the new made hay.

PHOEBE.

He's tall and he's ſtrait as the poplar tree,
His cheeks are as freſh as a roſe;
He looks like a 'ſquire of high degree
When dreſt in his Sunday clothes.

PHOEBE.

There's fifty young men have told me fine tales, *&c.*

WILLIAM.

I've kiſs'd and I've prattl'd to fifty fair maids, *&c.*

LOVE

LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON.

A VISION.

THO' gloomy thoughts diſturb'd my anxious breaſt
All the long night, and drove away my reſt;
Juſt as the dawning day began to riſe,
A grateful ſlumber clos'd my waking eyes:
But active fancy to ſtrange regions flew,
And brought ſurpriſing objects to my view.

Methought I walk'd in a delightful grove,
The ſoft retreat of gods, when gods make love.
Each beauteous object my charm'd ſoul amaz'd,
And I on each with equal wonder gaz'd;
Nor knew which moſt delighted: all was fine;
The noble product of ſome pow'r divine.

But as I travers'd the obliging ſhade,
Which myrtle, jeſſamine, and roſes, made,
I ſaw a perſon, whoſe cœleſtial face
At firſt declar'd her goddeſs of the place:
But I diſcover'd, when approaching near,
An aſpect full of beauty, but ſevere.
Bold and majeſtic; every awful look
Into my ſoul a ſecret horror ſtruck.

Advancing

Advancing farther on, ſhe made a ſtand,
And beckon'd me; I, kneeling, kiſs'd her hand:
Then thus began——Bright deity! (for ſo
You are, no mortals ſuch perfections know)
I may intrude; but how I was convey'd
To this ſtrange place, or by what pow'rful aid,
I'm wholly ignorant; nor know I more,
Or where I am, or whom I do adore.
Inſtruct me then, that I no longer may
In darkneſs ſerve the goddeſs I obey.

Youth! ſhe reply'd, this place belongs to one,
By whom you'll be, and thouſands are undone.
Theſe pleaſant walks, and all theſe ſhady bow'rs,
Are in the government of dang'rous pow'rs.
Love's the capricious maſter of this coaſt;
This fatal labyrinth, where fools are loſt.
I dwell not here amidſt theſe gaudy things,
Whoſe ſhort enjoyment no true pleaſure brings;
But have an empire of a nobler kind:
My regal ſeat's in the cœleſtial mind;
Where, with a godlike and a peaceful hand,
I rule, and make thoſe happy I command.
For, while I govern, all within's at reſt;
No ſtormy paſſion revels in my breaſt:
But when my pow'r is deſpicable grown,
And rebel appetites uſurp the throne,
The ſoul no longer quiet thoughts enjoys:
But all is tumult, and eternal noiſe.
Know, youth! I'm Reaſon which you've oft deſpis'd;
I am that Reaſon which you never priz'd:

And

And tho' my arguments ſucceſsleſs prove,
(For Reaſon ſeems impertinence in Love)
Yet I'll not ſee my charge (for all mankind
Are to my guardianſhip by heav'n aſſign'd)
Into the graſp of any ruin run,
That I can warn 'em of, and they may ſhun.
Fly, youth, theſe guilty ſhades; retreat in time,
Ere your miſtake's converted to a crime:
For ignorance no longer can atone,
When once the error and the fault is known.
You thought, perhaps, as giddy youth inclines,
Imprudently, to value all that ſhines,
In theſe retirements freely to poſſeſs
True joy, and ſtrong ſubſtantial happineſs:
But here gay folly keeps her court, and here,
In crowds, her tributary fops appear;
Who, blindly laviſh of their golden days,
Conſume them all in her fallacious ways.
Pert Love with her, by joint commiſſion, rules
In this capacious realm of idle fools;
Who, by falſe arts, and popular deceits,
The careleſs, fond, unthinking mortal cheats.
'Tis eaſy to deſcend into the ſnare,
By the pernicious conduct of the fair;
But ſafely to return from this abode,
Requires the wit, the prudence of a god:
Tho' you, who have not taſted that delight,
Which only at a diſtance charms your ſight,
May, with a little toil, retrieve your heart:
Which loſt, is ſubject to eternal ſmart.

Bright

Bright Delia's beauty, I muſt needs confeſs,
Is truly great; nor would I make it leſs:
That were to wrong her, where ſhe merits moſt;
But dragons guard the fruit, and rocks the coaſt.
And who would run, that's moderately wiſe,
A certain danger, for a doubtful prize?
If you miſcarry, you are loſt ſo far;
(For there's no erring twice in love and war)
You'll ne'er recover, but muſt always wear
Thoſe chains you'll find it difficult to bear.
Delia has charms, I own; ſuch charms would move
Old age, and frozen impotence to love:
But do not venture, where ſuch danger lies;
Avoid the ſight of thoſe victorious eyes,
Whoſe pois'nous rays do to the ſoul impart
Delicious ruin, and a pleaſing ſmart.
You draw, inſenſibly, deſtruction near;
And love the danger, which you ought to fear.
If the light pains you labour under now,
Deſtroy your eaſe, and make your ſpirits bow.
You'll find 'em much more grievous to be borne,
When heavier made by an imperious ſcorn:
Nor can you hope, ſhe will your paſſion hear
With ſofter notions, or a kinder ear,
Than thoſe of other ſwains; who always found,
She rather widen'd, than clos'd up the wound.
But grant, ſhe ſhould indulge your flame, and give
Whate'er you'd aſk, nay, all you can receive;
The ſhort-liv'd pleaſure would ſo quickly cloy,
Bring ſuch a weak, and ſuch a feeble joy,

You'd have but ſmall encouragement to boaſt
The tinſel rapture worth the pains it coſt.
Conſider, Strephon, ſoberly of things,
What ſtrange inquietudes Love always brings;
The fooliſh fears, vain hopes, and jealouſies,
Which ſtill attend upon this fond diſeaſe:
How you muſt cringe and bow, ſubmit and whine;
Call ev'ry feature, ev'ry look, divine:
Commend each ſentence with an humble ſmile;
Tho' nonſenſe, ſwear it is a heav'nly ſtyle:
Servilely rail at all ſhe diſapproves;
And, as ignobly, flatter all ſhe loves:
Renounce your very ſenſe, and ſilent ſit,
While ſhe puts off impertinence for wit:
Like ſetting-dog, new whipp'd for ſpringing game,
You muſt be made, by due correction, tame.
But if you can endure the naufeous rule
Of woman, do; love on, and be a fool.
You know the danger, your own methods uſe;
The good or evil's in your pow'r to chooſe:
But who'd expect a ſhort and dubious bliſs
On the declining of a precipice;
Where, if he ſlips, not fate itſelf can ſave
The falling wretch from an untimely grave?

Thou great directreſs of our minds, ſaid I,
We ſafely on your dictates may rely;
And that which you have now ſo kindly preſt,
Is true, and, without contradiction, beſt:
But with a ſteady ſentence to controul
The heat and vigour of a youthful ſoul,

While

While gay temptations hover in our ſight,
And daily bring new objects of delight,
Which on us with ſurpriſing beauty ſmile,
Is difficult; but is a noble toil.
The beſt may ſlip, and the moſt cautious fall;
He's more than mortal that ne'er err'd at all.
And tho' fair Delia has my ſoul poſſeſt,
I'll chaſe her bright idea from my breaſt:
At leaſt, I'll make one eſſay. If I fail,
And Delia's charms o'er reaſon does prevail,
I may be, ſure, from rigid cenſures free:
Love was my foe; and Love's a deity.

Then ſhe rejoin'd; may you ſucceſsful prove,
In your attempt to curb impetuous Love:
Then will proud paſſion own her rightful lord;
You to yourſelf, I to my throne reſtor'd:
But, to confirm your courage, and inſpire
Your reſolution with a bolder fire,
Follow me, youth! I'll ſhew you that ſhall move
Your ſoul to curſe the tyranny of Love.

Then ſhe convey'd me to a diſmal ſhade,
Which melancholy yew and cypreſs made;
Where I beheld an antiquated pile
Of rugged building in a narrow iſle;
The water round it gave a nauſeous ſmell,
Like vapours ſteaming from a ſulph'rous cell.
The ruin'd wall, compos'd of ſtinking mud,
O'ergrown with hemlock, on ſupporters ſtood;

As did the roof, ungrateful to the view:
'Twas both an hoſpital and bedlam too.
Before the entrance, mould'ring bones were ſpread,
Some ſkeletons entire, ſome lately dead;
A little rubbiſh, looſely ſcatter'd o'er
Their bodies uninterr'd, lay round the door.
No fun'ral rites to any here were paid;
But, dead, like dogs into the duſt convey'd.
From hence, by Reaſon's conduct, I was brought,
Thro' various turnings, to a ſpacious vault;
Where I beheld, and 'twas a mournful ſight,
Vaſt crowds of wretches, all debarr'd from light,
Bnt what a few dim lamps, expiring, had;
Which made the proſpect more amazing ſad.
Some wept, ſome rav'd, ſome muſically mad:
Some ſwearing loud, and others laughing: Some
Were always talking; others always dumb.
Here one, a dagger in his breaſt, expires,
And quenches with his blood his am'rous fires:
There hangs a ſecond; and, not far remov'd,
A third lies poiſon'd, who falſe Celia lov'd.
All ſorts of madneſs, ev'ry kind of death,
By which unhappy mortals loſe their breath,
Were here expos'd before my wand'ring eyes,
The ſad effects of female treacheries.
Others I ſaw, who were not quite bereft,
Of ſenſe, tho' very ſmall remains were left,
Curſing the fatal folly of their youth,
For truſting to perjurious woman's truth.
Theſe on the left.—Upon the right a view
Of equal horror, equal mis'ry too;

Amazing,

Amazing, all employ'd my troubled thought,
And, with new wonder, new averſion brought.
There I beheld a wretched, num'rous throng
Of pale, lean, mortals; ſome lay ſtretch'd along
On beds of ſtraw, diſconſolate and poor;
Others extended naked on the floor;
Exil'd from human pity, here they lie,
And know no end of mis'ry till they die.
But death, which comes in gay and proſp'rous days
Too ſoon, in time of miſery delays.

Theſe dreadful ſpectacles had ſo much pow'r,
I vow'd, and ſolemnly, to love no more:
For ſure that flame is kindled from below,
Which breeds ſuch ſad variety of woe.

Then we deſcending, by ſome few degrees,
From this ſtupendous ſcene of miſeries;
Bold Reaſon brought me to another cave,
Dark as the inmoſt chambers of the grave.
Here, youth, ſhe cry'd, in the acuteſt pain
Thoſe villains lie who have their fathers ſlain,
Stab'd their own brothers, nay, their friends, to pleaſe
Ambitious, proud, revengeful, miſtreſſes;
Who, after all their ſervices, preferr'd
Some rugged fellow of the brawny herd
Before thoſe wretches; who, deſpairing, dwell
In agonies no human tongue can tell.
Darkneſs prevents the too amazing ſight;
And you may bleſs the happy want of light.

But

But my tormented ears were fill'd with ſighs,
Expiring groans, and lamentable cries,
So very ſad, I could endure no more;
Methought I felt the miſeries they bore.

Then to my guide ſaid I, for pity, now
Conduct me back; here I confirm my vow:
Which if I dare infringe, be this my fate;
To die thus wretched, and repent too late.
The charms of beauty I'll no more purſue:
Delia, farewel, farewel for ever too.

Then we return'd to the delightful grove;
Where Reaſon ſtill diſſuaded me from Love.
You ſee, ſhe cry'd, what miſery attends
On Love, and where too frequently it ends;
And let not that unweildy paſſion ſway
Your ſoul, which none but whining fools obey.
The maſculine, brave ſpirit ſcorns to own
The proud uſurper of my ſacred throne;
Nor, with idolatrous devotion, pays
To the falſe god or ſacrifice or praiſe.
The ſyren's muſic charms the ſailor's ear;
But he is ruin'd, if he ſtops to hear:
And, if you liſten, Love's harmonious voice
As much delights, as certainly deſtroys.
Ambroſia mix'd with aconite may have
A pleaſant taſte, but ſends you to the grave:
For tho' the latent poiſon may be ſtill
A while, it very ſeldom fails to kill.

But

But who'd partake the food of gods, to die
Within a day, or live in miſery?
Who'd eat with emperors, if o'er his head
A poniard hung but by a ſingle thread?†
Love's banquets are extravagantly ſweet,
And either kill, or ſurfeit, all that eat;
Who, when the fated appetite is tir'd,
E'en loath the thoughts of what they once admir'd.
You've promis'd, Strephon, to forſake the charms
Of Delia, tho' ſhe courts you to her arms:
And ſure I may your reſolution truſt;
You'll never want temptation, but be juſt.
Vows of this nature, youth, muſt not be broke;
You're always bound, tho' 'tis a gentle yoke.
Would men be wiſe, and my advice purſue,
Love's conqueſt would be ſmall, his triumphs few:
For nothing can oppoſe his tyranny,
With ſuch a proſpect of ſucceſs as I.
Me he deteſts, and from my preſence flies,
Who know his arts, and ſtratagems deſpiſe,
By which he cancels mighty wiſdom's rules,
To make himſelf the deity of fools:
Him dully they adore, him blindly ſerve;
Some while they're ſots, and others while they ſtarve:
For thoſe who under his wild conduct go,
Either come coxcombs, or he makes 'em ſo.
His charms deprive, by their ſtrange influence,
The brave of courage, and the wiſe of ſenſe:

† The Feaſt of DEMOCLES.

In

In vain philoſophy would ſet the mind
At liberty, if once by him confin'd:
The ſcholar's learning, and the poet's wit,
A while may ſtruggle, but at laſt ſubmit:
Well weigh'd reſults, and wiſe concluſions, ſeem
But empty chat, impertinence, to him:
His opiates ſeize ſo ſtrongly on the brain,
They make all prudent application vain,
If, therefore, you reſolve to live at eaſe,
To taſte the ſweetneſs of internal peace;
Would not for ſafety to a battle fly,
Or chooſe a ſhipwreck, if afraid to die;
Far from theſe pleaſurable ſhades remove,
And leave the fond, inglorious toil of Love.

This ſaid, ſhe vaniſh'd; and methought I found
Myſelf tranſported to a riſing ground;
From whence I did a pleaſant vale ſurvey:
Large was the proſpect, beautiful, and gay.
There I beheld th' apartments of delight,
Whoſe curious forms oblig'd the wond'ring ſight.
Some in full view upon the champaign plac'd,
With lofty walls and cooling ſtreams embrac'd:
Others, in ſhady groves, retir'd from noiſe;
The ſeat of private and exalted joys.
At a great diſtance I perceiv'd there ſtood
A ſtately building in a ſpacious wood,
Whoſe gilded turrets rais'd their beauteous heads
High in the air, to view the neighb'ring meads;
Where vulgar lovers ſpend their happy days
In ruſtic dancing, and delightful plays

But

But while I gaz'd with admiration round,
I heard from far cœleſtial muſic ſound:
So ſoft, ſo moving, ſo harmonious, all
The artful, charming notes did riſe and fall;
My ſoul, tranſported with the graceful airs,
Shook off the preſſures of its former fears;
I felt afreſh the little god begin
To ſtir himſelf, and gently move within.
Then I repented I had vow'd, no more
To *love*, or Delia's beauteous eyes adore.
Why am I now condemn'd to baniſhment,
And made an exile, by my own conſent?
I ſighing cry'd, Why, ſhould I live in pain
Thoſe fleeting hours which ne'er return again?
O Delia! what can wretched Strephon do!
Inhuman to himſelf, and falſe to you!
'Tis true, I've promis'd Reaſon, to remove
From theſe retreats, and quit bright Delia's love:
But is not Reaſon partially unkind?
Are all her votaries, like me, confin'd?
Muſt none, that under her dominion live,
To *Love* and beauty veneration give?
Why then did nature youthful Delia grace
With a majeſtic mien, and charming face?
Why did ſhe give her that ſurpriſing air;
Make her ſo gay, ſo witty, and ſo fair;
Miſtreſs of all that can affection move;
If Reaſon will not ſuffer us to love?
But, ſince it muſt be ſo, I'll haſte away;
'Tis fatal to return, and death to ſtay.

From you, bleſt ſhades (If I may call you ſo
Inculpable) with mighty pain, I go :
Compell'd from hence, I leave my quiet here ;
I may find ſafety, but I buy it dear.

Then turning round, I ſaw a beauteous boy,
Such as of old were meſſengers of joy :
Who art thou, or from whence? If ſent, ſaid I,
To me, my haſte requires a quick reply.

I come, he cry'd, from yon cœleſtial grove,
Where ſtands the temple of the god of Love ;
With whoſe important favour you are grac'd,
And, juſtly, in his high protection plac'd :
Be grateful, Strephon, and obey that god,
Whoſe ſceptre ne'er is chang'd into a rod :
That god, to whom the haughty, and the proud,
The bold, the braveſt, nay, the beſt, have bow'd:
That god, whom all the leſſer gods adore ;
Firſt in exiſtence, and the firſt in pow'r.
From him I come, on embaſſy divine,
To tell thee, Delia, Delia may be thine ;
To whom all beauties rightful tribute pay:
Delia, the young, the lovely, and the gay.
If you dare puſh your fortune, if you dare
But be reſolv'd, and preſs the yielding fair,
Succeſs and glory will your labours crown ;
For fate does rarely on the valiant frown.
But, were you ſure to be unkindly us'd,
Coldly receiv'd, and ſcornfully refus'd ;

He

He greater glory, and more fame, obtains,
Who loſes Delia, than who Phyllis gains.
But, to prevent all fears that may ariſe,
(Tho' fears ne'er move the daring and the wiſe)
In the dark volumes of eternal doom,
Where all things paſt, and preſent, and to come,
Are writ, I ſaw theſe words——*It is decreed,*
That Strephon's love to Delia *ſhall ſucceed,*
What would you more? while youth and vigour laſt,
Love, and be happy; they decline too faſt.
In youth alone you're capable to prove
The mighty tranſports of a gen'rous love:
For dull old age, with fumbling labour, cloys
Before the bliſs, or gives but wither'd joys.
Youth's the beſt time for action mortals have:
That paſt, they touch the confines of the grave.
Now, if you hope to lie in Delia's arms,
To die in raptures, or diſſolve in charms,
Quick to the bliſsful, happy manſion fly,
Where all is one continu'd extaſy.
Delia impatiently expects you there:
And ſure you will not diſappoint the fair.
None but the impotent, or old, would ſtay,
When Love invites, and beauty calls away.

Oh! you convey, ſaid I, dear charming boy,
Into my ſoul a ſtrange, diſorder'd joy.
I would, but dare not, your advice purſue;
I've promis'd Reaſon, and I muſt be true.
Reaſon's the rightful empreſs of the ſoul;
Does all exorbitant deſires controul;

Checks ev'ry wild excurſion of the mind,
By her wiſe dictates happily confin'd:
And he that will not her commands obey,
Leaves a ſafe convoy in a dang'rous ſea.
True, I love Delia to a vaſt exceſs,
But I muſt try to make my paſſion leſs:
Try, if I can, if poſſible, I will;
For I have vow'd, and muſt that vow fulfil.
Oh! had I not, with what a vig'rous flight
Could I purſue the quarries of delight!
How could I preſs fair Delia in theſe arms,
Till I diſſolv'd in love, and ſhe in charms!
But now no more muſt I her beauties view;
Yet tremble at the thoughts to leave her too.
What would I give, I might my flame allow!
But 'tis forbid by Reaſon and a vow;
Two mighty obſtacles: tho' Love of old,
Has broke thro' greater, ſtronger pow'rs controul'd.
Should I offend, by high example taught,
'Twould not be an inexpiable fault,
The crimes of malice have found grace above;
And ſure kind heav'n will ſpare the crimes of Love.
Could'ſt thou, my angel, but inſtruct me, how
I might be happy, and not break my vow;
Or, by ſome ſubtile art, diſſolve the chain;
You'd ſoon revive my dying hopes again.
Reaſon and Love, I know, could ne'er agree;
Both would command, and both ſuperior be.
Reaſon's ſupported by the ſin'wy force
Of ſolid argument, and wiſe diſcourſe:

But

But Love pretends to uſe no other arms,
Than ſoft impreſſions, and perſuaſive charms.
One muſt be diſobey'd; and ſhall I prove
A rebel to my Reaſon, or to Love?
But then, ſuppoſe I ſhould my flame purſue,
Delia may be unkind, and faithleſs too;
Reject my paſſion, with a proud diſdain,
And ſcorn the love of ſuch an humble ſwain:
Then ſhould I labour under mighty grief,
Beyond all hopes, or proſpect of relief.
So that, methinks, 'tis fafer to obey
Right Reaſon, tho' ſhe bears a rugged ſway,
Than Love's ſoft rule; whoſe ſubjects undergo
Early or late, too ſad a ſhare of woe.
Can I ſo ſoon forget that wretched crew,
Reaſon juſt now expos'd before my view?
If Delia ſhould be cruel, I muſt be
A ſad partaker of their miſery.
But your encouragements ſo ſtrongly move,
I'm almoſt tempted to purſue my *Love:*
For ſure, no treacherous deſigns ſhould dwell
In one that argues and perſuades ſo well:
For, what could *Love* by my deſtruction gain?
Love's an immortal god, and I a ſwain:
And ſure I may, without ſuſpicion, truſt
A god; for gods can never be unjuſt.

Right you conclude, reply'd the ſmiling boy:
Love ruins none; 'tis men themſelves deſtroy:
And thoſe vile wretches, which you lately ſaw,
Tranſgreſs'd his rules, as well as Reaſon's law.

They're

They're not Love's ſubjects, but the ſlaves of *Luſt;*
Nor is their puniſhment ſo great, as juſt.
For Love and *Luſt* eſſentially divide,
Like day and night, humility and pride:
One darkneſs hides, t'other does always ſhine;
This of infernal make, and that divine.
Reaſon no gen'rous paſſion does oppoſe;
'Tis *Luſt* (not Love) and Reaſon that are foes.
She bids you ſcorn a baſe, inglorious flame,
Black as the gloomy ſhade from whence it came:
In this her precepts ſhould obedience find;
But yours is not of that ignoble Kind.
You err, in thinking ſhe would diſapprove
The brave purſuit of honourable Love.
And therefore judge what's harmleſs, an offence;
Invert her meaning, and miſtake her ſenſe.
She could not ſuch inſipid counſel give,
As not to love at all; 'tis not to live;
But where bright virtue and true beauty lies,
And that in Delia, charming Delia's eyes.
Could you, contented, ſee th' angelic maid
In old Alexis' dull embraces laid?
Or rough-hewn Tityrus poſſeſs thoſe charms,
Which are in heav'n, the heav'n of Delia's arms?
Conſider, youth, what tranſports you forego,
The moſt intire felicity below;
Which is by fate alone reſerv'd for you:
Monarchs have been deny'd; for monarchs ſue.
I own, 'tis difficult to gain the prize;
Or 'twould be cheap, and low in noble eyes:

But

But there is one ſoft minute, when the mind
Is left unguarded, waiting to be kind;
Which the wiſe Lover underſtanding right,
Steals in like day upon the wings of light.
You urge your vow; but can thoſe vows prevail,
Whoſe firſt foundation and whoſe reaſon fail?
You vow'd to leave fair Delia; but you thought
Your paſſion was a crime, your flame a fault.
But ſince your judgment err'd, it has no force
To bind at all, but is diſſolv'd of courſe:
And therefore heſitate no longer here,
But baniſh all the dull remains of fear.
Dare you be happy, youth? but dare, and be;
I'll be your convoy to the charming ſhe.
What! ſtill irreſolute? debating ſtill?
View her, and then forſake her, if you will.

I'll go, ſaid I; once more I'll venture all;
'Tis brave to periſh by a noble fall.
Beauty no mortal can reſiſt; and Jove
Laid by his grandeur, to indulge his love.
Reaſon, if I do err, my crime forgive:
Angels alone without offending live.
I go aſtray, but as the wiſe have done;
And act a folly, which they did not ſhun.

Then we, deſcending to a ſpacious plain,
Were ſoon ſaluted by a num'rous train
Of happy Lovers, who conſum'd their hours,
With conſtant jollity, in ſhady bow'rs.

There I beheld the bleſt variety
Of joy, from all corroding troubles free:
Each follow'd his own fancy to delight;
Tho' all went diff'rent ways, yet all went right.
None err'd, or miſs'd the happineſs he ſought;
Love to one centre ev'ry twining brought.
We paſs'd thro' num'rous pleaſant fields and glades,
By murm'ring fountains, and by peaceful ſhades;
Till we approach'd the confines of the wood,
Where mighty Love's immortal temple ſtood.
Round the cœleſtial fane, in goodly rows,
And beauteous order, am'rous myrtle grows;
Beneath whoſe ſhade expecting lovers wait
For the kind minute of indulgent fate:
Each had his guardian cupid, whoſe chief care,
By ſecret motions, was to warm the fair;
To kindle eager longings for the joy;
To move the ſlow, and to incline the coy.

The glorious fabric charm'd my wond'ring ſight;
Of vaſt extent, and of prodigious height:
The caſe was marble, but the poliſh'd ſtone
With ſuch an admirable luſtre ſhone,
As if ſome architect divine had ſtrove
T'outdo the palace of imperial Jove.
The pond'rous gates of maſſy gold were made,
With di'monds of a mighty ſize inlaid.
Here ſtood the winged guards, in order plac'd,
With ſhining darts and golden quivers grac'd:
As we approach'd, they clapp'd their joyful wings,
And cry'd aloud, Tune, tune your warbling ſtrings;

The

The grateful youth is come to ſacrifice
At Delia's altar, to bright Delia's eyes:
With harmony divine his ſoul inſpire,
That he may boldly touch the ſacred fire.
And ye that wait upon the bluſhing fair,
Cœleſtial incenſe and perfumes prepare;
While our great god her panting boſom warms,
Refines her beauties, and improves her charms.

Ent'ring the ſpacious dome, my raviſh'd eyes
A wondrous ſcene of glory did ſurpriſe:
The riches, ſymmetry, and brightneſs, all
Did equally for admiration call;
But the deſcription is a labour fit
For none beneath a laureat angel's wit.

Amidſt the temple was an altar made
Of ſolid gold, where adoration's paid.
Here I perform'd the uſual rites with fear,
Not daring boldly to approach too near;
Till from the god a ſmiling Cupid came,
And bid me touch the conſecrated flame:
Which done, my guide my eager ſteps convey'd
To the apartment of the beauteous maid.

Before the entrance was her altar rais'd,
On pedeſtals of poliſh'd marble plac'd.
By it her guardian Cupid always ſtands,
Who troops of miſſionary *Loves* commands:
To him, with ſoft adreſſes all repair;
Each for his captive humbly begs the fair:

Tho' ſtill in vain they importun'd; for he
Would give encouragement to none but me.
There ſtands the youth, he cry'd, muſt take the bliſs,
The lovely Delia can be none but his:
Fate has ſelected him; and mighty Love
Confirms below what that decrees above.
Then preſs no more; there's not another ſwain
On earth, but Strephon, can bright Delia gain.
Kneel, youth, and with a grateful mind renew
Your vows; ſwear you'll eternally be true.
But, if you dare be falſe, dare perjur'd prove,
You'll find, in ſure revenge, affronted Love
As hot, as fierce, as terrible, as Jove.
Hear me, ye gods, ſaid I, now hear me ſwear,
By all that's ſacred, and by all that's fair!
If I prove falſe to Delia, let me fall
The common obloquy, condemn'd by all!
Let me the utmoſt of your vengeance try;
Forc'd to live wretched, and unpity'd die!

Then he expos'd the lovely ſleeping maid,
Upon a couch of new blown roſes laid.
The bluſhing colour in her cheeks expreſt
What tender thoughts inſpir'd her heaving breaſt.
Sometimes a ſigh, half ſmother'd, ſtole away;
Then ſhe would, Strephon, charming Strephon, ſay.
Sometimes ſhe, ſmiling, cry'd, you love, 'tis true;
But will you always, and be faithful too?
Ten thouſand graces play'd about her face;
Ten thouſand charms attended ev'ry grace:

Each

Each admirable feature did impart
A ſecret rapture to my throbbing heart.
The nymph † impriſon'd in the braſen tow'r,
When Jove deſcended in a golden ſhow'r,
Leſs beautiful appear'd, and yet her eyes
Brought down that god from the neglected ſkies.
So moving, ſo tranſporting was the ſight;
So much a goddeſs Delia ſeem'd, ſo bright;
My raviſh'd ſoul, with ſecret wonder fraught,
Lay all diſſolv'd in extaſy of thought.

Long time I gaz'd; but, as I trembling drew
Nearer, to take a more obliging view,
It thunder'd loud, and the ungrateful noiſe
Wak'd me, and put an end to all my joys.

POMFRET.

† DANAE.

THE BATTLE OF RED-SWIRE*, FOUGHT JULY 7. 1576.

ON July ſeventh, the truth to ſay,
At the *Red-Swire* the tryſt was ſet:
Our Wardens they affix'd the day,
And as they promis'd, ſae they met,

* A HILL about fifteen miles ſouth, or ſouth-eaſt from Hawick, now known by the name of the CARTER, over which the Newcaſtle road from Hawick and Jedburgh runs. ——For a further account of this engagement, ſee RIDPATH's Border Hiſtory, p. 650.

Alas! that day I'll ne'er forget,
Was ſure ſae fear'd, and then ſae fain;
They came there, juſtice for to get,
That ne'er will grein to come again.

CARMICHAEL was our Warden then,
He caus'd the country to convene
And the laird *Watt* †, that worthy man,
Brought in his ſurname, weil be't ſeen.
The *Armſtrongs* that aye have been
A hardy houſe, but not a hail;
The *Elliots*, honours to maintain,
Brought in the lave of *Liddiſdale*.

Then *Tiviotdale* came to wi ſpeed,
The ſheriff brought the Douglas down,
With *Cranſtane*, *Gladſtane*, gude at need,
Baith *Rule-water* and *Hawick* town.
Bonjeddart bauldly made him boun,
With a' the *Turnbulls* ſtrang and ſtout;
The *Rutherfords* with grit renown,
Convey'd the town of *Jedburgh* out

† As the SCOTTS are no where named in this ballad; and as we are not to ſuppoſe that ſuch a powerful clan, who had always diſtinguiſhed themſelves in behalf of their country, would be abſent on this important occaſion; it is therefore probable, that by the Laird WATT is meant one of the Walters of Buccleugh: And perhaps the ſame Lord Walter who, about twenty years after this, by a bold aſſault, entered Carliſle caſtle, and relieved one Armſtrong, a Scotſman, from confinement. See RIDPATH's B. Hiſt. p. 688.—And SATCHELS' Hiſt. of the Name of SCOTT, p. 12, &c.——The meaning then is, That Lord Walter Scott brought with him thoſe of his ſurname.

With

With other clans I canna tell;
Becauſe our warning was not wide,
By this our folk has tane the *Fell*,
And planted pallions there to bide;
We looked down the other ſide,
And ſaw come breaſting owr the brae,
And Sir *George Foſter* was their guide,
Full fifteen hunder men and mae,

It greiv'd him ſair that day, I trow,
With Sir *John Hinrome* of *Schipſidehouſe*,
Becauſe we were not men enow,
He counted us not worth a ſouſe;
Sir *George* was gentle, meek, and douſe,
But he was hail, and het as fire:
But yet for a his cracking crouſe,
He rew'd the raid of the *Red-Swire*.

To deal with proud men is but pain;
For either ye maun fight or flie,
Or elſe nae anſwer make again,
But play the beaſt, and let 'em be.
It was nae wonder he was hie,
Had *Tyndale*, *Redſdale*, at his hand,
With *Cuckſdale*, *Gladſdale*, on the lie,
Auld *Hebſrime* and *Northumberland*.

Yet was our meeting meek enough,
Begun wi' mirrineſs and mows;
And at the brae aboon the heugh
The clerk ſat down to ca' the rows;

And

And ſome for ky, and ſome for ewes,
Call'd in of *Dandrie*, *Hob*, and *Jock*.——
We ſaw come marching owr the knows,
Five hunder *Fennicks* in a flock.

With jack and ſpeir, and bows all bent,
And warlike weapons at their will;
Howbeit we were no weil content,
Yet by my trowth, we fear'd nae ill:
Some gade to drink, and ſome ſtood ſtill,
And ſome to cards and dice them ſped,
While on ane *Farnſtein* they fil'd a bill,—
And he was fugitive that fled.

CARMICHAEL bade them ſpeak out plainly,
And cloke nae cauſe for ill nor gude;
The other anſwering him fu' vainly,
They 'gan to reckon kin and blude,
He raiſe, and rax'd him whar he ſtude
And bade him match him wi his marrows;
Then *Tyndale* heard theſe reaſons rude,
And they lute aff a flight of arrows.

Then was there nought but bow and ſpeir,
And ilka man pull'd out a brand;
A *Schaften* and a *Fennick* there,—
Gude *Symmingtoun* was ſlain frae hand.
The *Scotſmen* cry'd on other to ſtand,
Frae time they ſaw *John Robſon* ſlain:
What ſhould they cry! The kings command
Could cauſe nae cowards turn again

Up

Up raiſe the laird to red the cumber,
Which wadna be for a his boaſt;
What ſhould we doe wi ſic a number,
Five thouſand men into an hoſt
Then *Henrie Purdie* prov'd his coſt,
And very nearly had miſchiev'd him;
And there we had our Warden loſt,
War't not the grit GOD, he reliev'd him.

Ane other thro' the breeks him bare,
While flatlins to the grund he fell:
Then, thought I, we had loſt him there,
Into my heart it ſtruck a knell;
Yet up he raiſe, the truth to tell,
And laid about him dunts fu' dour:
His horſemen they fought ſtout and ſnell,
And ſtude about him in the ſtour.

Then raiſe the Slogan † wi a ſhout,
Fy *Tyndale* to it, *Jedhurgh*'s here,—
I trow he was not half ſae ſtout.
But anes his ſtomach was a ſteer,
With gun and genzie, bow and ſpeir,
He might ſee mony a cracked crown,
But up amang the merchant gear
They buſy were as we were down

† SLOGAN, or ſloughorn, a watch-word peculiar to a certain name, or ſet of people, uſed to know their friends from their enemies.

The ſwallow-tail frae teckles flew,
Five hundred ſlain into the flight
But we had peſtellets anew,
And ſhot amang them as we might.
With help o' GOD the game gade right,
Frae time the formoſt o' them fell;
Hynd owr the know, without gude-night,
They ran wi many a ſhout and yell

And after they had ſhaw'd their backs,
Yet *Tyndale* men they turn'd again;
And had it not been the merchant packs,
There had been mae o' *Scotland* ſlain:
But JESU, gif the folk was fain
To put the buſſing on their thighs;
And ſae they fled wi' all their main,
Down owr the brae like clogged bees.

Sir *Francis Ruſſell* tane was there,
And hurt, as we hear men rehearſe;
Proud *Wallingtoun* was wounded ſair
Albiet he was a *Fennick* fierce:
But gin ye would a ſoldier ſearch,
Amang them a' was tane that night,
Was nane ſae wordie o' our verſe
As *Collingwood*, that courteous knight.

Young *Henry* 'ſcaped hame, is hurt.
A ſoldier ſhot him wi a bow:
Scotland has cauſe to mak, grit ſturt,
For laiming o' the laird o' *Mow*.

The

The laird *Watt* did weil indeed,
His friends ſtude ſtoutly by himſell;
With little *Gladſtane*, gude in need,
For *Gretein* kendna gude be ill.

The ſheriff wanted not gude-will,
Howbeit he mightna fight ſae faſt;
Boonjeddart, *Hundlie*, and *Hunthill*,
Thir three they laid weil on at laſt,
As did the horſemen o' the guard.
If I could put men to avail,
Nane ſtoutlier ſtude out for their laird,
Nor did the lads o' *Liddiſdale*.

But little harneſs had we there
But auld *Badrule* had on a jack,
And did right weil, I you declare,
Wi' a the *Turnbulls* at his back.
Gude *Ederſtane* was not to lack,
Wi' *Kirktoun*, *Newtoun*, noblemen,
Thirs a' the ſpecials I have ſpak,
Forby them that I coudna ken.

Wha did invent that day o' play,
We needna fear to find him ſune;
For Sir *John Foſter*, I dare weil ſay,
Made us that noiſome afternoon;

Not that I ſpeak preciſely out,
That he ſuppos'd it would be peril;
But pride and breaking out, but doubt
Gard *Tyndale* lads begin the quarrel.

In this ſkirmiſh were taken priſoners, The *Engliſh Warden*, his *ſon-in-law*, *Francis Ruſſell*, ſon to the Earl of Bedford, *Cuthbert Collingwood*, *James Ogle*, *Henry Fenwick*, and ſeveral others of inferior rank.——RIDPATH's Hiſtory, p. 651.

JOHNIE ARMSTRANG.

Some ſpeak o' lords, ſome ſpeak o' lairds,
And ſiclike men o' hie degree,
Of a gentleman I ſing a ſang,
Some time call'd laird of *Gilnockie*

"This is the true old Ballad, never printed before, of the famous JOHN ARMSTRANG of Gilnockiehall in Liddiſdale, a head of a numerous clan and faction, who uſed to paſs over in troops to England, making continual incurſions, and taking much plunder in the bordering parts. See an account of his being taken and executed, with many of his followers (in his own country, not contending with his Prince at Edinburgh, as the vulgar ballad falſely narrates) in BUCHANAN's hiſtory of JAMES V. about the year 1530. This I copied from a Gentleman's mouth of the name of Armſtrong, who was the 6th generation from this John. He told me this was ever eſteemed the genuine ballad, the common one falſe."——RAMSAY's Ever Green, vol. II. p. 190.

The

The king he wrote a loving letter,
With his ain hand ſae tenderlie;
And ſent it to *Johnie Armſtrang*,
To come and ſpeak wi' him ſpeedilie.

The *Elliots* and *Armſtrangs* did convene;
They were a gallant companie:
We'll ride and meet our lawful king,
And bring him ſafe to *Gilnockie*.

Make kinnen and capon ready then,
And veniſon in great plentie;
We'll welcome hame our royal king,
I hope he'll dine at *Gilnockie*

They ran their horſe on the *Langholm howm*,
And brak their ſpears wi' meikle main;
The ladies looked frae their loft windows,—
"GOD bring our men weil back again."

When Johnie came before the king,
With all his men ſo brave to ſee,
The king he mov'd his bonnet to him—
He weind he was a king as weil as he,

'May I find grace my ſovereign liege,—
'Grace for my loyal men and me;
'For my name it is *Johnie Armſtrang*,
'And ſubject of yours, my liege, ſaid he.'

"Away, away, thou traitor *ſtrang*,
"Out of my ſight thou mayſt ſune be,
"I granted never a traitor's life,
"And now I'll no begin wi' thee"

'Grant me my life my liege, my king,
'And a bonny gift I'll gie to thee,
'Full four and twenty milk-white ſteeds,
'Were a foal'd in ae year to me.—

'I'll gie thee a' theſe milk-white ſteeds,
'That prance and nicher at a ſpeir;
'With as meikle gude *Engliſh* gilt,
'As four o' their braid backs dow bear.'

"Away, away, thou traitor *ſtrang*," &c.

'Grant me my life, my liege, my king,
'And a bonny gift I will gie thee,
'Gude four and twenty ganging mills,
'That gang thro' a the year to me.

'Theſe four and twenty mills complete
'Sall gang for thee thro' a' the year;
'And as meikle of gude red wheat
'As a their happers dow to bear.'

"Away, away, thou traitor *ſtrang*." &c.

'Grant me my life, my liege, my king,
'And a great gift I'll gie to thee,
'Bauld four and twenty ſiſters ſons,
'Sall for thee fight, tho' a ſhould flee.'

"Away, away, thou traitor *ſtrang*." &c.

'Grant

'Grant me my life, my liege, my king,
'And a brave gift I will gie thee,
'All 'tween here and *Newcaſtle* town,
'Sall pay their yearly rent to thee.'

"Away, away, thou traitor *ſtrang*." &c.

'Ye lied, ye lied now king, he ſays,
'Altho' a king and prince ye be;
'For I lu'd naething in a' my life,
'I dare weel ſay't, but honeſtie:

'But a fat horſe and a fair woman,
'Twa bonny dogs to kill a deer;
'But *England* ſhou'd have fund me meal and maut,
'Tho' I had liv'd this hunder year.—

'She ſhould have fund me meal and maut,
'And beef and mutton in all plentie;
'But ne'er a *Scot*'s wife could have ſaid,
'That e'er I ſkaith'd her a poor flie.

'To ſeek het water aneath cauld ice,
'Surely it is a great follie:
'I have aſk'd grace at a graceleſs face,
'But there is nane for my men and me.

'But had I kend or I came frae hame,
'How thou unkind wadſt been to me,
'I wad have kept the Border ſide,
'In ſpite of a' thy force and thee.

'Wiſt

'Wiſt *England*'s king that I was tane,
'O gin a blyth man wad he be;
'For ance I ſlew his ſiſter's ſon,
'And on his breaſt-bane brak a tree.'

JOHN wore a gardle about his middle,
Embroider'd owr wi' burning gold,
Beſpangl'd wi' the ſame mettle,
Maiſt beautiful was to behold.

There hang nine targats at *Johnie's* hat,
And ilka ane worth three hunder pound.—
'What wants that knave that a king ſhould have
'But the ſword of honour and the crown.

'O whar gat thou theſe targats *Johnie*,
'That blink ſae brawly aboon thy brie.'—
"I gat them in the field fighting,
"Whar, cruel king, thou durſt not be.

"Had I my horſe and harneſs gude,
"And riding as I wont to be,
"It ſhould been tald this hunder year,
"The meeting of my king and me.

"GOD be wi' thee, *Kirſty*, my brother,
"Lang live thou laird o' *Mangertoun:*
"Lang mayſt thou dwell on the Border ſide,
"Or thou ſee thy brother ride up and down.

"And GOD be wi' thee, *Kirſty*, my ſon,
"Whar thou ſits on thy nurſe's knee;
"But and thou live this hunder year,
"Thy father's better thoul't ne'er be.

"Fareweil,

" Fareweil, my bonny *Gilnockiehall*,
" Whar on Eſk ſide thou ſtandeſt ſtout,
" Gif I had liv'd but ſeven years mair,
" I wad have gilt thee round about.

JOHN murder'd was at *Carlenrigg* †,
And all his gallant companie;
But *Scotland*'s heart was ne'er ſae wae
To ſee ſae mony brave men die.

Becauſe they ſav'd there country dear,
Frae *Engliſhmen*; nane were ſae bald
While *Johnie* liv'd on the Border ſide,
Nane o' them durſt come near his hald.

† About ten miles above Hawick, near the head of the water of Tiviot; where, according to our beſt Hiſtorians, this chieftan, and his brave men were hanged on growing trees. The particular ſpot upon which theſe trees grew is yet well known to ſome of our old people, who ſcruple not to tell us, that, as a token of the King's injuſtice in this affair, the trees from that day withered away. It is ſaid that one of John's attendants, by the ſtrength and ſwiftneſs of his horſe, forced his way through the many thouſands that ſurrounded them; and carried the news of the unhappy fate of his maſter and companions to GILNOCKIE CASTLE, which then ſtood upon a rock, encompaſſed by the water of Eſk, at a place now known by the name of the HOLLOWS, a few miles below the LONGHOLM.

NANCY

NANCY OF THE DALE,

SUNG IN THE CAMP.

TUNE,—Nancy's to the green-wood gane.

MY Nancy leaves the rural train,
A camp's diſtreſs to prove:
All other ills ſhe can ſuſtain,
But living from her love:
Yet, deareſt, though your ſoldier's there,
Will not your ſpirit fail
To mark the hardſhips, you muſt ſhare,
Dear Nancy of the Dale.

Or ſhould your love each danger ſcorn,
Ah! how ſhall I ſecure
Your health, 'mid toils which you were born
To ſooth, but not endure.
A thouſand perils view,
A thouſand ills aſſail;
Nor muſt I tremble then for you,
Dear Nancy of the Dale.

****

SOCIAL POWERS.

COME now all ye ſocial pow'rs,
Shed your influence o'er us;
Crown with joy the preſent hours,
Enliven thoſe before us;

Bring

Bring the flaſk, the muſic bring,
Joy ſhall quickly find us;
Drink and dance, and laugh and ſing,
And caſt dull care behind us.

CHORUS.

Bring the flaſk, the muſic bring,
Joy ſhall quickly find us;
Drink and dance, and laugh and ſing,
And caſt dull care behind us.

Friendſhip with thy pow'r divine,
Brighten all our features;
What but friendſhip, love and wine,
Can make us happy creatures.
Bring the flaſk, &c.

Love, thy godhead I adore,
Source of gen'rous paſſion;
But will ne'er bow down before,
Thoſe idols—wealth and faſhion.
Bring the flaſk, &c.

Why the plague ſhould we be ſad,
Whilſt on earth we moulder;
Whither we're merry, grave or mad,
We ev'ry day grow older.
Bring the flaſk, &c.

Then ſince time will ſteal away,
Spite of all our ſorrow;
Heighten ev'ry joy to-day,
And never mind to-morrow.

Bring the flaſk, the muſic bring,
Joy ſhall quickly find us;
Drink and dance, and laugh and ſing,
And caſt dull care behind us.

CHORUS.

Bring the flaſk, the muſic bring,
Joy ſhall quickly find us;
Drink and dance, and laugh and ſing,
And caſt dull care behind us.

TULLOCHGORUM.

COMPOSED BY A CLERGYMAN AT ABERDEEN.

Fidlers, your pins in temper fix,
And rozed weel your fiddle-ſticks;
But baniſh vile Italian tricks
Frae out your quorum,
Nor fortes wi' pianos mix,
Gie's Tullochgorum. R. FERGUSON.

COME, gie's a ſang, the Lady cry'd,
And lay your diſputes all aſide,
What ſignifies't for folks to chide
For what's been done before 'em?
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To drop their whigmegmorum:

Let

Let Whig and Tory all agree
To ſpend this night with mirth and glee,
And cheerfu' ſing alang wi' me
The reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite;
And ony ſumph that keeps up ſpite
In conſcience I abhor him.
Blithe and merry we's be a',
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we's be a'
To make a chearfu' quorum.
Blithe and merry we's be a',
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance, 'till we be like to fa',
The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be ſo great a phraſe
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
I wadna gi'e our ain Strathſpeys
For half a hundred ſcore o'em:
They're douff and dowie at the beſt,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
They're douff and dowie at the beſt,
Wi' a' their variorum:
Their douff and dowie at the beſt,
Their allegroes and a' the reſt,
They cannot pleaſe a Highland taſte,
Compair'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let wardly minds themſelves oppreſs
Wi' fear of want, and double ceſs;
And ſilly ſauls themſelves diſtreſs
Wi' keeping up decorum:
Shall we ſae ſour and ſulky ſit,
Sour and ſulky, ſour and ſulky;
Shall we ſae ſour and ſulky ſit,
Like auld Philoſophorum?
Shall we ſae ſour and ſulky ſit,
Wi' neither ſenſe, nor mirth, nor wit?
And canna riſe to ſhake a fit
At the reel of Tullochgorum.

May choiceſt bleſſings ſtill attend
Each honeſt hearted open friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's good watch o'er him!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty;
May peace and plenty be his lot,
And danties a great ſtore o'em!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unſtain'd by any vicious blot;
And may he never want a groat
That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the diſcontented fool,
Who ſtoops to be oppreſſion's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten ſoul,
And blackeſt fiends devour him!

May

May dole and ſorrow be his chance,
Dole and ſorrow, dole and ſorrow,
May dole and ſorrow be his chance
And honeſt ſouls abhor him!
May dole and ſorrow be his chance
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whoe'er he be that winna dance
The reel of Tullochgorum.

ARISTIPPUS:

OR,

THE FRIEND OF MANKIND.

LET care be a ſtranger to each jovial ſoul,
Who, like Ariſtippus, can his paſſions controul;
Of wiſeſt philoſophers wiſeſt was he,
Who, attentive to eaſe let his paſſions be free;
The prince, peer, or peaſant, to him were the ſame;
For pleas'd, he was pleaſing to all where he came:
But ſtill turn'd his back on contention and ſtrife,
Reſolving to live all the days of his life,
All the days, &c.

A friend to mankind, all mankind was his friend,
And the peace of his mind was his ultimate end;
He found fault with none, if none found fault with him;—
If his friend had a humour, he humour'd his whim;

If

If wine was the word, why, he bumper'd his glaſs;
If love was the topic, he toaſted his laſs:
But ſtill turn'd his back on contention and ſtrife,
Reſolving to live all the days of his life.

If councils diſputed, if councils agreed,
He found fault, with neither; for this was his creed,
That, let them be guided by folly or ſenſe,
'Twould be *ſemper eadem* an hundred years hence;
He deem'd it unſocial to be malcontent,
If the tide it went with him, with the tide too he went:
But ſtill turn'd his back on contention and ſtrife,
Reſolving to live all the days of his life.

Was the nation at war, he wiſh'd well to the ſword;
If a peace was concluded, a peace was his word;
Diſquiet to him, of body or mind,
Was the longitude only he never could find;
The Philoſopher's-ſtone was all gravel and pain,
And all who had ſought it had all ſought in vain:
He ſtill turn'd his back on contention and ſtrife,
Reſolving to live all the days of his life.

Then let us all follow Ariſtippus's rules,
And deem his opponents both aſſes and mules;
Let thoſe not contented to lead or to drive,
By the bees of their ſects be drove out of their hive;
Expell'd from the manſions of quiet and eaſe,
May they never find out the bleſt art how to pleaſe,
While ourſelves and our friends, not forgetting our wives
By theſe maxims may live all the days of our lives.
All the days, *&c.*

THE

THE QUEEN OF THE MEADOWS.

A SONG.

COME, Amanda, charming creature!
Hear the woodland warblers ſing,
While each forward nymph of nature
Now is pregnant with the ſpring:
Haſte to view the dawning bluſhes
On dame Flora's infants ſeen,
All beneath the blooming buſhes,
Swaddled in their mantles green.

Riſe, fair damſel, with Aurora,
Riſe and ſee their early pride;
Viſit Flora's offſpring—Flora
Will repay you when a bride;
Will return it, by portraying
On your children's faces fair
Such ſoft tinges, ſweet diſplaying
Ev'ry roſe and lilly there.

Let us loſe the day in ſporting
O'er the verdant carpets gay,
Till the feather'd rake † ſits courting
Midnight liſt'ners to his lay;
Homeward then, our ſteps befriending,
Our kind ſtars will lend each ray,
With the moon's, or elſe attending
Glow-worms light the hedge-row way.

† The Nightingale.

Every

Every rural charm is waſted;
Dull is ev'ry landſcape round;
Spring itſelf remains untaſted,
Till the Meadow's Queen is crown'd.
Ev'ry grace attends about you;
All things ſweet compoſe thy train:
All is anarchy without you;
Haſte and bleſs us with thy reign.

A SONG.

TUNE,—My fond Shepherds.

HOW ſweetly my moments did glide!
How gaily my time paſt away!
While Phœbe was ſtill by my ſide,
And her company ſweet'ned each day:
While ſhe gave all that virtue could aſk,
As we walk'd the green meadows along;
While to pleaſe my dear fair was my taſk,
And her beauty and charms were my ſong.

All around us our flocks gently graz'd,
Nor inclin'd from their paſture to rove:
The virgins and ſwains on us gaz'd—
All envied our content and our love.
But how chang'd does the ſcene now appear,
Since Phœbe is falſe to her ſwain,
For me gay ſpring ſwells not the year;
And the morning ſheds fragrance in vain.

All

All that's lovely in nature or art
To my ſenſes quite taſteleſs is grown;
Nor can beauty again fix my heart,
Since Phœbe no more is my own.
Ye ſwains who ſuch anguiſh have try'd;
When death ſhall conclude my deſpair,
On my tomb write: "Here's Colin who dy'd
"For Phœbe the falſe and the fair.

THE FIRST OF MAY.

BY THE RIGHT HON. LADY CRAVEN.

COLIN met Sylvia on the green,
Once on the charming firſt of May,
And ſhepherds ne'er tell falſe, I ween,
Yet 'twas by chance, the ſhepherds ſay.
Colin he bow'd and bluſh'd, then ſaid,
Will you, ſweet maid, this firſt of May,
Begin the dance by Colin led,
To make this quite his holiday?
Sylvia replied, I ne'er from home
Yet ventur'd, till this firſt of May;
It is not fit for maids to roam,
And make a ſhepherd's holiday.
It is moſt fit, replied the youth,
That Sylvia ſhould, this firſt of May,
By me be taught, that love and truth
Can make of life a holiday.

PASTORAL SONG.

By Mr VERNON, *at* Vauxhall.

THE happy Moments now are near
When Delia promis'd to be here;
Calm ſtillneſs rules, no zephyrs move,
The hour is ſoft, and calls to love.

But hark! there's muſic! 'tis her voice!
'Tis Delia ſings, ye birds rejoice;
Huſh every breeze, let nothing move,
For deareſt Delia ſings of love.

Come, let this ſoft enchanting ſcene,
Theſe mazy walks, for ever green;
Let this light-excluding grove
Incline my fair to hear of love.

Cupid is jealous of his pow'r;
O, come then, this is Hymen's hour:
If Delia does my claim approve,
This is the hour for joy and love.

ROBIN

ROBIN AND ALYCE.

FROM ÆLLA; A TRAGEDY,

Written by ROWLEY, *a Monk of the 15th Century.*

With ſome trivial alterations.

R. ALYCE, gentle Alyce, ſtay,
Turn thee to thy ſhepherd ſwain,
Tell me why ſo quick away,
Turn thee, Alyce, back again.

A. No, deceiver, I will go,
Softly tripping o'er the leas,
Like the ſilver-footed doe,
Seeking ſhelter 'mongſt the trees.

R. See the moſs-grown daiſy'd dank
Gliſtening in the ſtream below;
Here we'll ſit on verdure bank,
Turn thee, Alyce, do not go.

A. Oft I've heard my grandam ſay,
Pretty damſels ne'er ſhould be,
In the blithſome month of May,
With young men by the greenwood tree

R. Sit thee, Alyce, ſit and hark,
How the blackbird chants his notes,
The goldfinch and the matin lark
Warbling from their little throats.

A. From each greenwood tree I hear,
Ah to me the ſongſters cry,
Sweetly whiſp'ring in my ear
Miſchief is when you are nigh.

R. See along the meads ſo green
Sweetly do the daiſies creep;
All we ſee, by none we're ſeen,
None but by the harmleſs ſheep.

A. You tear my gown, you boiſt'rous lout,
Out upon you, let me go;
Leave me quick, or I'll cry out;
Robin, this your dame ſhall know.

R. Round the lofty poplar joins,
Sweetly joins the brier his ſpray,
Round the oak green ivy twines,
Sweetly twines, and twines for aye.
Let us, laid beneath this tree,
Laugh and ſing to loving airs;
Come, and do not prudiſh be,
Nature made all things by pairs.
Squalling cats will after kind,
Gentle Doves will kiſs and coo.
A. But man ſuch pleaſure muſt not find,
Till the Prieſt make one of two.
Tempt me ne to the foule thing,
I wyll ne man's lemann be,
Till St Prieſt his ſonge doth ſing,
Thou ſhalt ne'er find ought of me.

R. Early

R. Early on to-morrow morn
(Truth, and nought but truth I ſay)
I'll make thee wife, nor be forſworn;
So tide me life, or death, for aye!

A. What doth let, but that e'en now
We at once, thus hand in hand,
To the holy parſon go,
And be link'd in wedlock's band?

R. I agree, and thus I plight
Hand and heart, and all that's mine:
Good Sir Roger, do us right,
Make us one at Cuthbert's ſhrine.

Both. We will in a cottage live,
Happy, though of no eſtate;
Every hour more love ſhall give,
And in goodneſs we'll be great.

****

VERSIFICATION

OF HIGHLAND FRAGMENTS,

FROM THE GAELIC.

FRAGMENT FIRST.

DARK Autumn now aſſumes its fading reign;
The blue-grey miſt creeps ſlowly o'er the hill;
Dark rolls the river thro' the narrow plain,
And from the uplands burſts the new ſwol'n rill.

On

On yonder heath there ſtands a lonely tree,
And there, O Connal! thy ſad grave is found;
And ſtill its falling leaves it ſtrews on thee,
Still by the whirlwind borne in eddies round.
Here oft, as twilight grey, or purple dawn,
As o'er the heath the muſing hunter hies,
The ſheeted ghoſt ſtalks o'er the dewy lawn,
Or haunts the dreary grave where Connal lies.
Thy race, O Connal! who ſhall ſtrive to trace!
Or who through ages paſt thy ſires can tell?
As the tall oak torn from its native place
They grew, they flouriſh'd, and in thee they fell.
Mournful thy wars, O Fingal! 'midſt the ſlain
Where groan'd the dying welt'ring in their gore,
Where Connal fell! the terror of the plain!
There fell the mighty to ariſe no more!
Thy arm, a tempeſt from the bellowing main;
Thy ſword, a meteor in the evening ſky;
Thy height, a rock that overlook'd the plain;
A glowing furnace was thy wrathful eye:
Loud as a ſtorm, thy voice confounding all;
Dire was thy ſword, and eager to deſtroy;
Beneath thine arm the mighty warriors fall,
As falls the thiſtle by the playful boy.
As low'ring thunder o'er the mid-day ſkies,
Dargo the bold—Dargo the mighty, came:
Dark was his brow; two hollow caves his eyes,
Bright roſe their claſhing ſwords with ſparkling flame.

Crimora

Crimora—Rinval's beauteous daughter, near
Her much lov'd Connal—Could ſhe ſtay behind?
A bow her ſhoulder grac'd, her hand a ſpear,
And looſe her waving locks flow'd in the wind.
At Dargo's breaſt the fatal ſhaft ſhe drew;
Swift from her arm the mortal weapon flies:
Alas! the erring dart her Connal ſlew!
Alas, he bleeds! alas, her Connal dies!
So falls a rock torn from the ſhaggy hill;
So falls an oak, the glory of the plain.
What ſhall we do? what griefs her boſom fill!
"By me is Connal, hapleſs Connal, ſlain!"
All day ſhe wanders by ſome nameleſs ſtream;
Connal, my love! Connal, my friend! ſhe cries;
At night, the pathleſs vale, by Cynthia's beam;
For grief the lovely muſing mourner dies.
The loveliеſt pair cold earth doth here incloſe
That ever ſlept within her clay-cold womb;
Alone they reſt in undiſturb'd repoſe,
The green graſs rankling o'er their narrow tomb
I, muſing in the melancholy ſhade,
(The rank weed ruſtling to the whiſtling wind)
Still mourn th' ill-fated youth, and hapleſs maid,
And ſtill their mem'ry ruſhes on my mind.

FRAG.

FRAGMENT SECOND.

RYNO.

HUſh'd are the winds, and paſt the driving ſhow'r,
And calm and ſilent is the noon-tide hour;
The looſe light clouds are parted in the ſkies,
O'er the green hills th' inconſtant ſunſhine flies;
Red thro' the ſtony vale with rapid tide,
The ſtream deſcends by mountain ſprings ſupply'd;
How ſweet, O ſtream, thy murmurs to my ear!
Yet ſweeter far the tuneful voice I hear:
'Tis Alpin's voice the maſter of the ſong,
He mourns the dead, to him the dead belong;
Some heart-felt ſorrow bends his hoary head,
And fills his ſwimming eye ſuffus'd with red:
Why tried, O maſter of the ſong, thy ſkill
Alone ſequeſter'd on the ſilent hill?
Why like the blaſt that makes the woods complain,
Or wave that beats the lonely ſhore, thy ſtrain?

ALPIN.

The tears, O Ryno! which alone I ſhed,
The ſtrains I ſing are ſacred to the dead;
Tall is thy ſtature on the mountain bare,
On the green plain beneath thy form is fair,
Yet ſoon, like Morar, ſhalt thou meet thy doom,
And the dumb mourner ſit beſide thy tomb;
The hills no more ſhall hear thy jocund cry,
And in thy hall thy bow unſtrung ſhall lie.
Swift wert thou Morar as the bounding roe,
As fiery meteors dreadful to the foe.

Like

Like winter's rage was thine, in ſtorms reveal'd,
Thy ſword in fight like light'ning in the field;
Thy voice like torrents ſwell'd with haſty rains,
Or thunder rolling o'er the diſtant plains:
Unnumber'd heroes has thy arm o'erturn'd,
In ſmoke they vaniſh'd when thy anger burn'd.
Thy brow how peaceful when the war was o'er,
Like the firſt ſunſhine when it rains no more;
Calm as the moon amidſt the ſilent ſky,
Calm as the lake when huſh'd the tempeſts lie.
How narrow now thy dark abode is found!
Now with three ſteps thy grave I compaſs round;
Great as thou wert, four ſtones with moſs o'ergrown,
Thy ſole memorial, leave thee half unknown.
The lonely tree, where ſcarce a leaf we find,
The long rank graſs that whiſtles in the wind,
Theſe, and theſe only, guide the hunter's eye
To find where Morrar's mould'ring reliques lie.
How low is Morrar fall'n! alas! how low!
No tears maternal o'er his aſhes flow;
No tender maid to whom his heart he gave,
Sheds love's ſoft ſorrows o'er his humble grave;
Cold are the knees his infant weight that bore,
And Morglan's lovely daughter is no more.
But who, low bending o'er his ſtaff appears,
Oppreſs'd at once with ſorrow and with years?
A few white hairs are o'er his temple ſpread,
His ſteps are feeble, and his eyes are red;
Thy ſire, O Morrar, is the ſage I ſee,
Thy ſire,——alas! the ſire of none but thee:

He heard thy martial fame, ſupreme in fight,
Of daring foes he heard diſpers'd in flight;
Of Morrar's fame he heard, why heard he not
The wound, the hero's death was Morrar's lot?
O! ſire of Morrar, ſtill thy ſon deplore,
Weep on for ever, but he hears no more:
Deep are the ſlumbers of the ſilent dead,
And low their pillow in the duſt is ſpread.
No more thy voice he hears with filial joy,
Thy call no more his ſlumbers can deſtroy;
When, in the grave, ah! when ſhall morning break,
The cheerful morn, that bids the ſlumb'rer wake!
Farewell, O! firſt of men, untaught to yield,
Unrival'd victor in the hoſtile field;
The hoſtile field thy voice no more alarms,
Nor the dark foreſt lightens with thy arms,
To no fond ſon deſcends thy treaſur'd fame,
Yet ſhall the ſong preſerve thy living name,
The ſhining record ev'ry age ſhall ſee,
And TIME's laſt fault'ring accents tell of thee.

ESK.

ESK-DALE*.

A POEM.

THOMAS TELFORD, *author of the following* POEM, *was bred a maſon at the village of* LANGHOLM, *on the Banks of the* ESK; *a young man of no education but common reading, aſſiſted by ſome few books lent him by the neighbouring gentlemen.*

THY pleaſant Banks, O ESK! and verdant groves,
The ſeat of innocence, and pureſt loves,
Demand my lay: Ye ſacred nine deſcend,
And o'er your long lov'd ſcenes my feeble ſteps attend.
Teach me, in pureſt notes, my voice to raiſe,
Loud as were ſung in fam'd *Arcadia's* praiſe.
Here lofty hills in various proſpect riſe,
Whoſe ſummits green ſupport the azure ſkies;
The ſhepherd here attends his fleecy care,
And honeſt *Tray*, his Maſter's toil to ſhare;
Here, undiſturb'd, they roam the live-long day,
While round them wanton lambkins ſkip and play.

* This note is inſerted by deſire:——"ESK-DALE, or the dale of the River Eſk, a country moſt beautifully arcadian, lies about the centre of that diſtrict, on the border of Scotland, which is thus deſcribed by Dr PERCY in his RELIQUES of ANCIENT POETRY:"—"Moſt of the fineſt old "Scotch Songs have the ſcene laid within twenty miles of "England; which is indeed all poetic ground,—green hills, "remains of woods, clear brooks. The paſtoral ſcenes ſtill "remain: Of the rude chivalry of former ages happily no-"thing remains but the ruins of the caſtles," &c.

There glitt'ring rocks at diſtance riſe to view,
When *Phœbus'* rays exhale the pearly dew;
But when he gains the ſummit of the ſkies,
And o'er our heads in wanton triumph flies,
The verdant groves afford a checquer'd ſhade
Of various hues, by nature's hand array'd;
Here, cluſt'ring thick, the oaks their branches ſpread,
And there the lofty aſh tree rears his head;
The cheerful birch a pleaſant ſcent exhales,
Wafting his odours on refreſhing gales.
Theſe, thick embow'ring, form a cool retreat,
Where heats in vain, and angry tempeſts beat;
Or, ſcatt'ring wide, an op'ning glade appears,
Where elves and fairies play'd in former years:
Theſe gentle beings ſought green haunts of yore,
But all their wanton tricks are now no more.

Wide ſpread the level fertile vales below,
Where on the flow'ry meads the zephyrs blow;
Or rich with *Ceres'* yellow waving grain,
While round the field oft walks the cheerful ſwain;
With conſcious ſmiles he eyes his future ſtore;
'Tis all his wealth, of heaven he aſks no more.

Confin'd with meeting hills, o'erhung with woods,
Down falls the river in tumultuous floods;
Thence ſlowly winding through the fertile plain,
He moves along till hills confine again;
Now loſt, now ſeen, he ſeeks the weſtern main.

Not thus in ages paſt: One foreſt wild,
Nor verdant hill, nor pleaſant valley ſmil'd;

But

But rugged glens, and pathleſs woods were ſeen,
Where beaſts of prey howl'd round their bloody den.
Rude *Britain* then, the poliſh'd arts unknown,
To wanton rage and ſavage fury prone,
Prey'd on herſelf: To hunt the mountain boar,
To hear the hills reſound the dreadful roar;
To boaſt the trophies gain'd in doubtful chaſe,
To bend the bow, or run the rapid race,
Was their delight: The barb'rous feaſt ſucceeds,
The ſhell went round, and ſongs of warlike deeds.
Fir'd by ſuch ſongs, the hunters ruſh'd to fight,
Devoid of fear their breaſts, their ſteps unknown to flight.
Thus liv'd the ancient heroes of the north,
And thus they fought when *Fingal* led them forth;
When, prince of *Scottiſh* bards, great *Oſſian* ſung,
While to his lays the ecchoing *Morven* rung.
But ſtill, though none deſerve ſuch warlike fame,
And *Fingal* rivals great *Pelides'* name,
Yet ſtrangers they to every law and art,
That peace and plenty round the land impart;
Theſe laws that guard each *Briton*'s right with care,
Nor ſtrong can boaſt, nor weak have cauſe to fear.
Unchain'd, at length, *Britannia* rear'd her head,
And barb'rous pow'r, with ſuperſtition fled.
Unbounded commerce next her ſails unfurl'd,
Now *Britain* ſits the envy of the world.
As round the land the poliſh'd arts extend,
None more than ESK-DALE boaſts their glorious end;

Stript

Stript of their cumb'rous loads her mountains rise,
While at their feet the fertile valley lies;
These woods confin'd, that wild and dismal lay,
A charming landscape every where display.
Her polish'd sons, renown'd for arts and arms,
Whose manly breasts the nicest honour warms,
Around the world the much lov'd name convey,
From western oceans to the rising day;
None bolder rise in great *Britannia*'s cause,
None wiser in the senate form her laws.
Who have not heard of *Johnstone*'s founding name,
Or *Pasley*'s shining in the rolls of fame?
They on thy banks, O Esk! were wont to play,
Smiling in youthful prime, wantonly gay;
Oft through thy woods they've rang'd, unknown to care,
And pull'd the hazel nuts and roses fair.
Thus the young lion, in his native den,
By depth of woods remov'd from haunts of men,
Around the rustling bush and neighb'ring tree,
He harmless plays in wanton sport and glee;
Till growing strength arouse the latent fire,
Then roams abroad, and emulates his sire.
Thus, in their breasts, they felt the gen'rous flame,
And, panting, sigh'd for an immortal name.
While some the field and warlike honours charm,
Heroic deeds their rising bosoms warm;
Impell'd o'er *Neptune*'s awful realm to sweep,
And hurl the *British* thunders o'er the deep.

Others,

Others, intent by arts their names to raiſe,
Make diſtant regions eccho loud their praiſe.
The Muſes too, from tuneful *Twick'nam* came,
And on thy Banks have nurs'd young ſons of fame;
With care they form'd thy *Armſtrong*'s riſing ſoul,
And ſpread his praiſe at laſt from pole to pole.
Reſolv'd their favourite *Pope* ſhould live again,
They gave thy *Mickle* all his tuneful ſtrain;
With manly force his numbers flow along,
He charms the ear, and melts the heart in ſong;
He ſmoothly ſkims along the liquid plain;
Or, roughly roaring, paints the raging main.
Ah! if thy praiſe would rouſe his glowing theme,
And bid it live with his immortal name,
Then time might roll his whirling years away
Or wars dread havock make thy hills their prey;
Thy growing fame in diſtant realms would ſhine
And *Windſor*'s rural beauties yield to thine.

ROBIN AND MAKYNE.

AN ANCIENT SCOTS PASTORAL.

ROBIN ſat on the gude green hill,
Keipand a flock of fie,
When mirry Makyne ſaid him till,
"O Robin rew on me.

Fie,—ſheep, or cattle.——Rew,—take pity.

I have

" I have thee luv'd baith loud and ſtill,
" Thir towmonds twa or three:
" My dule in dern but gif thou dill,
" Doubtleſs bot dreid I die."

Robin replied, now by the rude,
Naithing of luve I knaw,
But keip my ſheip undir yon wood:
Lo whair they raik on raw.
What can have mart thee in thy mude,
Thou Makyne to me ſchaw;
Or what is luve, or to be lude?
Fain wald I leir that law.

" The law of luve gin thou wald leir,
" Tak thair an A, B, C;
" Be keynd, courtas, and fair of feir,
" Wyſe, hardy, kind and frie,
" Sae that nae danger do the deir,
" What dule in dern thou drie;
" Preſs ay to pleis, and blyth appeir,
" Be patient and privie."

Robin, he anſwert her again,
I wat not what is luve,
But I haif marvel uncertain
What makes thee thus wanrufe.

Dule in dern,—ſorrow in ſecret.——Dill,—ſtill, calm, or mitigate.——By the rude,—by the croſs.——Raik on raw,—go apace in a row.——Mart,—marred——Fair of feir,—of a fair and healthful look.——Wanrufe,—uneaſy.

The

The wether is fair, and I am fain;
My ſheep gais hail abuve,
Gif we ſould pley us on the plain,
They wald us baith repruve.

"Robin, take tent unto my tale,
"And do all as I reid;
"And thou ſall haif my heart all hale,
"Eik and my maiden-heid:
"Sen God, he ſends us bute for bale,
"And for murning remid,
"I dern with thee but give I dale,
"Doubtleſs I am but deid."

Makyne, the morn be this ilk tyde,
Gif ye will meit me heir,
May be my ſheip may gang beſyde,
Quhyle we have liggd full neir;
But maugre haif I, gif I byde,
Frae they begin to ſteir,
What lyes on heart I will nocht hyd,
Then Makyne mak gude cheir.

"Robin, thou reivs me of my reſt;
"I luve but thee alane."
"Makyne, adieu! the ſun goes weſt,
The day is neir-hand gane.
"Robin, in dule I am ſo dreſt,
"That luve will be my bane."
Makyne, gae luve whair eir ye liſt,
For lemans I luid nane.

" Robin, I ſtand in ſic a ſtyle,
" I ſich and that full ſair."
Makyne, I have bene here this quyle,
At hame I wiſh I were.
" Robin, my hinny, talk and ſmyle,
" Gif thou will do nae mair."
Makyne, ſome other man beguyle,
For homeward I will fare.

Syne Robin on his way he went,
As light as leif on tree;
But Makyne murnt and made lament,
Scho trow'd him neir to ſee.
Robin he brayd attowre the bent:
Then Makyne cried on hie,
" Now may thou ſing, for I am ſhent!
" What can ail luve at me?"

Makyne went hame withouten fall,
And weirylie could weip;
Then Robin in a full fair dale
Aſſemblit all his ſheip.
Be that ſome part of Makyne's ail,
Out-throw his heart could creip,
Hir faſt he followt to aſſail,
And till her tuke gude keip.

Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne,
A word for ony thing;
For all my luve, it ſall be thyne,
Withouten departing.

All

All hale thy heart for till have myne,
Is all my coveting;
My ſheip quhyle morn till the hours nyne,
Will miſter nae keiping.

"Robin, thou haſt heard ſung and ſay,
"In jeſts and ſtorys auld,
"The man that will not when he may,
"Sall have nocht when he wald.
"I pray to heaven baith nicht and day,
"Be eikd their cares ſae cauld,
"That preſſes firſt with thee to play
"Be forreſt, firth, or fauld."

Makyne, the nicht is ſoft and dry,
The wether warm and fair,
And the green wod richt neir hand by,
To walk attowre all where:
There may nae janglers us eſpy,
That is in luve contrair;
Therein, Makyne, baith you and I
Unſeen may mak repair.

"Robin, that warld is now away,
"And quyt brocht till an end,
"And neir again thereto perfay,
"Sall it be as thou wend;
"For of my pain thou made but play,
"I words in vain did ſpend;
"As thou haſt done ſae ſall I ſay,
"Murn on, I think to mend."

Makyne, the hope of all my heil,
My heart on thee is ſet;
I'll evermair to thee be leil,
Quyle I may live but lett,
Never to fail as uthers feil,
What grace ſo eir I get.
"Robin, with the I will not deal;
"Adieu, for this we met."

Makyne went hameward blyth enough,
Outtowre the holtis hair,
Pure Robin murnd and Makyne leugh;
Scho ſang, and he ſicht ſair:
Scho left him in baith wae and wreuch,
In dolor and in care,
Keipand his herd under a heuch,
Amang the ruſhy gair.

We are ſorry that no better account can be given of Mr ROBERT HENRYSON, author of the foregoing beautiful Poem, than what is contained in the following eloge, written by W. Dunbar, a Scots poet, who lived about the middle of the 16th century:

"In Dumferling, he [death] hath tane Broun,
"With gude Mr Robert Henryſon."

THE

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

The Heir of Linne ſeems not to have been a Lord of Parliament, but a LAIRD, whoſe title went along with his eſtate.

PART THE FIRST.

LITHE and liſten, gentlemen,
To ſing a ſong I will begin:
It is of a lord of fair Scotland,
Which was the unthrifty heir of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree;
But they, alas! were dead, him frae,
And he lov'd keeping companie.

To ſpend the day with merry chear,
To drink and revel every night,
To cards and dice from even to morn,
It was I ween, his hearts delight.

To ride, to run, to rant, to roar,
To always ſpend and never ſpare,
I wott, an' it were the king himſelf,
Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

Sae fares the unthrifty lord of Linne
Till all his gold is gone and ſpent;
And he maun ſell his lands ſae broad,
His houſe, and lands, and all his rent.

His father had a keen ſteward,
And John o' the Scales was called he:
But John is become a gentelman,
And John has got baith gold and fee.

Says

Says, Welcome, welcome, lord of Linne,
Let nought diſturb thy merry cheer,
If thou wilt ſell thy lands ſae broad,
Good ſtore of gold I'll give thee here.

My gold is gone, my money is ſpent;
My land now take it unto thee,
Give me the gold, good John o' the Scales,
And thine for aye my land ſhall be.

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he gave him a gods-pennie†;
But for every pound that John agreed,
The land, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the board,
He was right glad his land to win:
The land is mine, the gold is thine,
And now I'll be the lord of Linne.

Thus he hath ſold his land ſae broad,
Baith hill and holt, and moor and fen,
All but a poor and loneſome lodge,
That ſtood far aff in a lonely glen.

For ſae he to his father hight:
My ſon when I am gane, ſayd he,
Then thou wilt ſpend thy land ſae broad,
And thou wilt ſpend thy gold ſo free.

† Earneſt-money.

But

But ſwear me now upon the rude,
That loneſome lodge thou'lt never ſpend;
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there ſhalt find a faithful friend.

The heir of Linne is full of gold:
And come with me, my friends, ſayd he,
Let's drink, and rant, and merry make,
And he that ſpares, ne'er mote he be.——

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thin;
And then his friends they ſlunk away;
They left the unthrifty heir of Linne.

He hadna a penny left in his purſe,
Never a penny left but three,
The tane was braſs, and tother was lead,
The third it was of white monie.

Now well-aday, ſayd the heir of Linne,
Now well-aday, and woe is me,
For when I was the lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold or fee.

But mony a truſtie friend have I,
And why ſhould I feel dole or care?
I'll borrow of them all by turns,
Sae need I not be never bare.

But ane, I wis, was not at hame,
Another had payd his gold away;
Another call'd him thriftleſs loon,
And bad him ſharpely wend his way.

Now

Now well-aday, ſayd the heir of Linne,
Now well-aday, and woe is me!
For when I had my lands ſo broad,
On me they liv'd right merrilie.

To beg my bread from door to door
I wis, it were a brenning ſhame:
To rob and ſteal it were a ſin:
To work my limbs I cannot frame.

Now I'll away to loneſome lodge,
For there my father bade me wend;
When all the world ſhould frown on me,
I there ſhould find a truſty friend.

PART THE SECOND.

AWAY then hyed the heir of Linne
O'er hill and holt, and moor and fen,
Until he came to loneſome lodge,
That ſtood ſo low in a lonely glen.

He looked up, he looked down,
In hope ſome comfort for to win,
But bare and lothly were the walls:
Here's ſorry chear, quo' the heir of Linne.

The little window dim and dark
Was hung with ivy, brere and yew;
No ſhimmering ſun here ever ſhone;
No haleſome breeze here ever blew.

No

No chair, no table he mote ſpye,
No chearful hearth, no welcome bed,
Nought ſave a rope with renning nooſe,
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad letters,
Theſe words were written ſo plain to ſee:
" Ah! graceleſs wretch, haſt ſpent thine all,
" And brought thyſelf to penurie?

" All this my boding mind miſgave,
" I therefore left this truſty friend:
" Let it now ſhield thy foule diſgrace,
" And all thy ſhame and ſorrows end."

Sorely ſhent wi' this rebuke,
Sorely ſhent was the heir of Linne,
His heart, I wis, was near to braſt
With guilt and ſorrow, ſhame and ſin.

Never a word ſpake the heir of Linne,
Never a word he ſpake but three:
" This is a truſty friend indeed,
" And is right welcome unto me."

Then round his neck the cord he drew,
And ſprung aloft with his bodie:
When lo! the ceiling burſt in twain,
And to the ground came tumbling he.

Aſtonyed lay the heir of Linne,
Nor knew if he were live or dead,
At length he looked, and ſaw a bill,
And in it a key of gold ſo red.

He took the bill, and lookt it on,
Strait good comfort found he there:
It told him of a hole in the wall,
In which there ſtood three cheſts in fere.

Two were full of the beaten gold,
The third was full of white monie,
And over them in broad letters
Theſe words were written ſo plain to ſee.

"Once more, my ſon, I ſet thee clear;
"Amend thy life and follies paſt;
"For but thou amend thee of thy life,
"That rope muſt be thy end at laſt."

And let it be, ſayd the heir of Linne;
And let it be, but if I amend †:
For here I will make mine avow,
This read § ſhall guide me to the end.

Away then went the heir of Linne;
Away he went with a merry chear:
I wis, he neither ſtint nor ſtayd,
Till John o' the Scales houſe he came near.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
Up at the ſpeer then looked he;
There ſat three lords at the boards end,
Were drinking of the wine ſo free.

† Unleſs I amend. § Advice, counſel.

And

And then beſpake the heir of Linne
To John o' the Scales then louted he:
I pray thee now, good John o' the Scales,
One forty pence for to lend me.

Away, away, thou thriftleſs loon,
Away, away, this may not be:
For Chriſts curſe on my head, he ſayd,
If ever I truſt thee one pennie.

Then beſpake the heir of Linne,
To John o' the Scales wife then ſpake he:
Madam, ſome alms on me beſtow,
I pray for ſweet ſaint charitie.

Away, away, thou thriftleſs loon,
I ſwear thou getteſt no alms of me;
For if we ſhold hang any loſel here,
The firſt we wold begin with the.

Then beſpake a good fellow,
Which ſat at John o' the Scales his board;
Sayd, turn again, thou heir of Linne,
Some time thou waſt a well good lord:

Some time a good fellow thou haſt been,
And ſparedſt not thy gold and fee,
Therefore I'll lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need be.

And ever, I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him ſit in thy companie:
For well I wot thou hadſt his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee.

Up then ſpake him John o' the Scales,
All wood he anſwer'd him again:
Now Chriſts curſe on my head, he ſayd,
But I did loſe by that bargain.

And here I proffer thee, heir of Linne,
Before theſe lords ſo fair and free,
Thou ſhalt have it back again better cheap,
By a hundred marks, than I had it of thee.

I draw you to record, lords, he ſaid.
With that he gave him a gods-pennie:
Now by my fay, ſayd the heir of Linne,
And here, good John, is thy monie.

And he pull'd forth three baggs of gold,
And layd them down upon the board.
All woe begone was John o' the Scales,
So ſhent he cold ſay never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth with little din.
The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I'm again the lord of Linne.

Says, have thou here, thou good fellow,
Forty pence thou didſt lend me:
Now I am again the lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee.

Now welladay! ſayth Joan o' the Scales:
Now welladay! and woe is my life!
Yeſterday I was lady of Linne,
Now I'm but John o' the Scales his wife.

Now fare thee well, ſayd the heir of Linne;
Farewell, good John o' the Scales, ſaid he:
When next I want to ſell my land,
Good John o' the Scales I'll come to thee.

LORD HARRY'S RANT.

This Lord Harry was one of the Earls of Deloraine,—probably the preſent Earl's father or grand-father. The following Song being altogether deſcriptive of his frolic, renders any further account thereof unneceſſary. Deloraine lies upon the water of Etrick, about eight miles above Selkirk.

GIVE ear to my frolicſome ditty,
Of one that a wager did lay;
He wou'd paſs any watch in the city,
And never one word wou'd he ſay,
But didle dal didle, *&c.*

The Conſtable ſays to his watch-men,
Brave boys it is my delight;
An order we have for to catch men
That ramble too late in the night.
But didle dal didle, *&c.*

The ſtreets do echo, you hear boys,
With mad men coming along;
My ſtaff is ready, ne'er fear boys,
We'll make them to alter their ſong.
But didle dal didle, *&c.*

Stand,

Stand, ſtand, ſays the bellman,
The Conſtable now come before;
And if a juſt ſtory you'll tell man,
We'll light you home to your own door.
But didle dal didle, &c.

This now is a very late ſeaſon,
Which ſurely no honeſt men keep;
And therefore, it is but juſt reaſon,
That you in the Compter ſhould ſleep.
But didle dal didle, &c.

Then do take away this ſame fellow,
And him to the Compter convey;
Altho' that his frolic be mellow,
He ſomething to-morrow will ſay.
But didle dal didle, &c.

Then open your doors, make no ſcorning;
Take charge of your priſoner there
And we will, ſoon the next morning,
Appear before my Lord Mayor.
But didle dal didle, &c.

This frolic ſoon echo'd the priſon,
The debtors his garniſh would have
Without e'er demanding the reaſon
Whate'er they required he gave.
But didle dal didle, &c.

A bottle

A bottle of claret we'll have, Sir,
Some pipes and tobacco beſide;
And, if it now be your good-will, Sir,
A bed for you ſoon we'll provide.
But didle dal didle, &c.

Then the Conſtable, ſoon the next morning,
This comical matter to clear,
This gentleman hurried ſtraight way, Sir,
Before my Lord Mayor to appear.
But didle dal didle, &c.

"My Lord give ear to my ſtory,
"Whileſt I the truth do relate:
"This gentleman ſtanding before ye
"Was ſeized by me at Criple-gate.
But didle dal didle, &c.

"I nothing could hear but his ſinging,
"Wherefore in the Compter he lay;
"And, therefore, this morning, I bring him,
"To hear what your Lordſhip will ſay."
But didle dal didle, &c.

"Come, friend, the caſe doth appear then,
"That you have been in a mad fit;
"But now, I hope you are clear Sir,
"Since ſleep hath reſtor'd you your wit.
But didle dal didle, &c.

"This

" This gentleman he is diſtracted
" He has over-heated his brain;
" Since he this folly hath acted,
" To the Compter I'll ſend him again.
But didle dal didle, &c.

" A priſon ſure it will tame him,
" And bring him ſoon to his ſenſe;
" There's nothing elſe can reclaim him,
" From this his notorious offence."
But didle dal didle, &c.

Then up beſpake my Lord's daughter,
And thus for him did interceed;
" Kind father, you'll hear that, hereafter,
" This is but a wager indeed.
But didle dal didle, &c.

" Therefore be pleaſed kind, father,
" To hear one word more of me,
" And grant to me ſo much favour,
" This gentleman may be ſet free."
But didle dal didle, &c.

" Well, daughter, I grant your petition,
" This gentleman home may repair;
" But yet it's upon this condition,
" Of paying my officers there.
But didle dal didle, &c.

" Come

" Come Sir our fees we require,
" You freed are now by the court;
" And all that we do deſire,
" Is you'll find out ſome other new ſport."
But didle dal didle, *&c.*

Thus ſeeing he might be releaſed,
If he their fees did but pay:
O! then he was very well pleaſed,
And ſo he went ſinging away.
But didle dal didle, *&c.*

AIR—*By Mrs* KENNEDY,

IN THE MUSICAL FARCE CALLED

THE POOR S'OLDIER.

HOW happy the ſoldier who lives on his pay,
And ſpends half-a-crown out of ſixpence a-day!
Yet fears neither juſtices, warrants, nor bums,
But pays all his debts with the roll of the drums.
With a row-de-dow, *&c.*

He cares not a marvedi how the world goes,
His King finds him quarters, and money, and clothes;
He laughs at all ſorrow whenever it comes,
And rattles away with the roll of the drums.
With a row-de- dow, *&c.*

The drum is his glory, his joy, and delight;
It leads him to pleaſure as well as to fight.
No girl, when ſhe hears it, tho' ever ſo glum,
But packs up her tatters, and follows the drum.
With a row-de-dow, *&c.*

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ELFRIDA *and* SIR JAMES *of* PERTH.

TUNE,—CHILD MAURICE.

WHERE Scone diſplays its moſs-crown'd tow'rs,
That riſe in ſolemn pride;
Where Tay, in many a winding maze,
Conducts his limpid tide,

There liv'd a valiant hardy knight,
A knight of meikle fame,
The braveſt of the northern chiefs,
Sir James of Perth his name.

Scarce twenty years had pour'd their bloom
Upon his youthful face;
His perſon was full meet to view,
Adorn'd with ev'ry grace.

Whene'er he led his dauntleſs clan
Some rebel to confound,
His glitt'ring blade mow'd down whole ranks,
And dealt deſtruction round.

Each

Each valiant chief, and wealthy laird,
To gain his friendſhip ſtrove;
Each tyrant trembled at his name,
Except that tyrant LOVE.

For long he wood a tender laſs,
Elfrida of the dale,
An equal flame the laſs betray'd,
And heard his am'rous tale.

A piercing glance her eyes did ſhoot,
And ev'ry heart engroſs;
Full many a lover hopeleſs ſigh'd,
And eke Sir James of Roſs.

His mind, by ſordid av'rice rul'd,
No virtue e'er confeſſed,
Whilſt ev'ry vice that blackens man
Reign'd lawleſs in his breaſt.

Oft did Sir James his paſſion urge,
But fix'd the maid remain'd;
For Perth ſhe kept her maiden vow,
And plighted troth maintain'd.

Fir'd with diſdain, his boſom glow'd,
His eyes with choler bright
Darted revenge; his ſoul employ'd
To ſlay the rival knight.

Elfrida's page, by money lur'd,
Her ſecrets to unfold,
In haſte repair'd to John of Roſs,
And joyful tidings told,

" That young Elfrida, longing maid,
Appoints to meet her love,
When night begins to hold her ſway,
And ſplendid ſtars to rove.

" Where yonder turf of fir-trees riſe,
And lord it in the air,
Sir James of Perth, with many a vow,
Expects his blooming fair."

" And will they meet (then Roſs abrupt),
This meeting is their laſt;
If by my ſword Perth doth not bleed,
May heav'n my body blaſt."

Ten of his hardy clan he choſe,
Then plac'd them in the ſhade;
And he himſelf, with purpoſe vile,
In ſecret ambuſh laid.

'Twas night; each whiſp'ring breeze was huſh'd;
The moon, in argent robe,
Diffuſing glory on her throne,
Illum'd the glowing globe.

Around the vaſt etherial lamp,
Unnumber'd luſtres ſhine;
The planets tides of glory blaz'd,
And ſtamp'd the hand divine:

When lo! the wiſh'd for chief advanc'd,
Elate with joy his mind,
His ſoul in tender thoughts diſſolv'd,
And all to love reſign'd.

Impa-

Impatient of delay, Sir John
Ruſh'd forward from the ſhade,
"Yield to our arms, thou dog of Perth,
Renounce the peerleſs maid.

Swift from the ſheath out flew the ſword,
That glitt'red at his ſide,
"Perdition ſeize me if I do,
The Knight of Perth reply'd.

"I know thy voice, Sir John of Roſs,
And you my wond'rous might,
When in the van at Flodden-Field,
I dar'd the bleeding fight.

"Now hand to hand let's here engage,
My ſingle arm to thine,
Or I ſhall own thy hardy force,
Or thou ſhalt bow to mine.

"Think not Elfrida I'll reſign,
Or tamely yield the prize.
Vaniſh the thought; for, while I breathe,
I'll live but in her eyes."

Struck with this ſpeech, the Knight of Roſs
His temper'd faulchion drew;
To aid their laird againſt the youth,
Sprung forth his ſervile crew.

But valiant Perth, by rage inſpir'd,
His blows with fury dealt,
Till three, the braveſt of his foes,
The deadly weapon felt.

Two more unlucky gallant wights,
With crimſon dyed his ſword;
But ſtill he ſcorn'd ignoble blood,
And thirſted for their Lord.

Whilſt valour dancing on his blade
United force defy'd,
Behind him vilely ſtepp'd Sir John,
And pierc'd him in the ſide.

Fir'd with the baſe unmanly deed,
Tho' rack'd with deadly pain,
The youth attack'd the chief of Roſs,
And ſtretch'd him on the plain.

The purple gore ruſh'd out apace,
And Roſs extended fell;
His men, by favour of the night,
Eſcap'd the hoſtile ſteel.

The victor, faint with loſs of blood,
His knees no more ſuſtain,
He dimly eyes the varied light,
Then ſinks upon the plain.

Now arm'd with ſmiles Elfrida parts
To meet her inmoſt ſoul,
Her paſſions burn, her tender flames
With rapid fury roll.

The ſcene of death at length ſhe reach'd,
And trembled at the view;
She ſhudder'd at the ſtreams of blood,
And pale with horror grew.

Too ſoon ſhe kenn'd the diſmal news,
Too ſoon perceiv'd the fray;
Her ſoul with inward horror bled,
And all diſſolv'd away.

Each lifeleſs corpſe ſhe duly ſcann'd,
At each ſhe ſorely ſighed;
At laſt ſhe ſaw Sir James of Perth,
And Roſs adorn'd his ſide.

"One parting look, e'er veil'd in clouds
You fill the arms of death,
Your lov'd, once lov'd Elfrida calls,
Regard her ſuppliant breath."

The well-known voice awaked the chief,
Juſt wing'd for endleſs night;
The ſound he heard with dawning glee,
And breath'd with new delight.

He op'd his eyes, which faintly ſhone,
And ſigh'd; he could no more,
Whilſt fair Elfrida beat her breaſt,
And plaited garments tore.

Her diſmal plaints, from woods and caves,
And hills and rocks rebound,
Whilſt Perth, the loſt lamented Perth
All Nature's works reſound.

Baring her boſom, white as ſnow,
Elyſium heav'd confeſt,
Then ſnatch'd his ſword, yet warm with gore,
And plung'd it in her breaſt.

"And

"And is it thus, with many a tear,
(Exclaim'd the fair divine),
Not death ſhall tear thee from my arms,
Sir James I will be thine."

Thus fell Elfrida, faireſt flower
That Nature e'er brought forth;
Thus fell the Wallace of the age,
The brave Sir James of Perth.

AN ELEGIAC EPISTLE,

TO A FRIEND.

Written by Mr GAY, when under a dejection of ſpirits.

FRIEND of my youth, ſhedd'ſt thou the pitying tear
O'er the ſad relics of my happier days,
Of nature tender, as of ſoul ſincere,
Pour'ſt thou for me the melancholy lays!

Oh! truly ſaid!—the diſtant landſcape bright,
Whoſe vivid colours glitter'd on the eye,
Is faded now, and ſunk in ſhades of night,
As, on ſome chilly eve, the cloſing flow'rets die.

Yet had I hop'd, when firſt, in happier times,
I trod the magic paths where Fancy led,
The muſe to foſter in more friendly climes,
Where never mis'ry rear'd its hated head.

How

How vain the thought! Hope after hope expires!
Friend after friend, joy after joy is loſt!
My deareſt wiſhes feed the funeral fires,
And Life is purchas'd at too dear a coſt.

Yet could my heart the ſelfiſh comfort know,
That not alone I murmur and complain;
Well might I find companions in my woe,
All born to grief, the family of pain!

Full well I know, in life's uncertain road,
The thorns of mis'ry are profuſely ſown;
Full well I know, in this low vile abode,
Beneath the chaſt'ning rod, what numbers groan.

Born to a happier ſtate, how many pine
Beneath the oppreſſor's pow'r, or feel the ſmart
Of bitter want, or foreign evils join
To the ſad ſymptoms of a broken heart!

How many, fated from their birth to view
Misfortunes growing with their ripning years,
The ſame ſad track, through various ſcenes, purſue,
Still journeying onward thro' a vale of tears!

To them, alas! what boots the light of heav'n,
While ſtill new mis'ries mark their deſtin'd way,
Whether to their unhappy lot be giv'n
Death's long ſad night, or life's ſhort buſy day!

Me not ſuch themes delight;—I more rejoice,
When chance ſome happier, better change I ſee,
Tho' no ſuch change await my luckleſs choice,
And mountains riſe between my hopes and me.

For why ſhould he, who roves the dreary waſte,
Still joy on ev'ry ſide to view the gloom,
Or when upon the couch of ſickneſs plac'd,
Well pleas'd ſurvey a hapleſs neighbour's tomb?

If e'er a gleam of comfort glads my ſoul,
If e'er my brow to wonted ſmiles unbends,
'Tis when the fleeting minutes, as they roll,
Can add one gleam of pleaſure to my friends.

Ev'n in theſe ſhades, the laſt retreat of grief,
Some tranſient bleſſings will that thought beſtow;
To melancholy's ſelf yield ſome relief,
And eaſe the breaſt ſurcharg'd with mortal woe.

Long has my bark, in rudeſt tempeſts toſs'd,
Buffetted ſeas, and ſtem'd life's hoſtile wave:
Suffice it now, in all my wiſhes croſs'd,
To ſeek a peaceful harbour in the grave.

And when that hour ſhall come (as come it muſt),
Ere many moons their waning horns increaſe,
When this frail frame ſhall mix with kindred duſt,
And all its fond purſuits and troubles ceaſe;

When thoſe black gates that ever open ſtand,
Receive me on th' irremeable ſhore;
When Life's frail glaſs has run its lateſt ſand,
And the dull jeſt repeated, charms no more;

Then may my friend weep o'er the fun'ral hearſe,
Then may his preſence gild the awful gloom,
And his laſt tribute be ſome mournful verſe,
To mark the ſpot that holds my ſilent tomb—.

This

This—and no more:—the reſt let Heav'n provide
To which reſign'd, I truſt my weal or woe,
Aſſur'd, howe'er its juſtice ſhall decide,
To find nought worſe than I have left below.

TO POVERTY.

LET others tell triumphant Beauty's praiſe,
Or to high titles dedicate their lays;
Nor wealth, nor beauty, nor the pride of men,
Shall tempt my muſe to proſtitute her pen.
Who has not ſung of roſy cheeks, bright eyes,
And all the charms for which poor Strephon dies;
Forc'd a dull ſimile t'expreſs his pain,
And ſhew what paſſions in his boſom reign?
To Wealth, to Peers, to Miniſters of State,
Has been aſcrib'd whate'er is good or great;
Each virtue giv'n by ſome mean paraſite,
And all their foibles buried out of ſight.
For as the Poet's dull diſtemper'd brain
Conceits his writings ſhall immortal reign;
The ſanction of that name at leaſt is due,
Whoſe virtuous deeds muſt be immortal too.
Thus while the Author does his Lordſhip paint,
He ſhines a gen'rous patron and a ſaint.

Hence, flatt'ry, hence! to Poverty I write,
Juſt be each line my feeble thoughts indite.
Thou art not ſeated on a throne of power,
Nor doſt deſcend, like Jove, a golden ſhower;

Thou canſt not whiſper in the ſtateſman's ear;
Or gain an audience from a haughty Peer;
Thou haſt no wages for a ſervile tool,
No feather to adorn a knave or fool;
Yet art exempt from every poignant ill
Which wound the great, and all their pleaſures kill;
Thou feel'ſt no pangs of riches got by ſtealth;
Thou ne'er haſt plunder'd India of its wealth;
Thou feel'ſt no cares which the ambitious know,
Nor doſt thou make, nor doſt thou dread a foe.
Within thy homely cot, when ſunk in ſleep,
What need there bolts or bars thy door to keep?
No midnight plund'rer ranſacks there for ſtore;
Thou haſt conceal'd no bags of glitt'ring ore.
Or if thy humbler fate a cot denies,
See how kind nature this defect ſupplies!
A richer cov'ring far, hangs o'er thy head,
Than that which decks the ſtately royal bed.
What are to thee a palace or a dome?
The ſky's thy canopy, the world thy home;
Coarſe is thy food, yet to thy palate ſweet,
Nor poiſon lurks diſguis'd beneath thy meat.
Each morſel gives refreſhment, life, and health,
Bleſſings which can't be bought with ſtores of wealth.
Oh! what a contraſt to the pamper'd Peer,
Who ſtarves amidſt the moſt delicious fare!
Patient of ills, thou calmly doſt ſuſtain
Adverſity, and all her grievous train;
Calamity, Affliction, Death and Pain:
Nor can the rattling hail or piercing wind
Diſturb the peaceful temper of thy mind.

Oft

Oft does the miſer, counting o'er his bags,
Wiſh to become the humble man in rags.
Turn, turn, thou ſordid wretch! at leaſt admire,
If not relieve, this man in mean attire.
See'ſt thou the outward ſigns of miſery?
Yet ſtill he envies not but pities thee.
Poor are his mien, his aſpect and adreſs,
But thou within art full of wretchedneſs;
Care and ſolicitude thy peace deſtroy,
With Avarice, which damps each ſocial joy.
Yes, Poverty, thine is a kinder dart
Than that which ſtrikes the miſer to the heart;
And let the gay, the great, the wealthy know,
Who ſtudiouſly avoid thee as a foe,
Thou in the grave ſhalt be as great as they,
Thou too poſſeſs an equal ſhare of clay.

AN EPISTLE TO A YOUNG LADY.

By the late Mr M'MILLAN.

FROM AUGUSTA's high turrets, where proudly ſhe ſmiles,
By her villas ſurrounded, the Queen of the Iſles;
Where much may be heard, but where more may be ſeen;
Where Freedom is riot, and Virtue is ſpleen;

Where

Where Wiſdom is riches, and Riches are grace—
I greet ISABELLA, and greet her in peace.

The proſpect to brighten, to vary the ſcene,
Let the muſe quit her fields of perpetual green;
Let her leave Arethuſa, the fountain of ſong,
And guide me the vales and the green woods among.
Oh! place me, ye pow'rs, in ſome rural retreat,
Where the bank, ſtrew'd with daiſies, affords me a ſeat;
Where the marigold nods o'er the brink of the brook,
Where the ſhepherd with lilies encircles his crook;
Where MAY, all around the green dale as ſhe goes,
From her lap throws the daffodil, cowſlip, and roſe;
Whilſt AURORA with dew-drops beſprinkles the thorn
Or paints the grey clouds with the bluſhes of morn!

To a ſcene ſo enchanting, retirement ſo ſweet,
The blue mantled muſes delight to retreat;
From them you will ſtudy your taſte to improve,
And follow their ſteps to the mead or the grove.
The muſes and graces are nearly ally'd,
For the graces will point where the muſes will guide.
As you wander the flow'rs of Parnaſſus among,
Now fann'd by the breeze, and now rapt by the ſong,
Full oft will your boſom partake of his fire,
And be grave or be gay, as the bard will inſpire.
But, oh! when you read the ſad tale of deſpair,
Of worth unregarded, and bleeding with care,
Of virtue betray'd or of beauty diſtreſt,
Indulge the ſoft tumult that heaves in your breaſt;

Indulge

Indulge the ſoft tear that is ready to ſtart—
'Tis richer than rubies—it comes from the heart.
Did the fair but indulge, unreſtrain'd by controul,
Thoſe delicate feelings that ſoften the ſoul;
Did they blend, with the tender emotions of love,
That refinement of taſte which our ſenſe muſt approve;
How num'rous would then be their talents to warm!
How pointed each dart, and how heighten'd each charm!
Ten thouſand kind Cupids would aid them to win,
And their bloom be improv'd by the beauties within.
Adieu, then, the arts that coquettes have eſſay'd!
The languiſhing leer, and the boſom diſplay'd,
The ſide glance, the liſp, and the flirt of the fan,
And the ſmile—at that ſtrange, monſtrous creature call'd MAN!
Contentment would deepen the bluſh on the face,
And the boſom of love be the cottage of peace.
The kindred refinement our manners would meet,
And poliſh our ſouls whilſt we kneel at your feet;
Pride, ſcandal, and rage from their boſoms would fly,
And Envy, pale envy, would languiſh and die.

When Laura, the faireſt of all that are fair,
With her roſes and lilies, her ſhape and her air;
Her voice ſo enchanting, ſo brilliant her eyes,
That you'd ſwear it was Venus come down from the ſkies;
When ſhe leads in the dance, or preſides in the throng,
The queen of all hearts, of all poets the ſong:

Muſt

Muſt Belinda, for this, diſregard her own face,
And neglect her dear lap-dog, her pray'rs, and her lace?
For this muſt ſhe mix her Bohea with the ſpleen,
And her charms, though leſs bright, be devour'd by chagrin?
Muſt her toilette be robb'd of its patches and paſte,
Her treſſes uncurl'd, and unmantled her waiſt?

At eve, as I wander thro' Granta's ſweet vale,
As I ſtray thro' the foreſt, or range o'er the dale,
When I ſee how the roſe leans its languiſhing head,
And the primroſes weep o'er the ſnow-drops that fade,
I reflect with a ſigh (take a hint from the flow'r),
That beauty and bloom are the dreams of an hour.
For time, thro' his courſe as unwearied he flies,
Steals a roſe from the cheek, or a ſtar from the eyes;
Each moment comes fraught with a thouſand alarms,
Each moment that runs is the thief of your charms.
Believe me, my friend, 'tis the ſource of our woe,
That too highly we prize our enjoyments below;
And, ſtarting from reaſon and all her degrees,
For baubles and trifles we barter our eaſe.
If a lover is falſe, or a patch is miſplac'd—
If your bloom—or your china—is falling to waſte;
If a friend—or a lap-dog—is robb'd of his breath;
Then we rave out for poiſon, and daggers, and death!
Betray'd by our hopes, and by folly perplext,
We wiſh, in this life, for the joys of the next.

Oh!

Oh! blind to the truth !—let us learn to believe
That pride is a cheat, and will ſurely deceive.
That contentment—an angel ſent down from the ſkies,
Is poſſeſs'd but by few—and thoſe few are the wiſe.

As for me, tho' a neighbour ſtarts up to be great,
Tho' my Lord, has his coach, and Sir Knight his eſtate;
Tho' their gardens are green, and their houſes are fine,
Shall I curſe my ſtars that their gifts are not mine?
No, no—
'Tis the maxim philoſophy taught us to hear,
('Twas Plato who ſpake, and let mortals revere)
That grandeur, at diſtance admir'd for its charms.
Oft dazzles our eyes, and our reaſon diſarms;
But ſtrip it of pomp, and the trappings of Kings,
Its plumes and its purple, its di'monds and ſtrings—
Let the curtain be drawn—we behold (and we ſigh)
That a King is more hapleſs, more wretched than I.
Since, then, from misfortunes no ſtation is free,
From the throne to the cot, from the monarch to me;
In the midſt of this tumult 'tis wiſe to be gay,
And in ſpite of them all will I carol my lay.

Away, then, the hermit, his lamp, and his cell,
His food from the tree, and his drink from the well;
The new-dropping gloom, and the moon-lighted glade,
And be fay-footed chearfulneſs plac'd in their ſtead

And come thou, philoſophy, queen of the mind,
In thy arms let me ſlumber, content and reſign'd.
Come thou, too, bright virtue, thy aſpect ſo meek,
With the beam on thy brow, and the bluſh on thy cheek;
Let freedom, let innocence ſport in thy train,
And rural ſimplicity nurs'd on the plain:
Let goodhumour be there, with the ſmile on her face,
The hermit content, and the ſhepherdeſs peace.

Whilſt I, on the banks where old *Cam* ſlowly creeps,
Reclin'd in the ſhade of the willow that weeps,
Indulge the ſweet dreams that the mind can impart,
With a ſong in my head, and a ſigh in my heart;
May my friend, unmoleſted, her ſtudies purſue,
With Milton, with Thomſon, and Addiſon too!
And oh! while you read, may the ſentiments roll
From the head to the heart, from the heart to the ſoul!
May contentment and hope be the gueſts of your breaſt,
And bleſt be the fairy that ſings you to reſt!

THE

THE
BACHELOR's SOLILOQUY.

In imitation of the celebrated Soliloquy of Hamlet.

TO wed, or not to wed—that is the queſtion:
Whether 'tis better ſtill to rove at large
From fair to fair, amid the wilds of paſſion;
Or plunge at once into a ſea of marriage,
And quench our fires?—To marry,—take a wife,
No more—and by a wife to ſay we quell
Thoſe reſtleſs ardours, all thoſe nat'ral tumults
That fleſh is heir to;—'tis a conſolation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd.—Marry,—a wife,
A wife,—perchance a devil:—ay, there's the rub;
For 'mongſt that angel-ſex what dev'ls are found,
When they have ſhuffled off the virgin-maſk,
Muſt give us pauſe.—There's the reſpect
That keeps a prudent man ſo long a Bachelor.
For who would bear the taunts of longing maids,
The harlot's impudence, the prude's diſdain,
The pangs of love deſpis'd, coquette's delay,
The inſolence of beauty, and the ſpurns
Which merit bears, when fools become their fav'rites,
When he himſelf might his *quietus* make
With one kind woman?—Say, what youth could bear
To wiſh, and ſigh alone the weary night,
Or dangle after belles, coquettes, and wenches,
But that the dread of ſomething after honey-moon,
(That gaily fleeting period, whoſe ſweet joys

Few loves, alas! ſurvive) puzzles the the will,
And bids us rather linger in the path,
The well-known, ſimple path of ſingle life,
Than 'tempt the dark perplexed ways of wedlock?
Thus, forethought does make Bach'lors of us all:
And hence the face of many a willing maid
Is ſickly'd o'er with the pale caſt of languiſhment;
And many a youth of no ſmall pith and moment,
With this regard, ſpends all bis days in wh——g,
And d——ns the name of huſband.

****

SPRING.

A PASTORAL.

Inſcribed to Miſs ———.

——— Sub tegmine fagi
Silveſtrem tenui Muſam meditamur avena. VIRGIL.

BEGIN, Sicilian Muſes! tuneful maids!
That love the Sylvan ſcene, and haunt the ſhades;
While Spring with flow'rets paints the ſmiling plain,
And wakes the grateful ſhepherd's humble ſtrain:
While hills and woods the trembling notes prolong,
And larks and linnets echo to the ſong!
Oh thou! the beauty of thy native land,
Accept this preſent from thy lover's hand!
Forgive the muſe, ambitious of thy praiſe,
For who condemns, if thou approve her lays?
Thy vote ſecur'd, ſecures eternal fame,
And immortality attends thy name.

Soon

Soon as the ſkies confeſs'd th' enlight'ning ſun,
And the ſweet lark the morning lay begun:
Two ſwains awoke, forſaking each his bed,
Their fleecy charge adown the mountain led:
Then where the ſtream the flow'ry valley laves,
They plung'd their flocks beneath the chryſtal waves
And while the ſun their dripping fleeces dry'd,
Thus MICO ſpoke, and RURIN thus reply'd:

MICO.

See! Rurin, how the morning's chearful light,
With beams like gold, has tipt the mountain's height!
Hark! with what various notes the foreſts ring,
While the ſweet birds ſalute the blooming Sipring;
Calm is the morn, unclouded is the ſky,
And all around is mirth, delight and joy:
Wild on the paſture ſport the tender lambs,
And bounding high purſue their fleecy dams;
The village cock diſtends his downy throat,
And the hills echo with the merry note;
Why ſit we mute, nor hail the ſmiling year;
Why, when all nature ſmiles, do we forbear?

RURIN.

See! here comes Colinet, the tuneful ſwain,
Let him appoint the theme, and judge the ſtrain.
This boxen flute with iv'ry border'd round,
Whoſe warbling note the hills ſo oft reſound,
'Gainſt ought of equal worth I'll ſtake with thee,
That Colinet ſhall judge the prize to me.

MICO.

MICO.

And I this dog, of all the plain the beſt,
How ſmooth his ſkin! how fair his dappled breaſt!
If e'er fatigu'd beneath the plain I ſleep,
Safe to his care I truſt the ſportive ſheep.

COLINET.

Then while your clean waſh'd ſheep ſecurely rove,
Sing each by turns, and, ſhepherds, ſing of love;
Thou, Mico, firſt thy tuneful ſkill exert,
Behold the prize that crowns the victor's art!

MICO.

Oh! mighty love! how boundleſs is thy ſway!
The whole creation does thy pow'r obey;
Whate'er or wings the air, or treads the plain,
Or cuts the foaming billows, wears thy chain;
Where'er thou ſtrik'ſt, thy darts reſiſtleſs prove,
Love conquers all—Then bluſh we not to love.

RURIN.

When I with Maria paſs the happy day,
My dancing heart is lightſome all and gay:
But when ſhe's abſent,—penſive and forlorn,
I teach the foreſt's echo how to mourn;
Stretch'd o'er the brook, my doleful lays I ſing,
And hills and valleys with my ſorrows ring.

MICO.

Fair is the fruit that loads th' autumnal bough,
The purple plumb, the pear of ſcarlet hue:
Fair are the moons the peacock's tail that gild,
And fair the harveſt waving in the field:

Fair

Fair is the roſe, the painted garden's grace,
But fairer far my lovely Lydia's face.

RURIN.

Theſe ſmiling plains ſhall one vaſt deſart grow,
And that fair limpid ſtream ſhall ceaſe to flow;
The faithful turtle ſhall forſake its mate,
And the ſky-lark to ſoar aloft forget;
The warbling thruſh ſhall ceaſe to range the grove,
Ere I'm unconſtant to the fair I love.

MICO.

Behold the verdant groves, how freſh and fair!
What opening flow'rs perfume the vernal air!
How ſweet the linnet tunes his morning ſong!
How ſoft the tinkling fountain glides along!
Come, Lydia, come, for thee the flow'rets blow,
The linnets warble, and the fountains flow.

RURIN.

I'll pluck the faireſt flow'rs of ev'ry kind,
And round my Maria's brows a garland bind;
The rich carnation ſhall its dyes unfold,
The purple roſe, and tulip ſtreak'd with gold,
Each rang'd in beauteous order, ſhall appear,
And with their mingl'd ſcents perfume the air,

MICO.

Ye ſportive breezes, that with downy wing,
Waft the ſoft influence of the fragrant ſpring,
That o'er the roſe's virgin beauty ſtray,
Or on the lily's ſnowy boſom play,

In

In balmy circles round my Lydia fly,
And tell, O tell her 'tis for her I die!

RURIN.

Of all the ſeaſons, faireſt is the Spring;
The painted goldfinch, of the birds that ſing:
The ſtately plane the faireſt tree that grows,
Of fruits the cherry, and of flow'rs the roſe;
The ſprightly horſe of beaſts that graze the plain,
And lovely Maria of the virgin train.

MICO.

Let great Menalcas in the roſe delight,
Let Gallus boaſt his lily ſnowy white;
My Lydia does the fragrant woodbine love,
Around her hair in ſmiling garlands wove:
And while my Lydia does the woodbine wear,
Nor roſe nor lily ſhall with it compare.

RURIN.

Ye wavy trees that bend with ev'ry gale,
And thou, fair ſtream, that wanders thro' the vale,
May no rude northern blaſt, nor wintry ſtorm,
Deface your beauty, or your ſhades deform;
For here 'twas firſt in this propitious grove,
My bluſhing Maria own'd an equal love.

COLINET.

Shepherds forbear—forbear your am'rous lays,
Both have done well, and both deſerve my praiſe.
Your love and verſes equally excell,
But which are beſt, exceeds my ſkill to tell.

THE

THE LONGEST DAY.

RESPLENDENT, lucid, beaming bright,
The ſun emits his faireſt ray;
Protracted beams defraud the night,
And give us univerſal day.

Now Nature ſmiles,—now blooms the roſe,
Now vegetation's all alive;
Now, cheerful, Summer's ſweets diſcloſe,
And all the fruits of Summer thrive.

Soon ſhall rich Autumn's copious ſtore,
Obedient to the reaper's hand,
Spread, richly ſpread, the farmer's floor,
And plenty bleſs a ſmiling land.

And ſoon ſhall Winter's rigid rule
Deform the beauties of the plain,
While man, inform'd in nature's ſchool,
Shall wiſh the grateful Spring again.

Thus, while the various ſeaſons roll,
May grateful thoughts to Heaven ariſe,
In preparation for the ſoul
That anxious ſees its native ſkies!

FLODDEN FIELD:
OR, THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

"THE ſtanzas here given form a complete copy of this exquiſite Dirge. The inimitable beauty of the original induced a variety of verſifiers to mingle ſtanzas of their own compoſure. But it is the painful, though moſt neceſſary duty of an Editor, by the touchſtone of truth, to diſcriminate ſuch droſs from the gold of antiquity."—— SCOTTISH TRAGIC BALLADS, p. 112.

I Have heard a lilting at the ewes milking,
Laſſes a lilting eir the break o day;
But now I hear moaning on ilka green loaning,
Sen our bra foreſters are a wed away.

At bouchts in the morning nae blyth lads are ſcorning,
The laſſes are lonely, dowie, and wae;
Nae daffin, nae gabbing, but ſiching and ſabbing;;
Ilk ane lifts her leglen and hies her away.

At een in the gloming nae ſwankies are roaming,
'Mang ſtacks wi the laſſes at bogle to play;
For ilk ane ſits dreary, lamenting her deary;
The Flowers o the Foreſt, wha're a wed away.

In harſt at the ſheiring na yonkers are jeiring;
The banſters are lyart, runkled and gray;
At fairs nor at preaching, nae wooing nae fleeching,
Sen our bra foreſters are a wed away.

O dule for the order ſent our lads to the border!
The Engliſh for anes by gyle wan the day.
The Flowers o the Foreſt, wha ay ſhone the foremoſt,
The prime o the land lye cauld in the clay!

HARDY.

HARDYKNUTE.

AN HEROIC SCOTTISH BALLAD.

THE incomparable beauties of this Ballad, and the favourable reception which the firſt part hath always met with from the lovers of ancient poetry, have induced the Editor here to give the tragedy complete. Certain, that while it ornaments his Collection, it muſt alſo entertain the reader. Though the firſt part has been of pretty long ſtanding in the literary world, it is believed few have hitherto had the pleaſure of peruſing the ſecond,—for which we are indebted to the judicious Compiler of the Scottiſh Tragic Ballads, who hath had the honour of ſnatching this valuable remains from the jaws of oblivion, and tranſmitting to poſterity the firſt complete copy.

STATELY ſtept he eaſt the ha,
And ſtately ſtept he weſt;
Full ſeventy yeirs he now had ſene,
With ſcerce ſevin yeirs of reſt.
He livit whan Britons breach of faith
Wrocht Scotland meikle wae,
And ay his ſword tauld to their coſt
He was their deidly fae.

Hie on a hill his caſtle ſtude,
With halls and touris a hicht,
And guidely chambers fair to ſee,
Whar he lodgit mony a knicht.

HARDYKNUTE.] This name is of Daniſh extract, and ſignifies CANUTE THE STRONG. Hardy in the original implies ſtrong, not valiant.

BRITONS.] This was the common name which the Scots gave the Engliſh anciently, as may be obſerved in old poets.

KNICHTS.] Theſe knights were only military officers attending the earls, barons, &c. as appears from the hiſtories of the middle ages.

His dame ſae peirles anes, and fair,
For chaſte, and betwie, ſene,
Nae marraw had in a the land,
Save Emergard the quene.

Full thirtein ſons to him ſhe bare,
All men of valour ſtout,
In bluidy ficht, with ſword in hand,
Nyne loſt their lives bot doubt;
Four yit remaind; laug mote they live
To ſtand by liege and land:
Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,
And hie was their command.

Griet luve they bare to Fairly fair,
Their ſiſter ſaft and dier,
Her girdle ſhawd her middle jimp,
And gowden gliſt her hair.
What waefou wae her bewtie bred!
Waefou to young and auld,
Waefou I trow to kyth and kin,
As ſtory ever tauld.

The King of Norſe, in ſummer tide,
Puft up with pouir and micht,
Landed in fair Scotland the iſle,
Wi mony a hardie knicht.

EMERGARD.] In the common copies it is Elenor, and indeed in all the recitals I have heard; but in a late edition publiſhed with other Scottiſh ſongs at Edinburgh, 1776, it is rightly read as here. Emergard, or Ermengarde, was daughter of the Viſcount of Beaumont and wife of Malcolm IV. She died in 1233.

FAIRLY.] This name ſeems likewiſe of Saxon origin. There is a ſmall iſland and a rivulet in Cunningham ſtill called Fairly iſle and Fairly Burn.

The

The tidings to our gude Scots king
Came as he ſat at dyne
With noble chiefs in braive aray,
Drinking the bluid red wyne.

"To horſe, to horſe, my royal liege!
"Your faes ſtand on the ſtrand;
"Full twenty thouſand glittering ſpeirs
"The chiefs of Norſe command.
"Bring me my ſteid Mage, dapple gray."
Our gude king raiſe and cryd:
A truſtier beiſt in all the land,
A Scots king nevir ſeyd.

"Gae little page tell Hardyknute,
"Wha lives on hill ſae hie,
"To draw his ſword, the dreid of faes,
"And haſte and follow me."
The little page flew ſwift as dart,
Flung by his maſter's arm;
'Cum down, cum down, lord Hardyknute,
'And red your king frae harm.'

Then reid, reid grew his dark-brown cheiks
Sae did his dark-brown brow;
His luiks grew kene, as they were wont
In danger grit to do.

Twenty thouſand glittring ſpeirs, &c.] Torfœus aſſerts this number of the Norwegians was left dead on the field.

PAGE.] The Pages in the periods of chivalry were of honourable account. The young warriors were firſt denominated pages.

He

He has tane a horn as green as graſs,
And gien five ſounds ſae ſhrill.
That tries in green wode ſhuke thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

His ſons in manly ſport and glie
Had paſt the ſummer's morn;
Whan lo, down in a graſſy dale,
They heard their father's horn.
'That horn, quoth they, neir ſounds in peace,
'We have other ſport to bide;'
And ſune they hied them up the hill,
And ſune were at his ſide.

"Late, late yeſtrene, I weind in peace
"To end my lengthend lyfe;
"My age micht well excuſe my arm
"Frae manly feats of ſtryfe;
"But now that Norſe does proudly boaſt
"Fair Scotland to enthral,
"It's neir be ſaid of Hardyknute,
"He feird to fecht or fall.

"Robin of Rothſay bend thy bow,
"Thy arrows ſhute ſae leil,
"That mony a comely countenance
"They've turn'd to deidly pale.
"Braive Thomas take ye but your lance,
"Ye neid nae weapons mair;

He has tane a horn, &c.] The horn, or bugil, was anciently uſed by the Scots inſtead of the trumpet.

"Gif

" Gif ye fecht wi't, as ye did anes,
" Gainſt Weſtmoreland's ferce heir.

" And Malcolm, licht of fute as ſtag
" That runs in foreſt wilde,
" Get me my thouſands thrie of men
" Weil bred to ſword and ſhield:
" Bring me my horſe and harniſine,
" My blade of metal clere."
If faes but kend the hand it bare,
They ſune had fled for feir.

" Fareweil my dame ſae peirleſs gude,"
And tuke her by the hand,
" Fairer to me in age you ſeim
" Than maids for bewtie famd:
" My youngeſt ſon ſall here remain,
" To guard theſe ſtately touirs,
" And ſhut the ſilver bolt that keips
" Sae faſt your painted bowers."

And firſt ſhe wet her comly cheiks,
And then her boddice grene;
The ſilken cords of twirtle twiſt
Were plet with ſilver ſhene;
And apron ſet with mony a dye
Of neidle-wark ſae rare,
Wove by nae hand, as ye may gueſs,
Save that of Fairly fair.

WESTMORELAND'S ferce heir.] Heir in the old Scottiſh acceptation, ſignifies not apparent ſucceſſor, but preſent lord.

Save that of FAIRLY fair.] Working at the needle, &c. Was reckoned an honourable employment by the greateſt ladies of thoſe times.

And

And he has ridden our muir and moſs,
Our hills and mony a glen,
Whan he cam to a wounded knicht,
Making a heavy mane:
'Here maun I lye, here maun I dye
'By treacheries fauſe gyles;
'Witleſs I was that eir gave faith
'To wicked woman's ſmyles.'

"Sir knicht, gin ye were in my bouir,
"To lean on ſilken ſeat,
"My lady's kyndlie care you'd pruve
"Wha neir kend deidly hate;
"Hirſell wald watch ye all the day,
"Her maids at deid of nicht;
"And Fairly fair your heart would cheir,
"As ſhe ſtands in your ſicht.

"Ariſe young knicht, and mount your ſteid,
"Bricht lows the ſhynand day;
"Chuſe frae my menie wham ye pleiſe,
"To leid ye on the way."
Wi ſmyleſs luik, and viſage wan
The wounded knicht replyd,
'Kynd chiftan your intent purſue,
'For here I maun abide.

Sir KNICHT.] The addition Sir to the names of knights was in uſe before the age of Edward I. and is from Sire, which in old French ſignfies Seignieur or Lord.

The cuſtom of the ladies tending the wounded knights was common in thoſe romantic ages.

"To

'To me nae after day nor nicht
'Can eir be ſweit or fair;
'But ſune benethe ſum draping trie,
'Cauld dethe ſall end my care.'
Still him to win ſtrave Hardyknute,
Nor ſtrave he lang in vain;
Short pleiding eithly micht prevale,
Him to his lure to gain.

"I will return wi ſpeid to bide,
"Your plaint and mend your wae:
"But private grudge maun neir be quelled,
"Before our countries fae.
"Mordac, thy eild may beſt be ſpaird
"The fields of ſtryfe frae mang;
"Convey Sir knicht to my abode,
"And meiſe his egre pang."

Syne he has gane far hynd, out owr
Lord Chattan's land ſae wyde;
That lord a worthy wicht was ay,
Whan faes his courage feyd:
Of Pictiſh race, by mother's ſide;
Whan Picts rul'd Caledon,
Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid,
Whan he ſav'd Pictiſh crown.

Lord CHATTAN.] This is a very ancient and honourable Scottiſh ſurname. St Chattan was one of the firſt Scottiſh confeſſors, to whom was dedicated the priory of Ardchattan in Lorn, founded in 1230, and ſome others through the kingdom. The chief of the clan Chattan dying in the reign of David I. without male iſſue, the clan aſſumed the anceſtor of the M'Pherſons for ſuperior, by which means the name appears to have been loſt in that of M'Pherſon.

Now with his ferce and ſtalwart train
He recht a riſing hicht,
Whar braid encampit on the dale,
Norſe army lay in ſicht;
" Yonder, my valiant ſons, full ferce
" Our raging rievers wait,
" On the unconquerit Scottiſh ſwaird
" To try with us their fate.

" Mak oriſons to him that ſav'd
" Our ſauls upon the rude;
" Syne braively ſhaw your veins are fill'd
" Wi Caledonian bluid."
Then furth he drew his truſtie glaive,
While thouſands all around,
Drawn frae their ſheiths glanc'd in the ſun,
And loud the bugils ſound.

To join his king, adown the hill
In haſte his march he made,
While playand pibrochs minſtrals meit
Afore him ſtately ſtrade.
' Thriſe welcum, valiant ſtoup of weir,
' Thy nation's ſheild and pride,
' Thy king nae reaſon has to feir,
' Whan thou art by his ſide.

Whan

Mak oriſons, &c.] This is perfectly in the ſtyle of knighthood. Before they entered into combat they ſolemnly invoked the aid of God, their Saviour, or their miſtreſs: Religion and gallantry being the prime motives of all their adventures.

Playand Pibrochs.] Of the PIBROCH I cannot give a better account than in the words of an excellent author: " A

" pibroch

Whan bows were bent, and darts were thrawn,
For thrang ſcerce cold they flie,
The darts clave arrows as they met,
Eir faes their dint mote drie.
Lang did they rage, and fecht full ferce,
Wi little ſkaith to man;
But bluidy, bluidy was the feild
Or that lang day was done!

The king of Scots that ſindle bruik'd
The war that luik'd like play,
Drew his braid ſword, and brake his bow,
Sen bows ſeim'd but delay.
Quoth noble Rothſay, 'Mine I'll keep,
'I wate it's bleid a ſcore.'
"Haſte up my mirrie men," cryd the king,
As he rade on before.

The king of Norſe he ſocht to find,
Wi him to menſe the faucht;
But on his forehead there did licht
A ſharp unſonſie ſhaft:

"pibroch is a ſpecies of tune peculiar, I think, to the High-
"lands and Weſtern Iſles of Scotland. It is performed on
"a bagpipe, and differs totally from all other muſic. Its
"rhyme is ſo irregular, and its notes, eſpecially in the quick
"movement, ſo mixed and huddled together, that a ſtran-
"ger finds it almoſt impoſſible to reconcile his ear to it, ſo
"as to perceive its modulation. Some of theſe pibrochs,
"being intended to repreſent a battle, begin with a grave
"motion reſembling a march, then gradually quicken into
"the onſet; run off with noiſy confuſion, and turbulent ra-
"pidity, to imitate the conflict and purſuit; then ſwell in-
"to a few flouriſhes of triumphant joy; and perhaps cloſe
"with the wild and ſlow wailings of a funeral proceſſion."
——ESSAYS by Dr BEATIE.

As he his hand pat up to feil
The wound, an arrow kein,
O waefu chance! there pind his hand
In midſt atweene his eyne.

'Revenge! revenge!' cryd Rothſay's heir,
'Your mail-coat ſall nocht bide
'The ſtrength and ſharpneſs of my dart,'
Whilk ſhared the riever's ſide.
Anither arrow weil he mark'd
It perc'd his neck in twa;
His hands then quat the ſilver reins,
He law as eard did fa.

'Sair bleids my liege! Sair, ſair he bleids!'
Again with micht he drew,
And geſture dreid his ſturdy bow;
Faſt the braid arrow flew:
Wae to the knicht he ettled at;
Lament now quene Elgreid;
Hire dames to wail your darling's fall,
His youth, and comely meid.

Tak aff, tak aff his coſtly jupe,'
(Of gold well was it twynd,
Knit like the fowlers net, throuch whilk
His ſteily harnes ſhynd.)

Hire dames to wail, &c.] This cuſtom of employing women to mourn for the warriors who fell in battle may be traced to the moſt diſtant antiquity.

Coſtly Jupe.] This was the SAGUM, or military veſt of the Gauls and Romans.

'Beir

'Beir Norſe that gift frae me, and bid
'Him venge the bluid it weirs;
'Say if he face my bended bow
'He ſure nae weapon feirs.'

Proud Norſe with giant body tall,
Braid ſhoulder, and arms ſtrong;
Cryd 'Whar is Hardyknute ſae famd,
'And feird at Britain's throne?
'Tho' Britons tremble at his name,
'I ſune ſall make him wail,
'That eir my ſword was made ſae ſharp,
'Sae ſaft his coat of mail.'

That brag his ſtout heart cold na bide,
It lent him youthfu micht:
"I'm Hardyknute. This day," he cryd,
"To Scotland's king I hicht
"To lay thee law as horſe's hufe;
"My word I mein to keip:"
Syne wi the firſt dint eir he ſtrake
He gar'd his body bleid.

Norſe ene like grey goſehauk ſtaird wilde,
He ſich'd wi ſhame and ſpyte;
'Diſgrac'd is now my far famd arm
'That left thee pouir to ſtryke.'——
Syne gied his helm a blow ſae fell,
It made him down to ſtoup,
Sae law as he to ladies us'd,
In courtly gyſe to lout.

Full

Full ſune he rais'd his bent body;
His bow he marveld ſair,
Sen blaws till than on him but dar'd
As touch of Fairly fair.
Norſe ferlied too as ſair as he,
To ſee his ſtately luik;
Sae ſune as eir he ſtrake a fae,
Sae ſune his lyfe he tuke.

Whar, like a fyre to hether ſet,
Bauld Thomas did advance,
A ſturdy fae, with luik enrag'd,
Up towards him did prance.
He ſpurd his ſteid throuch thickeſt ranks
The hardy youth to quell;
Wha ſtude unmuv'd at his approach
His furie to repell.

'That ſhort brown ſhaft, ſae meinly trimd,
'Lukes like poor Scotland's geir;
'But driedfu ſeims the ruſty point!'
And loud he leuch in jeir.
"Aft Britons blude has dim'd it's ſhyne
"It's point cut ſhort their vaunt."
Syne perc'd the boaſter's bairded cheik
Nae time he tuke to taunt.

Whar lyke a fire to hether ſet.] This appoſite ſimile alludes to an ancient practice of the Scots, termed MURE-BURNING. The progreſs of the flame was ſo quick, that many laws appear in their acts of Parliament, prohibiting its being uſed when any corn was ſtanding on the adjacent ground, though at a conſiderable diſtance from the ſpot where the flame was kindled.

Short

Short while he in his ſadil ſwang;
His ſtirrip was nae ſtay,
But feible hang his unbent knie,
Sair taken he was, fey!
Swyth on the hardend clay he fell,
Richt far was heard the thud;
But Thomas luk'd not as he lay
All waltering in his blude.

Wi careleſs geſture, mind unmuv'd,
On rade he north the plain
His ſeim in peace, or ferceſt ſtryfe,
Ay reckleſs, and the ſame.
Nor yit his heart dame's dimpeld cheik
Cold meiſe ſaft luve to bruik;
Till vengefu Ann return'd his ſcorn,
Then languide grew his luke.

In thrauis of dethe, wi wallow'd cheik,
All panting on the plain,
The bleiding corps of wariours lay,
Neir to ariſe again:
Neir to return to native land;
Na mair wi blythſum ſounds
To boaſt the glories of that day,
And ſhaw their ſhynand wounds.

On Norway's coaſt the widow'd dame
May waſh the rocks wi teirs,
May lang luke owr the ſhipleſs ſeas
Before her mate appeirs.

Ceiſe,

On Norway's coaſt, &c.] Theſe verſes are in the fineſt ſtyle of Ballad poetry. They have been well imitated by a modern

Ceiſe, Emma, ceiſe to hope in vain,
Thy lord lyes in the clay;
The valiant Scots nae rievers thole
To carry lyfe away.

There on a lee, whar ſtands a croſs
Set up for monument,
Thouſands fu ferce, that ſummer's day,
Fill'd kene wars black intent.
Let Scots, while Scots, praiſe Hardyknute
Let Norſe the name aye dreid;
Ay how he faucht, aft how he ſpaird
Sall lateſt ages reid.

Loud and chill blew the weſtlin wind,
Sair beat the heavy ſhouir,
Mirk grew the night ere Hardyknute
Wan neir his ſtately touir;
His touir that us'd wi torches bleiſe
To ſhyne ſae far at nicht
Seim'd now as black as mourning weid
Nae marvel ſair he ſich'd.

"There's

modern writer, who ſeems indebted, for the beſt ſtrokes of his firſt production, to a taſte for ſuch compoſitions:

Ye dames of Denmark! even for you I feel,
Who ſadly ſitting on the ſea-beat ſhore,
Long look for Lords that never ſhall return.

DOUGLAS, Act III.

Loud and chill blew the weſtlin wind, &c.] This ſtorm is artfully raiſed by the magic of poetry to heighten the terrible, which is ſoon carried to a degree not ſurpaſſed in any production ancient or modern.

Seim'd now as black as mourning weid.] It was anciently the cuſtom on any mournful event, to hang the caſtle gates

" There's nae licht in my lady's bouir,
" There's nae licht in my ha;
" Nae blynk ſhynes round my Fairly fair,
" Nae ward ſtands on my wa.
" What bodes it? Robert, Thomas, ſay."
Nae anſwer fits their dreid.
" Stand back my ſons I'll be your gyde."
But by they paſt wi ſpeid.

" As faſt I hae ſped owr Scotland's faes—"
There ceis'd his brag of weir,
Sair ſham'd to mind ocht but his dame,
And maiden Fairly fair.
Black feir he felt, but what to feir
He wiſt nae yit wi dreid:
Sair ſhuke his body, ſair his limbs,
And a the warriour flied.

gates with black cloth. This is alluded to here, and more particularly mentioned in an excellent modern Ballad, entitled THE BIRTH OF ST GEORGE, which diſplays no mean knowledge of the manners of chivalry:

But when he reached his caſtle gate
His gate was hung with black.
RELIQUES, Vol. III. p. 222.

PART II.

"RETURN, return, ye men of bluid,
"And bring me back my chylde!"
A dolefu voice frae mid the ha
Reculd, wi echoes wylde.
Beſtraught wi dule and dreid, nae pouir
Had Hardyknute at a;
Full thriſe he raught his ported ſpeir,
And thriſe he let it fa.

"O! haly God, for his deir ſake,
"Wha ſav'd us on the rude——
He tint his praier, and drew his glaive,
Yet reid wi Norland bluid.
"Brayd on, brayd on, my ſtalwart ſons,
"Grit cauſe we hae to feir;
"But aye the canny ferce contemn
"The hap they canna veir."

'Return, return, ye men of bluid,
'And bring me back my chylde!'
The dolefu voice frae mid the ha
Reculd, wi echoes wylde.
The ſtorm grew rife, throuch a the lift
The rattling thunder rang,
The black rain ſhour'd, and lichtning glent
Their harniſine alang.

What feir poſſeſt their boding breeſts
Whan, by the gloomy glour,
The caſtle ditch wi deid bodies
They ſaw was fill'd out owr!

Quoth

Quoth Hardyknute "I wold to Chryſte
"The Norſe had wan the day,
"Sae I had keipt at hame but anes,
"Thilk bluidy feats to ſtay."

Wi ſpeid they paſt, and ſune they recht
The baſe-courts ſounding bound,
Deip groans ſith heard, and throuch the mirk
Lukd wiſtfully around.
The moon, frae hind a ſable cloud,
Wi ſudden twinkle ſhane,
Whan, on the cauldrif eard, they fand
The gude Sir Mordac layn.

Beſprent wi gore, fra helm to ſpur,
Was the trew-heartit knicht;
Swith frae his ſteid ſprang Hardyknute
Muv'd wi the heavy ſicht.
"O ſay thy maſter's ſheild in weir,
"His ſawman in the ha,
"What hatefu chance cold hae the pouir
"To lay thy eild ſae law?"

To his complaint the bleiding knicht
Returnd a piteous mane,
And recht his hand, whilk Hardyknute
Claucht ſtreitly in his ain:
'Gin eir ye ſee lord Hardyknute,
'Frae Mordac ye maun ſay,
'Lord Draffan's treaſon to confute
'He uſd his ſteddieſt fay,'

He micht nae mair, for cruel dethe
Forbad him to proceid:
"I vow to God, I wina ſleip
"Till I ſee Draffan bleid.
"My ſons your ſiſter was owr fair:
"But bruik he ſall na lang
"His gude betide; my laſt forbode
"He'll trow belyve nae ſang.

"Bown ye my eydent friends to kyth
"To me your luve ſae deir;
"The Norſe' defeat mote weil perſuade
"Nae riever ye neid feir."
The ſpeirmen, wi a michty ſhout,
Cryd, 'Save our maſter deir!
'While he dow beir the ſway bot care
'Nae riever we ſall feir.'

'Return, return, ye men of bluid
'And bring me back my chylde!'
The dolefu voice frae mid the ha
Reculd wi echoes wylde.
"I am to wyte my valiant friends:"
And to the ha they ran,
The ſtately dore full ſtreitly ſteik'd
Wi iron boltis thrie they fand.

The ſtately dore, thouch ſtreitly ſteik'd
Wi waddin iron boltis thrie,
Richt ſune his micht can eithly gar
Frae aff it's hinges flie.

"Whar

" Whar hae ye tane my dochter deir!
" Mair wold I ſee her deid
" Than ſee her in your bridal bed,
" For a your portly meid.

" What thouch my gude and valiant lord
" Lye ſtrecht on the cauld clay?
" My ſons the dethe may ablins ſpair
" To wreak their ſiſter's wae.
" O my leil lord, cold I but ken
" Whar thy dear corſe is layn,
" Frae gurly weit, and warping blaſt
" I'd ſheild it wi my ain!

" Dreir dethe richt ſune will end my dule,
" Ye riever ferce and vile,
" But thouch ye ſlay me, frae my heart
" His luve ye'll neir exile."
Sae did ſhe crune wi heavy cheir,
Hyt luiks, and blerit eyne;
Then teirs firſt wet his manly cheik
And ſnawy baird bedeene.

Na riever here, my dame ſae deir,
' But your leil lord you ſee;
' May hieſt harm betide his life
' Wha brocht ſic harm to thee!
' Gin anes ye may believe my word,
' Nor am I uſd to lie,
' By day prime he or Hardyknute,
' The bluidy dethe ſall die."

The ha, whar late the linkis bricht
  Sae gladſum ſhind at een,
Whar penants gleit a gowden bleiſe
  Our knichts and ladys ſhene,
Was now ſae mirk, that, throuch the bound,
  Nocht mote they wein to ſee,
Alſe throuch the ſouthern port the moon
  Let fa a blinkand glie.

" Are ye in ſuith my deir luv'd lord?"
  Nae mair ſhe doucht to ſay,
But ſwounit on his harneſt neck
  Wi joy and tender fay.
To ſee her in ſic balefu ſort
  Revived his ſelcouth feirs;
But ſune ſhe raiſd her comely luik,
  And ſaw his faing teirs.

" Ye are nae wont to greit wi wreuch,
  " Grit cauſe ye hae I dreid;
" Hae a our ſons their lives redem'd
  " Frae furth the dowie feid?"
' Saif are our valiant ſons, ye ſee,
  ' But lack their ſiſter deir;
' Whan ſhe's awa, bot ony doubt,
  ' We hae grit cauſe to feir.'

Penants.] Theſe were ſmall banners charged with the arms of the owner, and ſometimes borne over the helm of the ancient knight by his ſquire, and, as would ſeem, even that of the Prince, Earl, or Chief Baron, by his Baneret.

" Of

" Of a our wrangs, and her depart,
" Whan ye the ſuith ſall heir,
" Nae marvel that ye hae mair cauſe,
" Than ye yit weit, to feir.
" O wharefore heir yon feignand knicht
" Wi Mordac did ye ſend?
" Ye ſuner wald hae perced his heart
" Had ye his ettling kend."

' What may ye mein my perleſs dame?
' That knicht did muve my ruthe
' We balefu mane; I did na dout
' His curteſie and truthe.
' He maun hae tint, wi ſma renown,
' His life in this fell rief;
' Richt ſair it grieves me that he heir
' Met ſic an ill relief.'

Quoth ſhe, wi teirs that down her cheiks
Ran like a ſilver ſhouir,
" May ill befa the tide that broucht
" That fauſe knicht to our touir:
" Ken'd ye na Draffan's lordly port,
" Thouch cled in knichtly graith?
" Tho' hidden was his hautie luik
" The viſor black benethe?"

' Now, as I am a knicht of weir,
' I thocht his ſeeming trew;
' But, that he ſae deceived my ruthe,
' Full ſairly he ſall rue.'

" Sir

" Sir Mordac to the ſounding ha
" Came wi his cative fere ;"
' My ſyre has ſent this wounded knicht
' To pruve your kyndlie care.

' Your ſell maun watch him a the day,
' Your maids at deid of nicht ;
' And Fairly fair his heart maun cheir
' As ſhe ſtands in his ſicht.'
" Nae ſuner was Sir Mordac gane,
" Than up the featour ſprang ;"
' The luve alſe o your dochter deir,
' I feil nae ither pang.

' Tho' Hardyknute lord Draffan's ſuit
' Refus'd wi meikle pryde ;
' By his gude dame and Fairly fair
' Let him not be deny'd.'
" Nocht muvit wi the cative's ſpeech,
" Nor wi his ſtern command ;
" I treaſon ! cryd, and Kenneth's blade
" Was gliſterand in his hand.

" My ſon, lord Draffan heir you ſee,
" Wha meins your ſiſter's fay
" To win by guile, whan Hardyknute
" Strives in the irie fray."
' Turn thee ! thou riever Baron, turn !'
" Bauld Kenneth cry'd aloud ;
" But, ſune as Draffan ſpent his glaive,
" My ſon lay in his bluid."

" I did

'I did nocht grein that bluming face
'That dethe ſae ſune ſold pale;
'Far leſs that my trew luve, throuch me,
'Her brither's dethe ſold wail.
'But ſen ye ſey our force to prive,
'Our force we ſall you ſhaw!'
"Syne the ſhrill-ſounding horn bedeen
"He tuke frae down the wa.

"Ere the portculie cold be flung,
"His kyth the baſe-court fand;
"Whan ſcantly o their count a teind
"Their entrie micht gainſtand.
"Richt ſune the raging rievers ſtude
"At their fauſe maſter's ſyde,
"Wha, by the haly maiden, ſware
"Nae harm ſold us betide.

"What ſyne befell ye weil may gueſs,
"Reft o our eilds delicht."——
'We ſall na lang be reft, by morn
'Sall Fairly glad your ſicht.
'Let us be gane, my ſons, or now
'Our menie chide our ſtay;
'Fareweil my dame; your dochter's luve
'Will ſune cheir your effray.'

Then pale pale grew her teirfu cheik;
"Let ane o my ſons three
"Alane gyde this emprize, your eild
"May ill ſic travel drie.

" O whar were I, were my deir lord,
" And a my ſons, to bleid!
" Better to bruik the wrang than ſae
" To wreak the hie miſdeed."

The gallant Rothſay roſe bedeen
His richt of age to pleid;
And Thomas ſhawd his ſtrenthy ſpeir;
And Malcolm mein'd his ſpeid.
' My ſons your ſtryfe I gladly ſee,
' But it ſall neir be ſayen,
' That Hardyknute ſat in his ha,
' And heird his ſon was ſlayen.

' My lady deir, ye neid na feir;
' The richt is on our ſyde:'
Syne riſing with richt frawart haſte
Nae parly wald he byde.
The lady ſat in heavy mude,
Their tunefu march to heir,
While, far ayont her ken, the ſound
Nae mair mote roun her eir.

O hae ye ſein ſum glitterand touir,
Wi mirrie archers crownd,
Wha vaunt to ſee their trembling fae
Keipt frae their countrie's bound?
Sic auſum ſtrenth ſhawd Hardyknute;
Sic ſeimd his ſtately meid;
Sic pryde he to his menie bald,
Sic feir his faes he gied.

Wi glie they paſt owr mountains rude,
  Owr muirs and moſſes weit;
Sune as they ſaw the riſing ſun,
  On Draffan's touirs it gleit.——
O Fairly bricht I marvel ſair
  That featour eer ye lu'd,
Whaſe treaſon wrocht your father's bale,
  And ſhed your brither's bluid!

The ward ran to his youthfu lord,
  Wha ſleip'd his bouir intill:
'Nae time for ſleuth, your raging fae's
  'Far down the weſtlin hill.
'And, by the libbard's gowden low
  'In his blue banner braid,
'That Hardyknute his dochter ſeiks,
  'And Draffan's dethe, I rede.'

"Say to my bands of matchleſs micht,
  "Wha camp law in the dale,
"To buſk their arrows for the fecht,
  "And ſtreitly gird their mail.

DRAFFAN'S touirs.] The ruins of Draffan-caſtle are in Lanarkſhire.—They ſtand upon a vaſt rock hanging over the Nethan, which a little below runs into the Clyde. From this a houſe ſituated very nigh the ruins is called Craignethan. This caſtle is ſo ancient, that the country people there ſay it was built by the Pechts, which is their common way of expreſſing the Picts.

" Syne meit me here, and wein to find
" Nae jeſt or turney play;
" Whan Hardyknute braids to the field,
" War bruiks na lang delay."

His halbrik bricht he brac'd bedeen;
Frae ilka ſkaith and harm
Securit by a warloc auld,
Wi mony a fairy charm.
A ſeimly knicht cam to the ha:
' Lord Draffan I the braive,
' Frae Hardyknute my worthy lord,
' To fecht wi ſpeir or glaive.

" Your hautie lord me braives in vain
" Alane his micht to prive,
" For wha, in ſingle feat of weir
" Wi Hardyknute may ſtrive?

His HALBRIK.] This term for a coat of mail occurs in Blind Harry. It was properly uſed for one compoſed of ſmall rings of ſteel which yielded to every motion of the warrior, and was the ſame with the lorica hamata of the Romans.

Securit by a WARLOC auld, &c.] The belief that certain charms micht ſecure the poſſeſſor from danger in combat was common in dark ages. 'I know a ſong, by which I ſoften 'and enchant the arms of my enemies, and render their 'weapons of no effect,' ſays ODIN in his MAGIC. Northern Antiq. Vol. II. p. 217.

FAIRY charm.] The word fairy ſeems to have been accepted by the ancient Engliſh and Scottiſh poets for ſupernatural, or enchanted. So Chaucer ſpeaking of Cambuſcan's horſe,

It was of fairie, as the peple ſemed.
Squire's Tale, p. 1.

" But

" But ſith he meins our ſtrenth to fey,
" On caſe he ſune will find,
" That thouch his bands leave mine in ire,
" In force they're far behind.

" Yet cold I wete that he wald yeild
" To what bruiks nae remeid,
" I for his dochter wald nae hain
" To ae half o my ſteid."
Sad Hardyknute apart frae a
Leand on his birniſt ſpeir;
And, whan he on his Fairly deimd,
He ſpar'd nae ſich nor teir.

" What meins the felon cative vile?
" Bruiks this reif nae remeid?
" I ſcorn his gylefu vows ein thouch
" They recht to a his ſteid."
Bound was lord Draffan for the fecht,
Whan lo! his Fairly deir
Ran frae her hie bouir to the ha
Wi a the ſpeid of feir.

Ein as the rudie ſtar o morn
Peirs throuch a cloud of dew,
Sae did ſhe ſeim, as round his neck
Her ſnawy arms ſhe threw.
' O why, O why, did Fairly wair
' On thee her thouchtleſs luve?
' Whaſe cruel heart can ettle aye
' Her father's dethe to pruve!'

And firſt he kiſs'd her bluming cheik,
And ſyne her boſom deir;
Then ſadly ſtrade athwart the ha,
And drapd ae tendir teir.
" My menie heid my words wi care,
" Gin ony dare to ſlay
" Lord Hardyknute, by hevin I ſweir
" Wi lyfe he ſall nae gae."

' My maidens bring my bridal gowne,
' I little trewd yeſtrene,
' To riſe frae bonny Draffan's bed,
' His bluidy dethe to ſeen.'
Syne up to the hie baconie
She has gane wi a her train,
And ſune ſhe ſaw her ſtalwart lord
Attein the bleiſing plain,

Owr Nethan's weily ſtreim he far'd
Wi ſeeming ire and pryde;
His blaſon, gliſterand owr his helm,
Bare Allan by his ſyde.
Richt ſune the bugils blew, and lang
And bluidy was the fray;
Eir hour of nune, that elric tyde,
Had hundreds tint their day.

Like beacon bricht at deid of nicht,
The michty cheif muv'd on;
His baſnet, bleiſing to the ſun,
Wi deidly lichtning ſhone.

Draffan he ſocht, wi him at anes
To end the cruel ſtryfe;
But aye his ſpeirmen thranging round
Forfend their leider's lyfe.

The winding Clyde wi valiant bluid
Ran reiking mony a mile;
Few ſtude the faucht, yet dethe alane
Cold end their irie toil.
'Wha flie, I vow, ſall frae my ſpeir
'Receive the dethe they dreid!'
Cryd Draffan, as alang the plain
He ſpurd his bluid-red ſteid.

Up to him ſune a knicht can prance,
A graith'd in ſilver mail:
"Lang have I ſocht thee throuch the field,
"This lance will tell my tale."
Rude was the fray, till Draffan's ſkill
Oercame his youthfu micht;
Perc'd throuch the viſor to the eie
Was ſlayne the comely knicht.

The viſor on the ſpeir was deft,
And Draffan Malcolm ſpied;
'Ye ſhould your vaunted ſpeid this day,
'And not your ſtrenth, hae ſey'd.'

"Cative

It was the priviledge of the knights to hide their faces with armour, ſo that it was impoſſible to diſtinguiſh any one from another, except by his blazon, which ſeems at firſt to have been diſplayed over them, but came at length to be painted on their ſhields, whence Coats of arms. A villein was

" Cative, awa ye maun na flie,"
Stout Rothſay cry'd bedeen,
" Till, frae my glaive, ye wi ye beir
" The wound ye fein'd yeſtrene."

' Mair o your kins bluid hae I ſpilt
' Than I docht evir grein;
' See Rothſay whar your brither lyes
' In dethe afore your eyne.'
Scant Rothſay ſtapt the faing teir;
" O hatefu curſed deid!
" Sae Draffan ſeiks our ſiſter's luve,
" Nor feirs far ither meid!"

Swith on the word an arrow cam
Frae ane o Rothſay's band,
And ſmote on Draffan's lifted targe,
Its ſplent ſyne Rothſay fand.
Perc'd throuch the knie to his ferce ſteid,
Wha pranc'd wi egre pain,
The cheif was forc'd to quit the ſtryfe,
And ſeik the nether plain.

His minſtrals there wi dolefu care
The bluidy ſhaft withdrew;
But that he ſae was bar'd the fecht
Sair did the leider rue.

was obliged to have his countenance uncovered in battle. This circumſtance attended to will ſave our wonder at Hardyknute's not knowing Draffan in the Firſt Part, and Draffan's not perceiving Malcolm here till his ſpear tore off his viſor: though Rothſay knows Draffan either from his wearing a blazon on his armour, or from his face being uncovered in order to breathe from the combat.

' Cheir

'Cheir ye my mirrie men,' Draffan cryd,
Wi meikle pryde and glie;
'The priſe is ours; nae chiftan bides
'Wi us to bate the grie.'

That hautie boaſt heard Hardyknute,
Whar he lein'd on his ſpeir,
Sair weiried wi the nune-tide heat,
And toilſum deids of weir.
The firſt ſicht, whan he paſt the thrang,
Was Malcolm on the ſwaird:
"Wold hevin that dethe my eild had tane,
"And thy youtheid had ſpar'd!

"Draffan, I ken thy ire, but now
"Thy micht I mein to ſee!"
But eir he ſtrak the deidly dint
The ſyre was on his knie.
'Lord Hardyknute ſtryke gif ye may,
'I neir will ſtryve wi thee;
'Forfend your dochter ſee you ſlayne
'Frae whar ſhe ſits on hie!

'Yeſtrene the prieſt in haly band
'Me joind wi Fairly deir;
'For her ſake let us part in peace,
'And neir meet mair in weir.'

CHEIR ye my mirrie men, &c.] It ſhould have been remarked on the firſt appearance of this word, that mirrie was anciently uſed in a very different ſenſe from its preſent. It ſignified honeſt, true, faithful, but no where jovial.

" Oh! king of hevin, what ſeimly ſpeech
" A featour's lips can ſend!
" And art thou he wha baith my ſons
" Brocht to a bluidy end?

" Haſte, mount thy ſteid, or I ſall licht
" And meet thee on the plain;
" For by my forbere's ſaul we neir
" Sall part till ane be ſlayne."
'Now mind thy aith,' ſyne Draffan ſtout
To Allan loudly cryd,
Wha drew the ſhynand blade bot dreid
And perc'd his maſters ſyde.

Law to the eard he bleiding fell,
And dethe ſune clos'd his eyne.
" Draffan, till now I did na ken
" Thy dethe cold muve my tein.

By my Forbere's ſaul.] Swearing by the ſouls of their anceſtors was another uſed mode in thoſe times. The greateſt thought this oath moſt ſtrong and honourable; probably becauſe it implied the ſouls of their forefathers were in heaven, and, as was then believed, might lend them a ſupernatural aid, if the intention of their oath was juſt and unblameable.

'Now mind thy aith,' &c.] This paſſage is obſcure: the meaning I apprehend is, that Draffan had, before the combat, exacted an oath of Allan his baneret, that he would ſlay him, ſhould the neceſſity of his affairs demand this ſacrifice. More willing to loſe his own life than poſſibly to take that of his great antagoniſt, he commands Allan to fulfil his engagement, which, with all the heroic faith of thoſe times, he does without a pauſe. The particular expreſſion 'The ſhynand blade' might lead us to imagine, that it was thought impoſſible to pierce the ſuppoſed enchanted armour, but with one particular weapon, likeways perhaps charmed.

" I would

"I would to Chryſte thou valiant youth,
"Thou wert in life again;
"May ill befa my ruthleſs wrauth
"That brocht thee to ſic pain!

"Fairly, anes a my joy and pryde,
"Now a my grief and bale,
"Ye maun wi haly maidens byde
"Your deidly faut to wail.
"To Icolm beir ye Draffan's corſe,
"And dochter anes ſae deir,
"Whar ſhe may pay his heidleſs luve
"Wi mony a mournfu teir."

ICOLM.] The nunnery at Icolm, or Icolmkill, was one of the moſt noted in Scotland. The Nuns were of the order of Auguſtine, and wore a white gown, and above it a rocket of fine linen. SPOTISWOOD'S Account of the Religious Houſes in Scotland, p. 509. The ruins of this nunnery are ſtill to be ſeen, with many tombs of the Princeſſes; one of which bears the year 1000. MARTIN'S Weſtern Iſlands, p. 262.

I cannot conclude my remarks on this Poem without waſting one on the ſtory of Mrs. Wardlaw. That this lady may have indeed received a MS. of it, as mentioned in Dr. Percy's introductory note, is highly probable. Many valuable MSS. prepared for the preſs, have had a worſe fate. But that ſhe was the author of this capital compoſition, ſo fraught with ſcience of ancient manners as the above notes teſtify, I will no more credit, than that the common people in Lanarkſhire, who can repeat ſcraps of both the parts, are the authors of the paſſages they rehearſe. That ſhe did not refuſe the name of being the original compoſer is a ſtrange argument: would not the firſt poet in Europe think it added to his reputation? If conjecture may be allowed where proof muſt ever be wanting, I ſuſpect, if we aſſign the end of the fifteenth century as the date of the antique parts of this noble production, we ſhall not greatly err; though at the ſame time the language muſt convince us, that many ſtrokes have been beſtowed by modern hands.——The foregoing notes are copied, with ſome variations, from the SCOTTICH TRAGIC BALLADS.

FRAG-

FRAGMENT.

AS I was walking by my lane,
Atween a water and a wa;
There ſune I ſpied a wee wee man,
He was the leaſt that eir I ſaw.

His legs were ſcant a ſhathmonts length,
And ſma and limber was his thie;
Atween his ſhoulders was ae ſpan,
About his middle war but three.

He has tane up a meikle ſtane,
And flang't as far as I cold ſee;
Ein thouch I had been Wallace wicht,
I dought na lift it to my knie.

'O wee wee man but ye be ſtrang!
'Tell me whar may thy dwelling be?'
"I dwell beneth that bonnie bouir,
"O will ye gae wi me and ſee?"

On we lap and awa we rade,
Till we cam to a bonny green;
We lichted ſyne to bait our ſteid,
And out there cam a lady ſheen.

Wi four and twentie at her back,
A comely cled in gliſtering green:
Thouch there the king of Scots had ſtude,
The warſt micht weil hae been his queen.

On

On ſyne we paſt wi wondering cheir,
Till we cam to a bonny ha;
The roof was o the beaten gowd,
The flure was o the cryſtal a.

Whan we cam there wi wee wee knichts,
War ladies dancing jimp and ſma;
But in the twinkle of an eie,
Baith green and ha war clein awa.

* * * * * *

THE GODS OF THE GREEKS.

ONCE the gods of the Greeks, at ambroſial feaſt,
Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing;
Merry Momus among them appear'd as a gueſt;
Homer ſays, the celeſtials lov'd laughing.
On each, in the ſynod, the humoriſt drol'd;
So none could his joking diſprove:
He ſung ſongs, reparted, and ſome droll ſtories told,
And at laſt thus began upon Jove:
'Sire, Atlas, who long has the univerſe bore,
'Grows grievouſly tired of late;
'He complains, that mankind are much worſe than before,
'So begs to be eas'd of their weight.'

Jove,

Jove, knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl'd,
From his ſhoulders commanded the ball:
Gave his daughter Attraction the charge of the world,
And ſhe hung it up high in his hall.
Miſs, pleas'd with the preſent, review'd the world round,
To find what each kingdom was worth:
Like a diamond, the globe with an atmoſphere bound,
Then variouſly planted the earth,
With ſilver, gold, jewels, ſhe India endow'd;
France and Spain ſhe taught vineyards to rear;
What was fit for each clime, on each clime ſhe beſtow'd;
And Freedom, ſhe found, flouriſh'd here,
Four cardinal virtues ſhe left in this iſle,
As guardians to cheriſh the root;
The bloſſoms of Liberty gayly 'gan ſmile,
And Engliſhmen fed on the fruit.
Thus fed and thus bred, by a bounty ſo rare,
O preſerve it as pure as 'twas given!
We will while we've breath; nay, we'll graſp it in death,
Then return it, untainted, to heaven.

PLATO's ADVICE.

SAYS PLATO, Why ſhould man be vain!
Since bounteous Heav'n hath made him great,
Why look with inſolent diſdain
On thoſe undeck'd with wealth or ſtate?

Can

Can coſtly robes, or beds of down,
Or all the gems that deck the fair;
Can all the glories of a crown
Give health, or eaſe the brow of care!

The ſcepter'd king, the burden'd ſlave,
The humble, and the haughty die;
The rich, the poor, the baſe, the brave,
In duſt, without diſtinction, lie.
Go ſearch the tombs where monarchs reſt,
Who once the greateſt titles wore,
Of wealth and glory they're bereft,
And all their honours are no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the ſkies,
And ſpreads along a gilded train:
When ſhot—'tis gone; its beauty dies,
Diſſolves to common air again.
So 'tis with us, my jovial ſouls—
Let friendſhip reign, while hear we ſtay:
Let's crown our joy with flowing bowls;
When Jove commands we muſt obey.

CHORUS. O! The days when I was young,
When I laugh'd at Fortune's ſpite,
Talk'd of love all the day long,
And with Nectar crown'd the night.

Then it was old father, care,
Little reck'd I of thy frown;
Half thy malice youth cou'd bear,
And the reſt a bumper drown.
O! the days, &c.

Truth

Truth they ſay lives in a well,
Why, I vow, I ne'er cou'd ſee;
Let the water-drinkers tell,
There it always lay for me.
O! the days, &c.

For, when ſparkling wine went round,
Never ſaw I falſehood's maſk;
But ſtill honeſt truth I found
At the bottom of each flaſk.
O! the days, &c.

True, at length my vigour's flown,
I have years to bring decay;
Few the locks that now I own,
And the few I have are grey.
O! the days, &c.

Yet old Jerome thou may'ſt boaſt,
While thy ſpirits do not tire;
Still beneath thy age's froſt,
Glows a ſpark of youthful fire.
O! the days, &c.

THE HIGHLAND MARCH.

BY SIR HARRY ERSKINE.

IN the garb of old Gaul, wi' the fire of old Rome,
From the heath cover'd mountains of Scotia we come,
Where

Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to gain,
But our anceſtors fought, and they fought not in vain.

CHORUS.

Such our love of liberty, our country and our laws,
That like our anceſtors of old, we ſtand by freedom's cauſe;
We'll bravely fight like heroes bold, for honour and applauſe,
And defy the French, with all their art, to alter our laws.

No effeminate cuſtoms our ſinews unbrace,
No luxurious tables enervate our race;
Our loud-ſounding pipe bears the true martial ſtrain,
So do we the old Scottiſh valour retain.
Such our love, &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
As ſwift as the roe which the hound doth aſſail,
As the full moon in Autumn our ſhields do appear,
Minerva would dread to encounter our ſpear.
Such our love, &c.

As a ſtorm in the ocean when Boreas blows,
So are we enrag'd when we ruſh on our foes;
We ſons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
Daſh the force of our foes with our thundering ſtrokes.
Such our love, &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
In their troops fondly boaſted till we did advance;

But when our claymores they ſaw us produce,
Their courage did fail, and they ſu'd for a truce.
Such our love, &c.

In our realm may the fury of faction long ceaſe,
May our councils be wiſe, and our commerce increaſe;
And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,
That our friends ſtill prove true, and our beauties prove kind.

CHORUS.

Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and our laws,
And teach our late poſterity to fight in freedom's cauſe,
That they, like our anceſtors bold, for honour and applauſe,
May defy the French and Spaniards to alter our laws.

BY A BROTHER OF

ST LUKE'S LODGE.

Tune,—the foregoing.

IN the dreſs of free maſons fit garments for Jove,
With the ſtrongeſt attachment, true brotherly love,
We now are aſſembled, all jovial and free,
For who are ſo wiſe—ſo ſocial as we!

CHORUS.

And ſince we're bound, by ſecreſy, to unity and love,
Let us, like brethern, faithful ſtill to ev'ry brother prove:

Thus

Thus, hand in hand, let's firmly ſtand,
All maſons in a ring,
Protectors of our native land,
The craft, and the king.

Tho' ſome with ambition, for glory contend,
And, when they've attain'd it, deſpiſe a poor friend,
Yet a maſon, tho' noble, his fame to enſure,
Counts each maſon his brother, tho' ever ſo poor.
And ſince we're bound, &c.

But not to our brethern alone we confine
That brotherly-love, that affection divine;
For our kind-hearted ſiſters in that bear a ſhare,
And, as we admire, we're belov'd by the fair.
And ſince we're bound, &c.

With juſtice with candour, our boſoms are warm'd,
Our tongues are with truth and ſincerity arm'd;
We're loyal, we're truſty, we're faithful to thoſe
Who treat us as friends, and we laugh at our foes.
And ſince we're bound, &c.

We bend to the king, to our maſter we bend;
For theſe are the rulers we're bound to defend:
And when ſuch a king, ſuch a maſter, ariſe,
As Britons, as maſons, we've cauſe to rejoice.
And ſince we're bound, &c.

THE MATRON's WISH.

WHEN my locks are grown hoary,
And my viſage looks pale;
When my forehead has wrinkles,
And my eye-ſight does fail:
Let my words and my actions
Be free from all harm,
And may I have my old huſband
To keep my back warm.

CHORUS.

The pleaſures of youth
Are flow'rs but of May;
Our life's but a vapour,
Our body's but clay:
O let me live well,
Tho' I live but a day.

With a ſermon on Sunday,
And a Bible of good print;
With a pot on the fire,
And good viands in't;
With ale, beer, and brandy,
Both winter and ſummer,
To drink to my goſſip,
And be pledg'd by my cummer.
The pleaſures of youth, *&c.*

With pigs and with poultry,
And ſome money in ſtore,
To purchaſe what's needful,
And to give to the poor;

With

With a bottle of Canary
To ſip without ſin,
And to comfort my daughter
Whene'er ſhe lies in.
The pleaſures of youth, *&c.*

With a bed ſoft and eaſy
To reſt on at night;
With a maid in the morning
To riſe with the light,
To do her work neatly,
And obey my deſire,
To make the houſe clean,
And blow up the fire.
The pleaſures of youth, *&c.*

With health and content
And a good eaſy-chair;
With a thick hood and mantle,
When I ride on my mare:
Let me dwell near my cupboard,
And far from my foes,
With a pair of glaſs eyes
To clap on my noſe.
The pleaſures of youth, *&c.*

And when I am dead,
With a ſigh let them ſay,
Our honeſt old cummer's
Now laid in the clay;

When

When young, ſhe was cheerful,
No ſcold, nor no whore;
She aſſiſted her neighbours,
And gave to the poor.

CHORUS.

Tho' the flower of her youth
In her age did decay,
Tho' her life like a vapour,
Evaniſh'd away,
She liv'd well and happy
Unto her laſt day.

THE ARCH DENIAL.

SAYS Damon to Phillis, ſuppoſe my fond Eyes
Reveal with what ardour I glow,
Reveal with what ardour I glow:
Well, what if they do? there's no Harm, ſure, ſhe cries;
I can but deny you, you know, you know;
I can but deny you, you know.

Suppoſe I ſhould aſk of thoſe lips a ſweet kiſs,
Say, would you the favour beſtow?
Say, would you the favour beſtow?
Lord bleſs me! ſaid ſhe, what a queſtion is this!
I can but deny you, you know, you know;
I can but deny you, you know.

Suppoſe,

Suppoſe, not contented, I ſtill aſk for more,
For pleaſure from pleaſure will grow,
For pleaſure from pleaſure will grow?
Suppoſe what you will, ſhe reply'd as before,
I can but deny you, you know, you know;
I can but deny you, you know.

Come then, my dear love, to the wood let's repair,
Cry'd Damon, and offer'd to go;
Cry'd Damon, and offer'd to go:
No, no, with a bluſh, anſwer'd Phillis, for there
I could not deny you, you know, you know;
I could not deny you, you know.

SONG

In the Muſical Entertainment, called TWO TO ONE.

THERE is a chambermaid lives in the ſouth;
So tight, ſo light, ſo neat, ſo gay, ſo handy—O!
Her breath is like the roſe, and the pretty little mouth
Of pretty little Tippet is the dandy—O!

Never could I claſp the waiſt of Sukey, Sal, or Peg,
Their arms ſo red, their ugly legs ſo bandy—O!
But ſlim and taper is the waiſt, the neat and pretty leg
Of pretty little Tippet is the dandy—O!

Tippet

Tippet of the ſouth, if ſhe gives me but a ſmile,
Cheers the cockles of my ſkipping heart like brandy—O!
Each part, each limb, each look, would any one beguile,
But take her altogether ſhe's the dandy—O!
Each part, each limb, each look, would any one beguile,
And Tippet's little total is the dandy—O!

BY THE LATE

DR ALEXANDER WEBSTER.

OH! how could I venture to love one like thee,
And you not deſpiſe a poor conqueſt like me?
On lords thy admirers could look with diſdain,
And knew I was nothing, yet pity'd my pain?
You ſaid, while they teaz'd you with nonſenſe and dreſs,
When real the paſſion, the vanity's leſs;
You ſaw thro' that ſilence which others deſpiſe,
And, while beaux were a-talking, read love in my eyes.

O! how ſhall I fold thee, and kiſs all thy charms,
'Till fainting with pleaſure, I die in your arms;—
Thro' all the wild tranſports of ecſtaſy toſt,
'Till ſinking together, together we're loſt!

Oh!

Oh! where is the maid that, like thee, ne'er can cloy,
Whoſe wit does enliven each dull pauſe of joy;
And when the ſhort raptures are all at an end,
From beautiful miſtreſs turns ſenſible friend!

In vain do I praiſe thee, or ſtrive to reveal,
Too nice for exprſſion, which only we feel,
In all that you do, in each look and each mien,
Thy graces in waiting adorn you unſeen,
When I ſee you, I love you; When hearing, adore:
I wonder, and think you a woman no more;—
Till mad with admiring, I cannot contain,
And kiſſing your lips, you turn woman again.

With thee in my boſom, how can I deſpair;
I'll gaze on thy beauties, and look away care:
I'll aſk thy advice, when with troubles oppreſt,
Which never diſpleaſes, but always is beſt.
In all that I write, I'll thy judgement inquire;
Thy wit ſhall correct what thy love did inſpire;
I'll kiſs thee, and preſs thee, till youth is all o'er,
And then live in friendſhip, when paſſion's no more.

GRAMACHREE MOLLY.

AN IRISH AIR.

AS down on Banna's Banks I ſtray'd,
One ev'ning in May:
The little birds in blytheſt Notes,
Made vocal ev'ry ſpray,

They ſung their little tales of love,
  They ſung them o'er and o'er,
Ah Gramachree! ma Colleenouge ma Molly aſhtore.

The daiſy py'd, and all the ſweets,
  The dawn of nature yields,
The primroſe pale, the vi'let blue,
  Lay ſcatter'd o'er the fields;
Such fragrance in the boſom lies,
  Of her whom I adore,
    Ah Gramachree! &c.

I laid me down upon a bank
  Bewailing my ſad fate,
That doom'd me thus the Slave of love
  And cruel Molly's hate;
How can ſhe break the honeſt heart,
  That wears her in its core.
    Ah Gramachree! &c.

You ſaid you lov'd me, Molly dear,
  Ah! why did I believe;
Yet who could think ſuch tender words,
  Were meant but to deceive;
That love was all I aſk'd on earth,
  Nay heav'n could give no more,
    Ah Gramachree! &c.

Oh! had I all the flocks that graze,
  On yonder yellow hill,
Or low'd for me the num'rous herds,
  That yon green paſture fill;

With

With her I love I'd gladly ſhare,
My kine and fleecy ſtore.
Ah Gramachree! &c.

Two turtle doves above my head,
Sat courting on a bough,
I envied them their happineſs,
To ſee them bill and coo:
Such fondneſs once for me ſhe ſhew'd,
But now alas 'tis o'er.
Ah Gramachree! &c.

Then fare thee well my Molly dear,
Thy loſs I e'er ſhall mourn,
Whilſt life remains in Strephon's heart,
'Twill beat for thee alone;
Tho' thou art falſe, may heav'n on thee,
Its choiceſt bleſſings pour.
Ah Gramachree! &c.

THE ANSWER.

YE gentle Winds that ſoftly blow,
Along the verdant plain;
Go whiſper to my Strephon's ear,
His love's return'd again;
In ſweeteſt language tell the youth,
His ſorrows to give o'er;
Ah Gramachree! my love ſhall be,
As happy as before.

The daiſy py'd and all the ſweets,
Of nature's flow'ry bed;
Shall join to make a garland, meet
For my dear Strephon's head;
The primroſe pale and vi'let blue,
I'll add into the ſtore;
Ah Gramachree! and we ſhall be,
As happy as before.

Full many a ſcene of mourning,
Thy Molly late has known;
Becauſe my heart its fondneſs kept,
For thee, my love, alone;
My parents hid me from thy ſight,
And ſpurn'd thee from their door;
Ah Gramachree! but now we'll be,
As happy as before.

I laid me down upon my bed,
Bewailing my ſad fate;
And like a faithful turtle dove,
I mourn'd my abſent mate;
And as the ling'ring moments paſs'd,
(I told them o'er and o'er)
Ah Gramachree! but now I'll be,
As happy as before.

You ſaid you lov'd your Molly dear,
Thy vows I did believe;
For well I knew my Strephon's heart,
Would ne'er my faith deceive;

Thy

Thy love was all I wiſh'd on earth
For heav'n could give no more;
Ah Gramachree! and now we'll be,
As happy as before.

Our flocks together now we'll tend,
Upon the yellow hill;
And gaze enraptur'd on the ſweets,
Which yon fair proſpects fill;
While heav'n upon our mutual love,
Shall all its bleſſings pour;
Ah Gramachree! we then ſhall be,
As happy as before.

****

LAVINIA.

A PASTORAL.

WHY ſteals from my boſom the ſigh?
Why fix'd is my eye on the ground?
Come give me my pipe, and I'll try
To baniſh my cares with the ſound.

Ere while were its notes of accord,
With the ſmile of the flow'r-footed muſe;
Oh why! by its maſter implor'd,
Should it now the gay carrol refuſe.

'Twas taught by Lavinia's ſweet ſmile,
In the mirth lowing chorus to join,
Ah me! how unweeting the while—
Lavinia can never be mine.

Another

Another, more happy, the maid,
By fortune, is deſtin'd to bleſs;
Tho' the hope has forſook that betray'd,
Yet why ſhould I love her the leſs.

Her beauties are bright as the morn,
With rapture I counted them o'er;
Such virtues thoſe beauties adorn,
I knew her,—and prais'd them no more.

I term'd her no goddeſs of love,
I call'd not her beauty divine;
Theſe for other paſſions may prove,
But they could not be figures of mine.

It ne'er was apparl'd with art,
On words it could never rely;
It reign'd in the throb of my heart,
It gleam'd in the glance of my eye.

Oh! for in the circles to ſhine,
That faſhions gay daughters approve;
You muſt ſpeak as the faſhions incline;—
Alas! are there faſhions in love.

But ſure they are ſimple who prize
The tongue that is ſmooth to deceive;
Yet ſure ſhe had ſenſe to deſpiſe
The tinſel that folly may weave.

When I talk'd I have ſeen her recline,
With an aſpect ſo penſively ſweet
Tho' I ſpoke, what the ſhepherds opine,
A fop were aſham'd to repeat.

She is ſoft as the dew-drops that fall
From the lip of the ſweet-ſcented pea,
Perhaps when ſhe ſmil'd upon all
I have thought that ſhe ſmil'd upon me.

But why of her charms ſhall I tell,
Ah me! whom her charms have undone,
Yet I love the reflection too well,
The painful reflection to ſhun.

Ye ſouls of more delicate kind,
Who feaſt not on pleaſure alone;
Who wear the ſoft ſenſe of the mind
To the ſons of the world ſtill unknown.

Ye know, tho' I cannot expreſs,
Why I fooliſhly dote on my pain;
Nor will you believe it the leſs,
That I have not the ſkill to complain.

I lean on my hand with a ſigh,
My friends the ſoft ſadneſs condemn;
Yet methinks, tho' I cannot tell why,
I ſhould hate to be merry like them.

When I walk'd, in the pride of the dawn,
Methought all the region look'd bright;
Has ſweetneſs forſaken the lawn?
For methinks I grow ſad at the ſight.

When I ſtood by the ſtream, I have thought,
There was mirth in the gurglin's ſoft ſound;
But now 'tis a ſorrowful note,
And the banks are all gloomy around.

I have

I have laugh'd at the jeſt of a friend;
Now they laugh, and I know not the cauſe:
Tho' I ſeem with my looks to attend,—
How ſilly! I aſk what it was.

They ſing the ſweet ſong of the May,
They ſing it with mirth and with glee
Sure I once thought the ſong it was gay,
But now 'tis all ſadneſs to me.

Oh! give me the dubious light,
That gleams thro' the quivering ſhade,—
Oh! give me the horrors of night,
By gloom, and by ſilence array'd.

Let me walk where the ſoft-riſing wave
Has pictur'd the moon on its breaſt;—
Let me walk where the new cover'd grave
Allows the pale lover to reſt.

When ſhall I, in its peaceable womb,
Be laid with my ſorrows aſleep:
Should Lavinia but chance on my tomb,
I could die if I thought ſhe would weep.

Perhaps, if the ſouls of the juſt
Reviſet theſe manſions of care,
It may be my favourite truſt
To watch o'er the fate of the fair.

Perhaps, the ſoft thought of her breaſt,
With rapture more favour'd to warm;
Perhaps, if with ſorrow oppreſs'd,
Her ſorrow with patience to arm.

Then,

Then, then in the tendereſt part,
May I whiſper, poor Colin was true;
And mark if a heave of her heart
The thought of her Colin purſue.

LINES,

BY A HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR MARRIAGE.

GAY *Phœbus* now with golden luſtre crown'd,
Reviſits *Cancer* in his annual round,
Since that auſpicious day, when to my arms
My dear *Eliza* gave her virgin-charms.
"O day for ever bleſs'd, for ever dear!"
Nor dampt with ſighs, nor ſully'd with a tear.
Then joy and love confeſs'd the happy bride,
Which conſcious bluſhes ſtrove in vain to hide;
Adorn'd with ſenſe refin'd, and artleſs truth,
And every charm of innocence and youth,
She bleſs'd her ſwain, when in the nuptial band
(True emblem of her heart) ſhe gave her hand.
Nor charms *Eliza* leſs thro' vary'd life,
The maiden-virtues ſtill adorn the wife;
More lovely ſhe appears in reaſon's eye,
Endear'd by time and ev'ry ſocial tie.
See! while the mother views her infant boy,
Affection melts her into tears of joy,
Tears far more precious than pale grief could move,
Or paſſion, or the ſofter pangs of love.

The moving ſcene enraptur'd I behold,
And feel emotions which can ne'er be told,
In doubtful ſtrife alternate paſſions riſe,
And ſympathizing tears bedew my eyes.
Say, libertines! what ſcene can equal this
In all your guilty joys and dreams of bliſs?
Humanity's ſoft ties while you unbind,
And baſely quit the empire of the mind,
Conſcience embitters each enjoyment paſt—
But virtue's joys, like her—for ever laſt.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

WHEN firſt, in fate's malignant hour,
I view'd thy form, and felt thy pow'r,
Hopeleſs in ſighs I ſpent the day,
And groan'd the ſleepleſs night away.
From awful love's acuter ſmart
Thy lively converſe eas'd my heart;
Chain'd with leſs regour than before,
I fear'd thee leſs but lov'd thee more.
When with licentious boldneſs fir'd,
I dar'd to claſp what I admir'd;
Dar'd round thy neck my arms to twine,
And preſs thy balmy lips to mine;
Then through my ſoul ſharp poiſon ran,
'Twas then my honeſt pangs began;
Since by the dang'rous bleſs half ſlain,
I drag a life of ceaſeleſs pain.
Ah! fly not, cruel as thou art,
Ah! leave not thus my mangled heart;

Grant,

Grant, to the ſorrows I endure,
By ſpeedy death, a ſpeedy cure;
Repeat the fatal, dear delight,
Give one kiſs more—and kill me quite.

REAL BEAUTY.

Said to be written by the author of Sermons to Young Women.

THE diamond's and the ruby's blaze,
Diſputes the palm with beauty's queen:
Not beauty's queen commands ſuch praiſe,
Devoid of virtue if ſhe's ſeen.
But the ſoft tear in pity's eye
Outſhines the diamond's brighteſt beams,
And the ſweet bluſh of modeſty
More beauteous than the ruby ſeems

THE CONTRAST.

VIRTUE alone has that to give
For which 'tis worth our while to live:
For if we live, our life is peace,
And if we die, our joys increaſe.

Now vice can only that ſupply
In which 'tis death to live or die:
For if we live, 'tis pain to-morrow,
And if we die, 'tis endleſs ſorrow!

Written over the entrance of a Shady Grove.

WITH decent pride this am'rous walk ſurvey,
And, when the youth perſuades, return him *nay;*
E'en chaſteſt words theſe ſhadowy ſcenes become,
Trees may have ears, and trees may not be dumb.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

IN IMITATION OF FERGUSSON.

[Given at the deſire of ſeveral ſubſcribers.]

WHAN Kings an' Parliaments were gane,
An' Scotia's doom decidet,
Whan Lords an Union cobbled, ſyne
'Twas cannily providet,
That, for a ſeafguard till our ſauls,
An' quiet o' the nation,
True *Preſbyt'ry*, an' nae gate elſe,
Should lead folk to ſalvation
An' heav'n that day.

An' that her haly ſons be ca'd,
But ony proclamation,
Ilk year to *En'bro'* town, to had
A ſolemn convocation,
About the time o Whitſuntide,
Whan folk are fyking flitting;
(For bugs, an' ſic bluidſucking tribe,
I trow there's little ſitting,
Or peace that day.)

An',

An', by my ſaul, they dinna miſs
To had the bargain ſicker;
Ilk May to the metropolis
In ſwarms the blackcoats bicker:
Frae ilka airt ſic menzies ſtend
O' *miniſters* an' *laymen*,
Frae Gretna to our Nor' Land's-end,
Eneugh to breed a famine,
An' dearth that day.

A famine! I wat that's nae lie;
For ony bit that nice is
Nae plain town's folk maun ſey to prie,
Till they gie twa-three prices;
For haddock, herring, ſalmon, ſkate,
An' geeſe, an' lamb, an' mutton,
Are now foreſta'd to ſtegh the kyte
O' ilka godly glutton
Fu' ſtrait that day.

But, Pity! here the Muſe reſtrain
Frae ſic unſeemly taunting;
Tell her, the Biſhop fat, an' Dean,
To *Preſbyt'ry* are wanting.
Her ſons, alas! are gnidg'd fu' ſair
Wi' humble glebe an' ſtipen';
An' whan to town they jaunt ſae rare,
It's carnival they're keepin',
Poor ſauls! that day.

Now, whan at *Paxton*'s, they maun hight
To hae the beard weel ſcrapit,
The gizz and cravat ſnodat tight,
An' wi' their beſt black happit;

Syne

Syne to the Croſs wi' a' their might,
To greet their rev'rend brethern,
Wi' ſlav'ring kiſſes, fu'ſome ſight!
There is nae little lath'ring
O' chafts that day.

See now the carls a' conven't,
His Grace on throne is mounted,
In pray'r and preface half is ſpent
O' the ſhort ſpace appointed:
Gin *Ro. D—d-s* made nae mair haſte
Wi' caſe or preſentation,
Poor clients might their pleaings ſiſt
Till the neiſt generation,
To ſue ſome day.

O, *R——n!* thou Prince o' lear'!
(Tho' for't you've a gude fee got)
I wat you knidder'd gay and ſair
Ilk canting, cappit bigot?
Whan thy ſlee pow did rule the roaſt
Sae canny an' ſae cunning,
Thy pauky wiles nae motion loſt,
'Tween tyning aft an' winning
Wi' noiſe that day.

But, by my fegs! it is right droll
To hear them keen debating;
Up lowps a college-browden'd ſoul,
An' kittle points 'gins ſtating;
Till he's 'mang metaphyſics got,
In labyrinth ſae ſtuck faſt,
That, wow! ere he unra'el the knot,
His *Grace* might wait till breakfaſt
For him that day.

Neiſt,

Neiſt, ſome grim cheil, wi' gizz ſae brown,
Wha likes to hear's ſell ſaying,
(Be it a licenſe, or a loun
For wi' his ain tail playing,)
Flees flaught-bred to the argument;
A third dirks in to wrangle,
An' frae the queſtion far aſclent,
Baith ſenſe an' grammar mangle,
O fie! that day.

Till up the *Moderator* gets,
Wha half-bumbaz'd's been ſitting,
To gather in the ſcatter'd aits,
Like farmer folks whan flitting;
Shaws right frae wrang, auld journals quotes,
And moves whan—" There's a teſter"——
A Norland bawls——" I'm for nae votes,
" But 'gainſt the hale *proteſt*, Sir."——
Fu' loud that day.

The *gawcy Clark*, wha's eident lug
For ſic a ſough's ay yukie,
Pouches the *inſtrument* fu' ſnug,
And marks it in his buikie.
And now, ſyn 'twas aboon decreed
That day to night ſhou'd turn,
Sae it was movit, an' agreed,
Nem. con. the caſe t' adjourn
For gude that day.

Nor pray'rs nor pſalms are unco lang,
For wha but kens their ſtamacks,
Sae fair bedung wi' hunger's fang,
Are now as ſharp as an ax.

O caidgie

O caidgie ye! wha wi' his Grace
Your *rota* tak o' dinning;
For *Fortune*'s cooks, wi' crieſhy face,
Hae for your ſides a linning
Fu' fat that day.

But, O 'ware a' uncanny wines,
To ca' ye aff your ſhankies,
An' a' het ſpicery, that inclines
Louns to luve's luring prankies!
For ken ye no, that M——J—,
Wha miniſter'd ſae tender
To luvers' wants, now taks her nap
Whare your pray'rs didna ſend her,
Oh! how! that day!

But weel wat I, thof ſhe be gane,
We're at nae meikle tinſel;
For we can weel ſpare nine o' ten,
Wha bargains gude o' ſin ſell;
An' thof our eident Provoſt † is
Right keenly ſet about it,
Yet he'll find nae ſlack wark it is
To howk the limmers out o't,
An' clean that day.

O' buſineſs an' o' bouzing ſair'd,
Now ilk ane counts his purſie,
An' caſe he wi' hoſt's debt be lair'd,
E'en hies him till his horſie:

† At this time (May 24. 1783) the Lord Provoſt was very anxious for the ſuppreſſion of diſorderly houſes.

O, flee

O, flee this Scottiſh Sodom, whare
They fear nor man nor God in,
Leſt, wi' ſmaſh'd banes, an' pouches bare,
Ye gang nae gayly boden
Frae town ſome day.

AN AMERICAN WARRIOR's DEATH-SONG,

TRANSLATED.

THE Sun ſets by night, and the ſtars ſhun the day;
But glory remains while their light fades away.
Come on, my tormentors, your threats I diſdain;
For the ſon of Alknomook ſhall never complain.

Remember the arrows that ſprung from my bow,
Remember your chiefs by my hatchet laid low.
Why ſo ſlow? Do you wait till I ſhrink from the pain?
But the ſon of Alknomook ſhall never complain.

Remember the woods where in ambuſh we lay,
And the ſcalps that we bore from your nation away.
The fire ſpreads apace: You exult in my pain:
But the ſon of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my Father is gone;
His ghoſt ſhall rejoice at the fame of his ſon.
Death comes as a friend; he relieves me from pain:
And thy ſon, O! Alknomook, has ſcorn'd to complain.

THE WAY TO BE WISE.

Imitated from La FONTAINE.

POOR Jenny, am'rous, young, and gay,
Having by man been led aſtray,
To nunn'ry dark retir'd;
There liv'd, and look'd ſo like a maid,
So ſeldom eat, ſo often pray'd,
She was by all admir'd.

The lady abbeſs oft would cry,
If any ſiſter trod awry,
Or prov'd an idle flattern:
"See wiſe and pious Mrs Jane;
"A life ſo ſtrict, ſo grave a mein,
"Is ſure a worthy pattern.

A pert young ſlut at length replies,
"Experience, madam, makes folks wiſe,
"'Tis that has made her ſuch;
"And we, poor ſouls, no doubt, ſhould be
"As pious and as wiſe as ſhe,
"If we had ſeen as much."

THE INVITATION.

TO my beſt my friends are free,
Free with that and free with me;
Free to paſs the comic joke,
Or the tube ſedately ſmoke;

Free

Free to drink juſt what they pleaſe,
As at home, and at their eaſe;
Free to ſpeak, as free to think,
No informers with me drink;
Free to ſtay a night or ſo,
When uneaſy, free to go.

GRACE *after Dinner at a* MISER'S.

THANKS for this miracle, it is no leſs
Than finding manna in the wilderneſs:
In midſt of famine we have found relief,
And ſeen the wonder of a chine of beef;
Chimneys have ſmok'd that never ſmok'd before,
And we have din'd where we ſhall dine no more.

EPIGRAM.

AS Damon near his Cælia ſtood,
And all her heavenly charms review'd,
With wonder on each beauty gaz'd,
Admir'd her wit, her ſinging prais'd;
Careleſs her hand hung o'er her chair,
So ſoft, ſo taper, and ſo fair,
That he, with eager love poſſeſs'd,
A tender kiſs thereon impreſs'd.
Cælia indignant turn'd her head,
And thus, in tears, and anger, ſaid,
Begone, baſe wretch, ne'er more appear;
Kiſs Cælia's hand!——her mouth ſo near.

EPIGRAM
FROM THE FRENCH.

BRISK Janette agreed with ſoft Lubin to wed,
And ſhortly the nymph to the altar he led;
Returning and chatting he ſeem'd indiſpoſed,
He hung down his head, and his eye-lids were cloſed:
I'm afraid, my dear Janette, ſays he, I'm to blame,
I've been guilty of ſomewhat I hardly dare name—
Hitherto I the matter with care have conceal'd,
But ſooner or latter it muſt be reveal'd.
Good heavens! ſays Janette, what's the ſecret behind?
You alarm me, pray ſpeak,—this was very unkind.
Oh! ſays he, I'd a child ere my Janette I knew;
One child! exclaims ſhe; Lard! Sir, I've had two!

MODERN CHASTITY.
An EPIGRAM.

WHEN ancient Beſs was England's queen,
Our mothers were leſs kind;
Our fathers courted them for years,
Before they told their mind:
But now, our modern dames have found
A ſhorter way to wed:
They force us off our native ground,
And puſh us into bed.

GLOSSARY.

A

A, all.
Ablins, perhaps.
Aboon, above.
Ae, an.
Aff, off.
Afore, before.
Aft, oft.
Aften, often.
Ails, troubles.
Ain, own.
Aiths, oaths.
Alake, alas.
Alane, alone.
Albeit, although.
All-hail, the whole.
Alſe, except.
Amang, among.
Aneath, beneath.
Anither, another.
Awee, a little time.
Ay, always.
Ayont, on the other ſide.

B

Baith, both.
Bale, miſery.
Baſnet, helmet.
Batts, blows.
Bedeen, preſently.
Bedight, decked.
Begrutten, in tears.
Beild, houſe, or covering.
Belyve, in a little time.
Benniſons, bleſſings.
Beſprent, covered.
Beſtraught, diſtracted.
Bid, tell.
Bide, abide.
Bien, warm.
Bir, rapid force.
Blaw, blow.
Bleiſe, blaze.
Blynk, glimpſe of light.
Blythneſs, cheerfulneſs.
Boon, gift, preſent.
Boote, gain, advantage.
Bower-woman, chamber-woman.
Brae, well-dreſſed.
Breeks, breeches.
Brent, burnt.
Brin, burn.
Brither, brother.
Bruik, enjoy.
Brydels, weddings.
Buir, carried.
Burnie, a rivulet.

C

Ca, call.
Canty, cheerful.
Carliſh, churliſh, diſcourteous.
Cauld, cold.
Cauler, cool.
Cauldrif, chill, damp.
Chap, knock.
Chiels, young men.
Claes, *claiths*, clothes.
Clatter'd, talked of.
Claught, graſped.
Cleeding, *cliding*, cloathing.
Co'erlets, coverings.
Coof, a ſtupid fellow.
Coſy, warm.
Cracks, diſcourſe.

D

Daffin, waggery.
Darn'd, hid.
Deft, taken off haſtily.
Dinna, do not.
Dint, blow, ſtroke.
Dolor, *dule*, grief.
Dore, door.
Douff, dull.
Dought, could.
Dowie, ſorrowful.
Downa, cannot, unable.
Drees, feels with pain.

E

Eard, earth.
Ee, eye.
Een, *ein*, *eine*, eyes.
Effray, affright.
Egre, eager, keen, ſharp.
Eident, conſtant.
Eik'd, added, enlarged.
Eild, old age.
Ein, even.
Eithly, eaſily.
Eir, before.
Elric, diſmal.
Enow, juſt now.
Ettle, aim.
Even'd, compar'd.
Ezar? This word occurs in Spencer.

F

Fa, fall.
Fae, foe.
Faggin, failing.
Fain, fond.
Falla, fellow.
Fauld, fold.
Fauſe, falſe.
Fay, faith, ſincerity.
Feed, feud.
Feld, ſtupified.
Fleetch, flatter.
Flenders, *flinders*, ſmall pieces.
Forbere, forefather, anceſtor.
Forgie, forgive.
Fouk, *fowk*, folk.
Fow, full.
Frae, from.

G

Gabbing, prattle,
Gae, go.
Gade, went.
Gangna, go not.
Gar, cauſe.
Gawn, going.
Gear, riches.
Gies, gives.
Gif, *gin*, if.
Glaive, ſword.
Gleit, glittered.
Glen, valley.
Gliſterand, gliſtering.
Gloming, dulk.
Gowd, gold.
Graith, dreſs.
Gramercy, God-a-mercy, or grant mercy.
Green, *grein*, long for.
Gude, good.

H

Ha hae, *haif*, have.
Haf, half.
Hain, ſpair, ſave.
Haleſome, wholeſome.
Halt, ſtop.
Hame, home.
Harſt, harveſt.
Heeze, raiſe.
Heuch, hollow.
Hicht, promis'd.
Hie, high.
Hinna, have not.
Hip, the berry of the wild roſe.
Holtis hair, hoar hills.
Hownı, a piece of low ground, near a water.
Hyt, frantic.

I

Jack, a piece of armour.
Jimp, delicate, ſlender.
Ilk, each.
Ingle, fire.
Joe, a lover.
Ither, other.

K

Keipand, keeping.
Ken, know.
Kin, blood relations.
Kirk, church.
Kyth, to ſhow.
Kyth, acquaintance.

L

Laith, loth.
Lang, long.
Lave, remainder.
Law, low.
Leal, *leel*, *leil*, true, faithful
Leglen, a milking pail.
Leir, *lear*, learn.
Leugh, laughed.
Leugh, low.
Lift, the firmament.
Lig, lie.
Leman, lover, miſtreſs.

Lilting,

Lilting, making merry with muſic, *&c.*
Linkis, lamps, or other artificial lights.
Lintie, linnet.
Loo, love.
Loaning, a common green near a village.
Lout, to bow.
Low, flame.
Lure, cunning device, ſnare
Lyart, hoary.

M

Mair, more.
Mak, make.
Maiſt, moſt.
Mane, moan, lament.
Marrows, equals.
Maugre, ill-will.
Maun, muſt.
Meer, mare.
Meikle, great, large.
Meiſe, ſoften, mollify.
Menie, train, army.
Menſe, to meaſure, to try.
Minſter, need.
Mirk, dark.
Mither, mother.
Moe, more.
Mote might.
Mows, jeſts.

N

Na nae, no.
Nane, none.
Needna, need not.
Ne'er play'd paw, never mov'd hand or foot.
Neir, ne'er, never.
Neiſt, next.
Nook, corner.
Norſe, often the king of Norway.

O

Oriſon, prayer.
Ouks, weeks.
Owr, over.

P

Palfray, a ſmall horſe.
Pallions, tents.
Perfay, verily.
Pleis, pleaſe.
Pouch, pocket.
Pow, head, or ſcull.
Pried, taſted.
Prive, *prieve*, prove.
Privie, perhaps courteous, or prove conſtant.

Q

Quat, quitted.
Quhyle, while.
Quyt, quite.

R

Raid, This word was peculiar to the ancient Borderers. When the one party went out with a reſolution to plunder

the

the other, it was called a *Raid*.
Rair, roar.
Reculd, recoil'd.
Recht, *raught*, reached.
Reckleſs, void of fear.
Riever, robber.
Reivs, deprives.
Rief, robbery.
Rife, plenty.
Rinnin, running.
Roun, ſound ſoftly, whiſper.
Rowan, rolling ſwelling.
Row'd, roll'd.
Rows, rolls.
Rude, croſs.
Runkled, wrinkled.
Ruth, pity.

S

Sae, ſo.
Saebiens, if ſo be.
Sair, ſore.
Sanna, ſhall not.
Sark, ſhirt.
Sawman, counſellor.
Sax, ſix.
Scantly, ſcarcely.
Schaw, ſhow.
Seim, appearance.
Selcouth, uncommon, as a prodigy.
Shared, cleaved, pierced.
Shoon, ſhoes.
Sik, *ſike*, ſuch.
Sin, ſince.
Sinceſyne, ſince that time.
Sindle, ſeldem.
Sith, ſince.
Skair, ſhare.
Skaith, harm.
Slae, ſlay.
Slaw, ſlow.
Sleuth, ſloth.
Snaw, ſnow.
Sooth. truth.
Spait, flood.
Speer, *ſpeir*, inquire.
Sta, ſtole.
Stalwart, ſtout, valiant.
Starns, ſtars.
Stawn, ſtolen.
Steek, ſhut.
Stoup, pillar.
Suith, truth.
Sweer, backward, lazy.
Swth, *ſwith*, quickly.
Syne, then.

T

Takens, tokens.
Tane, taken.
Tauk, *tawk*, talk.
Tein, ſorrow.
Teind, tyth, tenth part.
Thegether, together.
Thereout, without doors.
Thilk, theſe.
Thir, theſe.
Thole, ſuffer, permit.

Threty

Threty, thirty.
Thud, ſound, noiſe.
Tint, loſt.
Toolied, wreſtled.
Toom'd, emptied.
Trig, neat, genteel.
Trow, think, conceive, know.
Trowth, truth, faith, fidelity.
Twa, two.
Tyne, loſs.

U

Unſonſie, unlucky.

V

Veir, avoid, or alter.
Vockey, proud.

W

Wa, *was*, wall, walls.
Wad, would.
Waddin, ſtrong, firm.
Wadna, would not.
Wae, woe, ſorrowful.
Wame, belly.
War, were.
Ward, ſentinel.
Wardy wooer, worthy lover.
Wat, *wate*, *wot*, know, am aware.
Waws, ways.
Wean, child.
Wee, little.
Weil, *weel*, well.
Weily, full of whirlpools.
Weind, thought.
Weit, *wet*, rain.
Wend, go.
Weſtlin, weſtern.
Wha, who.
Wiſs, wiſh, alſo know.
Wreugh, wrath.
Wyte, blame.

Y

Yeat, gate.
Yeſtreen, laſt night.
Yeuk, itch.

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